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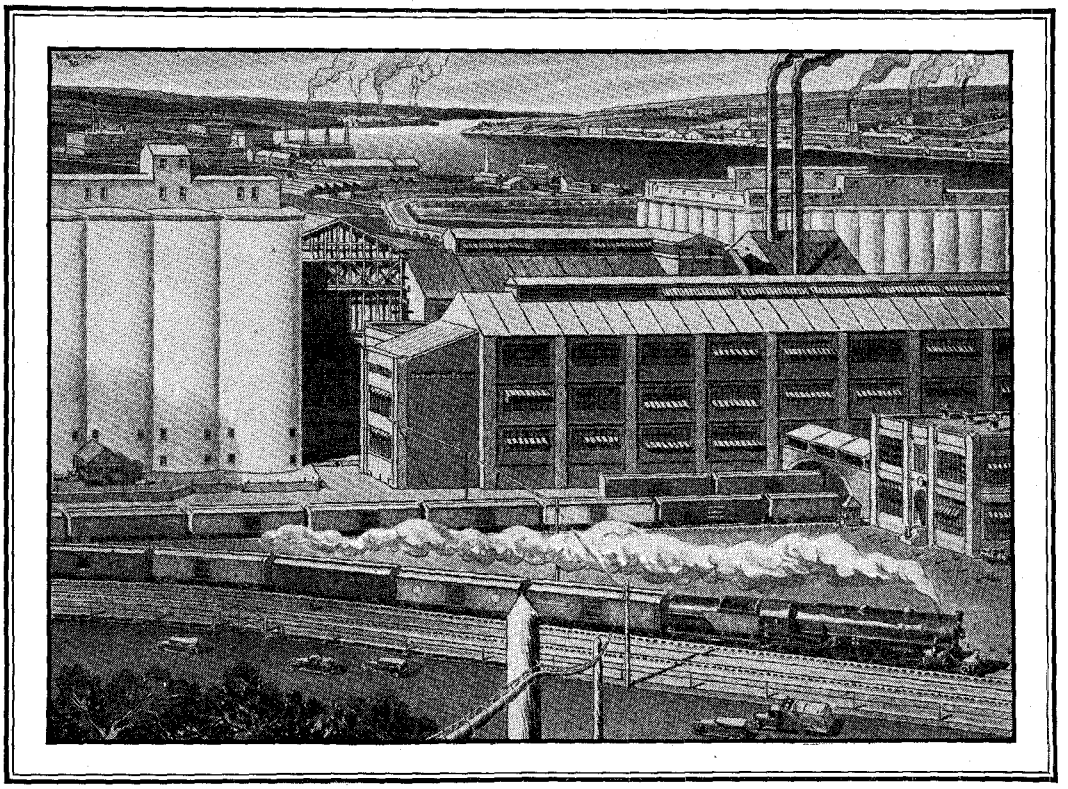

Giants out of the earth

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

October 1930

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 4

ONE WAY OF LOVE

BY GRACE FLANDRAU

With Africa as a background, Mrs. Flandrau has written a powerful story of a white man's fight against himself and against the mysteries and poisons of that fetid, beautiful, oppressive land. It brings us the long story at its finest, with the unity and strength and importance of great writing. It is impossible to conceive of this tale in any form but the one in which it now appears. It is not a short story; it is not a novel; it is the long story brought to the heights.

THE black raised his head and looked steadily toward the forest. But if he heard something it was a sound not audible to Walcott. With chin raised, naked shoulder half turned, the fellow sat for a moment in perfect immobility. He seemed to listen with all of him, his burning, languid eyes, the tense pose of his body, the very pores of his skin. Then, abruptly dropping this rapt attentiveness, he bent once more over his work. His fingers moved with skill and delicacy among the brilliant butterflies, and the incongruous reek of chloroform rose from the open specimen-boxes.

This was a more than usually remote, deserted-looking clearing and the rest hut was a tumble-down affair built of reeds and topped by decaying thatch. It was raised high above the ground on crooked logs and these gave it a lop-sided and, Walcott thought, charming appearance. Now he lay back in his long chair holding a white flower to his nose. Its heavy perfume shut out the other smells, smell of the black man's body, of green wood burning, sour odor of native food left lying somewhere, and of chloroform. Indeed the intoxicating sweetness of this flower, of a species unknown to him, seemed to have some connection with the special emotion this place gave him, a penetrating sense of aloofness from human life and human meanings. He was almost happy, and he decided to celebrate what would probably be his last night alone. He would drink the one bottle of champagne he had carried so long and he had told the cook to open the remaining can of American beans and some asparagus.

Thrown back in his chair with the collar of his shirt open and a sweater

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pulled over it against the damp that would follow so soon on the going down of the sun, Walcott looked handsome, delicate and not at peace. He had fine, perhaps one should say refined, features, brilliant eyes and hair already too thin for a man of his age.

It was mid-afternoon and the camp making was finished. His porters had gone to the native village to find places to sleep. It was very still. Sometimes the tall grass that had overgrown the open space bent and whispered under a breeze too faint for him to feel, sometimes a fly swooped by his ear, its hum flashing to a crescendo as it passed, then trailing quickly off to silence. But now the black again lifted his head, his attention seeming to sift and penetrate the far-reaching silence beyond the forest wall. Walcott listened too and this time was aware of something, a vibration, jarring rhythmically against his ears, not yet become a sound.

"The other white arrives," said the boy.

Brant! Walcott frowned. He got up and went to the edge of the veranda, staring in the direction from which the sound came. Now he could faintly hear the marching song of the bearers. Yes, it was Brant. Walcott had not expected him at the very earliest until the following day. Still frowning he ordered Tongo to clear away the specimens and sent word for the cook not to open the American tins or serve the bottle of champagne.

At last from out the forest Brant's voice floated: "Hay, Walcott, I say, Walcott, ah-r you there-ah?"

Walcott wiped his forehead nervously. Was it going to be Brant's evening for being funny in what he considered the English manner? Although Brant was for the most part a quiet, serious fellow, he indulged in moments of relaxation or, after work well done, in artless facetiousness—that queer facetiousness which, Walcott had noticed, sometimes descends upon people who are without humor—moments of all others Walcott found hardest to bear. However, in reply to Brant's "Are you there?" he managed to shout a jovial answer.

The porters' song was loud now and near at hand. Then it broke into a chorus of savage yells, and one by one the sweating blacks raced out of the forest, their loads jouncing and rattling on their heads. Brant had begun to yodel, and a moment later he too emerged into the clearing. He caught sight of Walcott and halted, raised his hands above his head in the manner, presumably, of a German prisoner and shouted: "Kamerad, Kamerad."

English, Swiss, German, so far—Walcott felt a tingling in the pit of his stomach and his pale face turned paler. But he waved back and smiled: "Glad to see you."

Brant mounted the sagging steps of the gite. He was grinning as a man does who is so pleased about something that he feels self-conscious, even a little silly. He gripped Walcott's hand, then dropped into a chair, stretching his legs:

"Gosh, it's some jaunt from Gundulu."

He was out of breath, his khaki shirt was black with sweat, his bare arms scratched and covered with bleeding bites. Brant had a strong-featured, pink face half smothered in a brown beard, and placid blue eyes with an attentive, kindly expression. They were set far apart under a forehead that bulged above his eyebrows.

He reached for the pitcher of boiled water cooling on the table and, without bothering to pour any into a cup, drank deeply. Walcott felt obliged to turn away his eyes.

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"You may as well drink it all now," he could not refrain from saying.

"I will, don't you worry." Brant emerged from the pitcher just long enough to catch his breath. The sweat was running down his face and he was still sheepishly grinning. "Capita," he shouted.

A naked black wearing a wig of monkey fur sprang forward. He drew himself up in military style and saluted.

Brant delivered an order in incomprehensible Bangala accompanied by gestures which the fellow seemed to understand. He flashed all his white teeth, fell upon a bearer and took something from his load. It was a long curved horn which Brant thrust upon Walcott.

"Look at that, Walcott! Do you get it? Rhino—and don't think for a minute it's one of those common or garden black ones. Not on your life. It's the sacred, rare, hundred per cent white rhino you have to have a license from the Pope to shoot."

"They're not really so rare," said Walcott.

"Well, they're protected as if they were. Anyhow I ran into a fella, a peach of a fella—he's the administrator at Loali. He said he had no right to, but he was going to exceed his authority and let me pot at a white rhino. He wouldn't have done it if I'd been a hunter, but in view of the great effort I'm making on behalf of science—you know how they talk—like that fat fella we met with the ticks in his feet."

Walcott nodded.

"Well, he was like that fella. Anyhow we went out together. Usually you have to hunt around for weeks but, by Gad, the very first day we stumbled on this bird. The Belgian didn't have his gun at the moment, so it was all mine. I'm such a good shot I can hit a barn if it's close enough, but I was scared and shot pretty straight and before the magazine was empty he was done for."

Walcott's face was bent over the horn he held in his hands. "Well, that was great luck," he said, after a moment. "That was wonderful. It certainly is a beauty."

Brant began unrolling his puttees, exposing fat white calves covered with hair and with small red welts made by the lacing of his breeches. He went on telling Walcott about the hunt, where he had first caught sight of the rhino, at just what spots he had aimed and how often he had shot. He was leaning forward over his leggings but would turn his face up sideways, holding the half-unrolled puttee in his hand. Brant was always deliberate in what he did. It took him ten minutes to get his leggings off at night, rolling them with the utmost care as he undid them, whereas Walcott had his off in a few seconds. And when he put them on in the morning he paid such minute attention to every fold that Walcott had to clear out entirely to escape the sight of Brant's calm, everlasting dawdling.

At last the puttees were off and Brant placed them, neatly rolled but damp with sweat, on the table beside Walcott's drinking-cup. Walcott moved the cup and avoided looking down at Brant's white calves, which the latter was luxuriously scratching. He was conscious too that Brant smelled of sour sweat and that his breath was bad.

"But, gosh, all that stuff about the rhino is nothing," Brant went on to say, the same irrepressible grin breaking out again. He stopped scratching his legs and rose: "It's nothing. The big stuff you haven't heard yet. Walcott, I had better results from my tests than I ever dared hope for."

Walcott cleared his throat: "What do you mean?"

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"I mean it damn well looks as if the thing would work. Incidentally it will make a tasty front-page story, and the old Foundation that pays the bills will get a kick out of that. Can't you see it now? 'Remarkable Pigmy Blood Test May Revolutionize Ethnological Research.' There'll be a regular howl. And the rhino story will come in handy to jazz up the scientific stuff for the Sunday mags."

Something hard and painful sprang into being around Walcott's heart and a kind of faintness too. He sat down suddenly, murmuring something complimentary. Damn Brant, damn him, damn him. Of course it would have to be Brant who made scientific discoveries that would send up a howl from the papers at home. It even had to be Brant who stumbled across white rhinos. He wished the white rhino had killed him, it might easily have done so, rhinos were always killing people. And all the while he was thinking this he kept saying to himself, "My God, why am I like this? How rotten it is! Oh, God, oh, God."

And yet, and yet, why did nothing ever happen to him? Nothing ever turned out right, he had no luck. He had come on this damned expedition hoping to attract a little attention, to dispel a little of the obscurity in which a college professor rots his life away. With all his soul Walcott hated obscurity, hated the mediocrity he felt he had fallen into, he, the brilliant Walcott, for whom so much had been promised, from whom so much had been expected. And who had arrived at—nothing. Thoughts of what he considered his failure were so much in his mind that almost any event or allusion roused them. Then he was a man divided, turning an ear to these painful inner voices and at the same time hiding that secret preoccupation under whatever surface was expected of him.

"Not so bad for three weeks' work, what do you say, Wally? Not so bad, do you think?"

"It's great stuff, Brant. It's—it's great. You hit it right this time." How the words squeezed his throat as they came out.

"You see, that Loali fella," Brant went on, "stayed with me while I was with the pigmies and then took my story back with him. He'll send it with his official courier and with luck it ought to get to the States in a couple of months or anyway three."

Brant rose, stretched, yawned loudly and contentedly. He was a strongly built fellow with a head that was long behind the ears. A well-shaped head, Walcott thought, better than his own, which was too flat. Then Brant stamped off to the inner room, shouting to his boy for his tub, water, clothes. A moment later he came out again: "Your mail, Walcott. I picked it up as I came through Bamba. Oh, and by the way, have we got something worth drinking to baptize the rhino in? Any champagne?"

"I don't think so."

Just then the table boy, a mission fellow who spoke bad French, came onto the veranda.

"Gabriel," Brant turned to him, "any champagne left?"

"Yes, Monsieur, sir. Monsieur Walcott was going to have it for his supper but he changed his mind."

The blood rushed into Walcott's face and at the same moment an explanation occurred. He turned to Brant, wishing, for some reason, to look right into his eyes: "Damn that fellow, spilling the beans! I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Good old Wal," Brant exclaimed,

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"I'm sorry I sprang it too soon. Gosh, it's going to taste great."

How many more times that night, Walcott asked himself furiously, was Brant going to use that word gosh? The senseless repetition of a phrase irritated him unspeakably. Besides, had Brant noticed what the boy said about his having changed his mind? No, of course not. Brant hadn't noticed anything. That remark about keeping it for a surprise had fixed everything. Everything was all right, and yet a perfect fury against the table boy rose in Walcott. When he went out to see that the bottle was wrapped in wet cloth and hung up to swing, he found several opportunities to knock the boy about and resisted with difficulty the impulse to kick him. Certainly Brant thought nothing of the incident, it was too petty to dwell on. Walcott put it from his mind, where it left, nevertheless, a small point of uneasiness.

In the mail Brant had brought him he found only some letters from his wife. He took the one with the most recent postmark and sat down. He felt suddenly exhausted and wished he had a drink. The light in the little clearing was turning pink as the sun sank toward the unbroken line of tree-tops that shut away the horizon. Long shadows fell across the grass and a sudden coolness came like a sigh out of the forest.

He was no longer thinking about Brant but about himself. If he had not believed so unquestioningly in his own future! But how could he have helped it? Always, ever since he could remember, the prophecy of achievement had been upon him. People had always said, "There's a boy that's going far, there's a young fellow who will do great things." In school, in college, he had been cleverer, more versatile, different in some way, from the others. He'd been a success at everything in those early days. . . .

And so he had believed in his own destiny the way you believe in things you do not even think about, that you accept as you do life itself. And yet—the years had gone by, the years had gone by, and what had happened? Nothing. He was a poorly paid teacher of English in an obscure Middle Western college with an ambitious wife. And now, in his Sabbatical year, he was running away from a nervous break-down by going butterfly-hunting in the Congo. That was where his damned versatility came in—that he happened to know enough about the Lepidoptera to qualify for a job clever, wire-pulling Isabel had been able to get for him.

They had hoped moreover that a certain amount of publicity would result from it and publicity was what counted in America. At that time Central Africa was by no means so frequented as it has recently become. A scientific expedition into the Ituri forest—then without motor roads and where one might travel many weeks without encountering another white man—was certain to attract the attention of the press, and they had both thought this would be a good thing for what they called his "writing." Walcott occasionally wrote an article which was published in a decent magazine but which attracted no attention whatever. He had also written a novel. Three publishers had refused the manuscript and he had brought it to the Congo to rewrite. It would be useful to get his name before the public because of that.

But he saw now there would be no renown in this for him. Who the hell cared about butterflies? While Brant, already a well-known ethnologist, was carrying on investigations that could not fail to attract attention. The trip was just

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another mistake. He had made nothing but mistakes since leaving college and yet he could not quite say in what way he had misdirected his life or why. He could not see what the first wrong step had been.

He still held Isabel's letter in his hand but had not yet opened it. Near by a small naked boy crouched on his haunches. He stared at the gite, waiting to see what the whites might be going to do and playing over and over a monotonous, tinkling air on a little harp he held in his hands. Two brown young women, wearing nothing but a shred of green leaf between their thighs, stood before the house, their arms about each other, their brilliant eyes rolling, uttering sudden loud sighs of astonishment, succumbing to soft quickly stifled gusts of laughter.

Peace, the very secret of peace, seemed hidden in the scene. It was there and yet he could not say why or where, he could not reach out and take it. His head ached and he was tired. Inside he could hear Brant splashing and whistling. He did not want to think about Brant and began to read the letter.

"Dear Lester: I am wondering where you will be when you read this and what it will be like. I had your first letter mailed from the coast and of course don't expect anything more for a long time as I know you were going right into the interior." (What if that boy were to tell Brant Walcott had intended to open American tins and changed his mind about that too? He was a mischievous fellow and these people were quick to divine what you did not want said and say it out of malice.) "I would have written oftener but I have literally not had a moment to myself. I hope this won't sound vain but it does seem as if nobody could give a party for anybody important without having me, and then all the speakers I have to introduce and help entertain! Maybe I am just a little proud of being so in demand but it's hard to sit at the head table or on the platform so often with nothing decent to wear. I can't manage new clothes with all that has to be done for the children. They are both well. Elsa is getting on splendidly in everything. Besides her regular school work she has her extra French, her music, her riding lessons, dancing school, fancy dancing, children's symphony twice a week and I'm having her join a little class in diction Jane Welch is getting up. It's pretty expensive all of it, but I suppose I can manage by pinching—goodness knows I've had enough practice doing without things. And I do want her to have every advantage. Lester, she's a regular little belle already—as popular as can be at all the children's parties." (Why in the devil *had* he countermanded the beans and asparagus? He didn't really care about them—as such. Well, Brant had taken his own share of the luxuries when they parted. Besides, good things were wasted on him. He mixed everything that came to the table in one horrible hash Walcott couldn't look at, he even ate native food that smelled bad. But it wasn't that—that was not the reason.)

"I'm sorry to say I can't give the same good report of Warner. He isn't doing well in his studies and he's quite unmanageable at home." Isabel, Walcott was convinced, hated her son, although she did not, of course, know it, and would have died before acknowledging such a thing. He was a puny, nervous, not at all attractive or promising child. When people were admiring Elsa they found it difficult to find anything to say about her brother. This Isabel could not forgive Warner. She could not bear anything or anybody to be connected with her that she was not proud of. She de-

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tested and was implacable toward failure of any kind—even ill health. She herself was strong, capable in practical ways and at times rather handsome. People were always celebrating Isabel's admirable qualities, and Walcott thought they were beginning to say she had not done so well for herself as she might have, in marrying him.

"By the way, Lester, the papers have been full of Brant, pictures of him and all. It was a notice he sent back from the steamer about that special research he expects to do. Your name was mentioned only once. . . ."

Walcott put down the letter. He could no longer see to read. Darkness had come swiftly, flowing, one thought, out of the forest itself—a heavy, humid, palpable blackness that filled everything, crept into every nook and corner of the world and rose to the very sky, blurring the stars. The crouching figure of the boy had become invisible, only the notes of the little hand harp fell liquidly; the brown girls had gone away on noiseless feet. There were occasional woodland sounds, drummings, harsh cries, chatterings that began and ended abruptly, as though frightened into silence by their own clamor. And as the forest receded into the dark, its face took on a veiled patient look, like the face of a sleeper who has found a profounder peace in death.

At the very bottom of sadness, Walcott had often found, there was something else. You sank down, down, through pain, disappointment, despair, and then, if you went far enough, you reached this other thing, not happiness but the ghost of happiness. A kind of painful solace. It was not that you thought: there is a purpose in all this, I shall gain from it. Nothing so clear as that. Perhaps you merely, for the moment, accepted—said to yourself, this is life.

Lantern light fell brightly on the red table-cloth, on the crooked logs that supported the roof, brought into sudden relief each separate straw and grass that hung from the ragged thatch; and fell, too, on the flushed faces of the two men. Walcott had eaten nothing all day, and the rhum and brandy produced from Brant's chop-boxes and mixed into some sort of cocktail created in him a sudden need to talk, tensely, excitedly. The events of the afternoon had receded from him. He had theories to expound. A flood of words poured out about success, failure, fame, greatness. Brant listened, relaxed and amiable.

The barefooted boy slouched in with a steaming platter of tough boiled chicken and underdone rice smelling of wood smoke. Brant heaped his plate and then poured catsup and condensed milk over the pile. Walcott had no desire to eat. They left the bottle of champagne unopened till the effects of the cocktails should have worn off a little.

All the time he talked Walcott kept thinking: But I shouldn't be saying these things to Brant. He'll think I'm jealous, he'll think it's sour grapes. And of course it was not. Yet he had to go on talking, he couldn't help himself. He wanted to prove that people won success through their limitations oftener than through their endowments. The more seriously gifted you were the less chance you had for success—at least in your lifetime. He felt nervously eager to have Brant agree with him. If Brant in his slow way did not answer at once Walcott thought he was of another opinion, and this made him angry. It always troubled him and made him angry when people didn't agree with him, especially Brant.

"The public isn't intelligent, and naturally the people it admires and understands aren't either. If a man gets off

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the kind of bunk the public—the big public—can grasp they think he's hot stuff." Yes that was the worst of it, he told himself—men with trashy undergraduate minds winning so often the dazzling rewards while he— He would not be jealous of the success of really great men who deserved it. Oh, no. But he did not want Brant to think there was any personal feeling back of what he said.

Brant listened, but he was more engrossed in his food, vigorously cutting up his chicken, letting his knife squeak on the enamel plate, chewing with his mouth open. Then he got up to look for the pitcher they had used to make the rhum cocktails. He drank what was left and began to tell Walcott about the trek from Gundulu.

Walcott put his head in his hands and sat staring at the flame of an uneven wick lick up the side of the lantern globe and blacken it. Brant's talk made no impression on him. After a while he said: "But you know, Brant, a man isn't to blame if he can't get rid of himself, is he?" Brant however had begun to think about the champagne. "What about the champagne?" he said.

"You open it." Walcott still felt the effects of the strong cocktails. He was not elated, merely aware of a certain inability to control his thoughts or his words.

Brant took out the napkin he had tucked in the front of his shirt and wiped his beard. He got up and with his usual deliberation—which no longer seemed irritating to Walcott—loosened wires and worked the cork till it came out without a sound. Then he poured the yellow wine, hissing and frothing, into the two big enamel cups.

Walcott raised the cup to his nose. He loved smells. He loved the cold-hot smell of the champagne. He drank his cupful down, restored by the sensation of its sly violence sliding through his veins. It suddenly seemed to him he had never cared for any one so much as for Brant and he had asked him that question—whether a man could get rid of himself—because Brant had in a way inspired it. Brant was rid of himself, or rather he had never had to get rid of himself, he was born that way. He was free. He was not what they called an egotist. Lucky Brant.

"I wish," Walcott exclaimed suddenly, "I had my life to live over again."

"But you've had a pretty good time, haven't you? You've been happy."

Happy! He stared at Brant. There sat a man, a fellow being, an intelligent and —as those things go—a kindly human being. But what could he say to him? That one question, it had no beginning and no end. If he once started where could he stop? Where for that matter start? He longed to talk to Brant, to tell him—well, what?

In what words could he express his devouring restlessness? How could he dignify his thwarted aspirations, make real all the weight of his disappointment, justify it? How could he unshoulder his pack and display his burden of despair so that it should seem worthy of compassion? No, human hearts were not made to understand each other. He filled and drained his cup a second time. A kind of lofty cadence was making itself heard in his brain and words he had not thought of for years began saying themselves aloud:

"Canst thou not . . .
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
Rase out the written trouble of the mind
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote
Ease the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?"

(Continued on page 444)

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There is no literature of the past and precious little of the present which has any meaning for or affords any contact with the young women of to-day. What sort of creatures are they? What are they headed for? What will they do to this world they now face so confidently?

Gilded Youth

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

As I turned over a set of English compositions which had been suggested by Mrs. Woolf's "A Room of One's Own," it was hard for me to think I was not reading Ouida. To be sure, hers were the days of accumulation, not selection. These rooms were of a different taste. But the compositions of these school-girls pictured rooms in which any Ouida heroine would have felt herself at home. She could, as the plain saying is, have sat right down at any of the dressing-tables and not have felt reduced in circumstances. She could have laid her hand on any of the toilet implements and not have felt that they were unworthy of her in their costliness. To make her "grande toilette," she could have selected from the closet an evening dress, an evening wrap in keeping with her sense of luxury. And never would she have believed that the thoughts thought inside these rooms were young. Nor could she have been persuaded that indulgent parents had provided these surroundings for girls not yet out of school. Yet—to quote one composition—"The day-bed was covered with green chartreuse velvet. Altogether it was the simple cosey room of a modern young girl."

Fortunately for my own conviction, I had seen examples of such rooms. But even had I not, the descriptions of them would have served as evidence. For granted that these girls were doing their best to create an impression of what they dearly wished to have, the impression that they coveted was one unknown to my own generation. Granted that they were drawing generously on their imaginations, the fact remained that it was on a very different sort of imagination that my own generation was compelled to draw. And it was, I think, from the dashing titles of their books and of their victrola records that the members of my class had hoped to get a rise.

Yet it was at the chartreuse velvet that I bit. In a spirit of interest rather than in one of criticism, I used a term that had curbed and disciplined the young of my own day. "Is nothing now appropriate to youth?" Appropriate! What had once been recognized as final in settling a dispute between the generations had now become a term too quaint for words.

At once my class in English composition became a class in social history. I was recreating for a bewildered but delighted audience what had been thought to be the appropriate surroundings for a young girl of means. It was a room which was "done over" for her, when suddenly, and often to her own dismay, she stopped being "a little lady," and by

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the fact of a birthday, not of any psychological adjustment, turned into "a young lady." This was in an age when the word "adolescence" was used only by G. Stanley Hall.

As I recalled that room, back came forgotten wall-papers adorned symbolically with baskets of opening rose-buds and festooned with pale blue ribbons. Back came forgotten materials: curtains of dimity and dotted swiss and other frilly fabrics known as dainty. Back came forgotten pictures: "Isabella" with her arms about her pot of basil, "The Golden Staircase," and a swooning "Beatrice" of Rossetti's; pictures of ladies who were either the inspiration of men's dreams or the willing victims of some doomed romantic passion. Back came poems that it was a part of feminine convention to ponder on and mark: "Elaine, the Lily Maid," "Maud," "The Lady of Shalott," "The Sonnets from the Portuguese," and, yes, "Lucille." And with these returned the old sentimental catchwords that had passed with them: "Sweet Sixteen" and "Rose in Bloom." And, above all, "Mr. Right," that fabled Galahad in modern dress whom older people spoke of with the brightest and most knowing smiles, and whom one was supposed to wait for with a dew-drop pendulance.

Suddenly I felt abashed before my class. I refused to give them any more of the stage properties. For appropriate or not, that room seemed wrong. It seemed tricked out with every single thing to make a girl feel age-conscious and sex-conscious and self-conscious. Though it was of the late transition period, it was the very room on which Ibsen's Norah had felt compelled to slam the door. It was still the bower of Meredith's "veiled virginal doll."

Now I am not prepared to say that luxury in contrast holds no dangers. There is the sense of material values it may rear at the expense of other more imaginative values. There is the forced hothouse satiety it may produce. Moreover, to accept luxury as a commonplace of life is to give up those standards of simplicity and of personal austerity that were formerly the hall-marks of the true aristocrat. One need only turn to Galsworthy's portraits of patricians—of Mrs. Pendyce and of Mrs. Freeland—to know how fine such standards were.

On the other hand, to accept luxury not as the commonplace of youth but of one's parents' house; to accept textures as mere textures and even costly things as things; to grow up naturally and gradually among them, seems to me, with all its risks, to be far healthier than to be badged suddenly, as though in some mysterious rite, with dimity and dotted swiss.

Much in the same way I think that we must lay aside old prejudices and re-evaluate the wardrobe behind the closet doors that in these compositions were described as frankly bulging. At first glance it is evident that girlish simplicity has gone. What was once "a little dress" for dinner has now become a morning frock; and what was once worn "for common" has been multiplied by five to constitute "a change." Gone, too, is the old protective coloring for youth. In its place has come the brilliant plumage once conferred by marriage, or, more marked, the "black" that even an unmarried woman could not wear when young save at the risk of seeming "fast." But if fabrics have grown costlier and more sophisticated, they induce and they require new attitudes of mind. It was possible to moon away and be misunderstood in muslin or to blush in baby-blue, but it is a feat

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to nurse a good old-fashioned slight or grievance in black velvet or to be embarrassed in brocade.

Moreover, out of the new wardrobe has grown a different meaning for the word "appropriate." Simple as the earlier young lady was supposed to be, she was apt to judge each costume in relation to her feminine dignity. The stress was laid on that and not on any suitability to the occasion. Her "gym" suit, for instance, she donned rebelliously and only under promise that no one but the other girls was going to see her. Or she wore it militantly, with an awareness of her daring. Somewhere in her consciousness, be sure, was the sense of masculine approval or of disapproval. She might wish to please him or to flaunt him, but Man was seldom out of mind. Nowadays, had he not also changed, it would take one Field Day to convince him that when it came to getting down to business, his judgment was the last to be consulted. A hockey suit is something to be worn not in privacy, not in the fear of disappointing any masculine glance, but to be worn naturally when the occasion demands it. It is the same with any kind of sports clothes. Now sports clothes were never hung next to such timorous and faint-hearted fabrics as nun's veiling. But they do hang next to richer fabrics. Let us remember that.

And what is more—surrounded as I have said with what would have seemed plunder to a Ouida robber-baroness, these modern girls have by and large a new clear-headed practicality. Thanks to modern parents who no longer regard doles as the proper sign of fickle pleasure or displeasure, their daughters have learned how to handle their allowances. Thanks to modern schools that include a course in Household Economics, these daughters have learned how to budget money. Consequently, they show impatience with a heroine of fiction who has not the foggiest idea of where she stands financially and who has never kept a check-book. Among them there are bound to be exceptions; but for the most part in reading "The Portrait of a Lady" these girls have their own sling-shot to aim at Isabel's extravagance. "Imagine," they will say, "sitting in the library and reading books when your roof is being sold above your head." Isabel Archer may have been as simple as you like in all her personal tastes, but she did not know the value of a penny. Besides, she seems more wasteful of her time than they would ever be if they were put in her position. Isabel no doubt could cook and sew and patch and darn as they cannot. But they are convinced that any man who married her would have had his troubles with his household bills.

In the same way—though more thoroughly and more significantly—Meredith's Diana is spoiled for them from the beginning. Being the products of a generation which, if it owns big places and estates, has given up ancestral homesteads; being the product of a generation that pulls up stakes with no emotion; that hires town houses and apartments on short leases and that rents them for the winter furnished, few of these girls can understand Diana's depth of feeling about Crossways. In this connection it must be stated that the velvet-covered day-bed does show its cloven hoofs. To them Crossways sounds uncomfortable, outmoded, and unsanitary. They should think that Diana would be glad to take what she could get for it. In other words, sentiment, the sense of the long past, the beauty of tradition, has lost out to the sense of immediate

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comfort. I doubt if one of these girls would see as aught but sentimental rubbish the stories once so current of the depleted gentlewoman bravely clinging to the house that had become an empty shell.

But they will grant for the sake of argument that Crossways did have its hold on the affections. That being so, "there are a hundred things that Diana could have done with it." Meredith claims that she was brilliantly in advance of her own times. But for all that, they can see her brilliance went into thinking up an epigram and jotting it down in a note-book that she might "get it off" before some man. What was the good in having brains if she didn't put them to some use? Why, for instance, didn't she turn Crossways into a tea-shop or a circulating library, or why not have made an inn of it?

Now it is possible to convince these girls that the tourists in Ireland would have been too few and that the estates were too far apart to make an inn or tea-shop profitable as a venture. But what they cannot understand is that Crossways so commercialized would have lost its dignity and glamour. They belong to a generation that makes an inventory of its household gods, and rents them when the occasion is both profitable and convenient. If they actually have more things, they no longer worship things as sacred only when they are not tarnished by the touch of strangers. Above all, this is an age when ingenuity goes into making things convertible. This is the age of the double purpose. And even if these girls do not live in such apartments as have a living-room by day and a sleeping-room by night, they do have day-beds that work the transformation to an extra sitting-room. Then why should they understand a time when a thing retained intrinsic beauty only when it stayed what it was shaped to be?

In the same way the enfranchisement of women, the World War, and the many consequent psychological and economic changes lie between them and any comprehension of Diana's problem —the problem of a young, unmarried woman of position who is faced with poverty. They have seen some of their own mothers' friends so faced, and what have these women done about it? Not turned to that overburdened person now extinct, "the next male relative." Not planned to live by visiting their married friends in slow rotation. Not "sponged" on any one to keep a leisured ornamental life, the dignity of which seems dubious when conducted under false conditions. Not, as a rule, gone gunning for a man to preserve them in the state to which they are accustomed. They've gone out and got a job. A job—that plain word that would have been a mortal insult if mentioned in the presence of a genteel companion or a Brontë governess has now become the pith of romance and adventure. Why, married women often take one not from necessity but preference. Women of position and of means are opening book-shops, going into real estate, showing what they can do. Consequently, the amazement of this gilded youth is at the woman who is afraid—not of poverty, which seems an honest cause for fear—but of losing something that one used to call gentility. Well, Meredith would have been the first to wish them luck—this self-confident young generation that if it has to, and, above all, if it wants to, intends to earn its living and its luxuries for its own self.

How unconscious these girls will be of the old threatened risks and bugaboos that were supposed to lurk in a business world once almost strictly masculine, is evident from the way they take their

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own experiences in the city streets. Their diagnosis of Meredith's Diana is that she thought too much about herself as an object of pursuit, and never stuck her nose outside the door without wondering what man was going to follow her. To protect herself from molestations by her purchase of a mastiff seems to them too ludicrous. Suppose that some man spoke to her, what of it? It might be displeasing, but how was it going to hurt her dignity? As one waggish youngster put it to me: "Why, two foul-looking men called out at me, 'Hello, Blondie.' I didn't like it, but I didn't feel I had to rush away and buy a Pom."

With this new slant on life, it is easy to see that no adequate counter-balance to this plain, hard, cash-and-carry sense may be had from reading and from general culture. To read eagerly, to devour books in adolescence, one must be able to identify oneself for the time being with the hero or the heroine. The setting may be different, but the attitude of mind must be the same.

This identification is still possible for boys; for the code of conduct involving prowess, daring, adventure, loyalty is still constant for them and does not depend upon the attitude held toward the other sex. But for girls the long, rich literary heritage depends entirely on the old romantic concept. Whether they are portrayed with sprightliness or delicacy, the heroines of fiction are all done as it were in bas-relief and are brought out against the imposing and protective figure of some man.

Even thirty years ago this literary heritage had a very different value. One could be Portia and recite her bestowal of her hand and wealth, grow quite impassioned, too, in repeating her acknowledgment of inferiority to her prospective husband. Hers was the modesty of mind that one really meant to have. In fancy, one could drift down as Elaine to Camelot. One had known ladies who had not recovered from unhappy love or from a jilting and who had gone into a decline. It was still possible to be Jane Eyre madly in love with Mr. Rochester in spite of his bad temper and his manners; for whether benevolent or fierce, man's domination was accepted. It was still possible to be Elizabeth Bennett, fluttered with embarrassments by the discourtesies of Mr. Darcy. When Goldsmith told of the only course open to any woman who had stooped to folly, one did not think of interrupting with "What about a man?" One agreed with him precisely in the fate the poet meted out. Even in later years, one could try with utter seriousness and lack of humor to pattern oneself after any heroine of Meredith's. And when at last the new feminine militancy had set in in earnest with the influence of Ibsen, the uncomfortable battlings of his Norahs and Rebeccas could be made one's very own, as could the daring fight for education, for knowledge, and sex-honesty fought by the doughty heroines of H. G. Wells.

But whether the search leads through poetry or fiction, where in the whole of literary history can one find a heroine to whom a modern girl bears or would wish to bear the least resemblance?

This break between good reading and those who would naturally take to it is a novel situation. With pleasure in past customs or in the beauty of their language, books may still be read; but not with the same delight and stimulus to fancy and idealization. Rudely the young mind is thrown back on its own time. Here, too, save in the cheaper magazines and less good fiction, it meets with a rebuff. For what writer of distinction in England or America concerns himself with the kind of life that these

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girls know or presents ideals of those women that they mean to be? Not Galsworthy, even with Fleur Forsyte, who seems to them to be an old man's conception of a flapper. "Doesn't he know," they ask, "that girls can think of other things than sex; that they do have friends of their own sex, and can play straight with them?" And other than he, the most able writers on both sides of the water deal with war, which is beyond the ken of youth, or they deal intentionally with a wider and more common range of life. There is thus a barricade of unreality, for what is remote from actual or possible experience it is difficult to regard in any very vital sense.

What does it mean for girls to be cut off, save academically, from the wide fields of literature? One would wager that Huck Finn, Tom Sawyer, Robin Hood, Richard Cœur de Lion, and a dozen others have each as strong a hand in the education of the boy who knows them as have his parents or his schooling. From the substitution of himself in their adventures, he is led, hot-foot, in fancy through all centuries, finds a spur to curiosity, and tries to model himself after the examples that are set.

If, then, for girls the patterns are outmoded, if they could no more get into the restricted frame of mind required than they could get into the wedding-dresses of their grandmothers, may not this lack be one of the impelling causes that turns them to the current world? May it not be one of the reasons that makes them prefer action and execution to much thought or speculation, and that makes them give short shrift to the long pursuit of an uncertain culture, and prefer to deal with matters right at hand?

Of course there are other forces, too, at work; forces that have unquestionably changed their attitude. There is, as I have mentioned, their new acquaintance with the art of handling money that opens up an interest in finance. There is the effect of big business and prosperity that has seeped down to them and that makes them feel that to be exciting, even an investment of one's time ought to yield some quick and gilt-edged return. And there is science, which, combined with prosperity and lavishness, gives them their radios, cars of their own to drive, even occasional airplanes of their own to fly; and that consequently diverts their attention from the inner and vague world of thought and culture to all of those mechanics and devices and appliances that centre thought upon the outer concrete world.

But more than this youth must prove itself in its own generation; and what is novel and untried will always call its adventurousness to the test.

The field of sports, apart from the possibilities in aviation, is an accustomed field. No one now disputes the fact that it will not endanger future motherhood or take away from feminine attractiveness. That battle has been won. So, too, with "The Cause of Woman," that once set girls of gilded youth to marching up the public streets, to selling newspapers, and to soliciting votes in all manner of untoward places. And so with the field of higher education.

The women's colleges to-day are overcrowded. There are not enough to house the eager applicants. But now a girl of means who goes does not need to struggle against family and social prejudices. She does not surrender her conventional début. She does not bear the onus of seeming masculine and strong-minded. She does not even have to prove that she can buckle down to work with those who require a degree to earn their living, or that she can attain to any college standard set for men. She is up against

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no contest to which opposition and disapproval lend reality, and with this result—that her attitude has changed.

Urged by her parents and her school, she may try college for a year, but she usually shows some condescension when she does so. Once in, she may "stick it out" a year, two years, or—what seems stranger still—for even three, and then abruptly turn her back on the degree which is almost in her grasp. Why? Not because she minds the lack of luxury in college. She can live simply if she has to. It is a little because she minds the narrowed freedom, which to her seems artificial. It is a little because she dislikes the segregation, which seems artificial, too, in spite of every modern mitigation. It is a little because this is an age of restlessness and not of patience; and that, hence, nothing seems worth while that it takes four years to get.

But chiefly these girls leave college, or they do not go to it at all, because they are out for what seems a more real and certainly a more new adventure. Where youth is scoffed at, it will enter. Keep a sign out, "All Trespassing Forbidden"; and once it catches the attention, the place proscribed is the very place where youth will seek to go. Consequently, now that such a sign has won their notice, young women of position insist upon venturing into a business world where everything is still against them, for it is not the former business world that doled out clerkships and secretaryships and jobs that kept a woman useful to some man and let her get no further. What she is seeking now is to invade one after another of those precincts thought to be so unassailable. She may marry and she means to marry. But in the meantime it is as though her eyes were upon a feudal castle that is still untaken by her sex. In actuality it is a skyscraper. But can she storm it with her new fearlessness of men and with her new equipment? Can she ever win to that keep where directors hold their board meetings? Can she capture the office not of secretary, but of executive? Will the time come when women will be on the floor of Wall Street or shaping policies of high finance? We may not like the picture, but we cannot proclaim that youth is without its visions of new worlds to conquer. Its romance now consists in battering at the fortifications of Big Business. And the battle will seem real until it has won the gate.

A Bad Sleeper Complains of a Good One

By Dorothy Tyler

There by the house old trees would always blow,
Striking the roof in darkness—so, and so . . .
All night would something walk along the eaves
And cry, and scatter the last October leaves,
The shadows of trees were black along the wall,
And through the whiteness the black of a leaf would fall—
But all night long you slept a quiet sleep
And never knew what vigils night can keep.

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The divorce "colonies" of Reno and Paris are giving way to the divorce "tours" of Mexico where the bonds of matrimony are sundered between trains. Nice, neat, satisfying divorces all wrapped up and ready to be carried away—the new chain-store system of freedom.

Mexico's Cash-and-Carry Divorce for Americans

BY GREGORY MASON

A few weeks ago the Supreme Court of Mexico held invalid a certain divorce granted to a Mexican in the state of Morelos. In technical language the court's opinion seemed to imply criticism of certain features of the divorce law of that state. Immediately the American press scented a good story and raised a hue and cry. Hundreds or thousands of Americans—no one knows how many but the number is undoubtedly large—had been divorced in Morelos under this law. Had these divorces now become illegal? Were Americans who had remarried after such divorces now living in bigamy? Were the children of such remarriages now to be considered illegitimate? For two or three days the issue made quite a pretty little newspaper tempest.

Since the Supreme Court of Mexico in 1926 declared unconstitutional a divorce granted in the state of Yucatan, American newspaper editors have learned that they can count on a Mexican divorce sensation to eke out their space on dull days every year or so. The thing has become almost seasonal, like ground-hog day, or the picturesque freaks of nature periodically reported by the imaginative anonymous correspondent who has brought fame to Winsted, Conn. And, moreover, it is to be taken hardly more seriously by the discreet reader than calculations concerning the ground-hog's shadow.

Of course no decision of the Mexican Supreme Court has a retroactive effect to make bigamists of thousands of foreigners and natives already divorced and remarried, and to "illegitimatize" their pathetic offspring. As we shall see later, it takes five similar decisions by the Supreme Court of Mexico to nullify *in toto* the law of any state. These decisions which periodically excite the American press and Americans contemplating getting rid of an undesirable spouse by the easy Mexican method apply only to the particular merits of the particular case examined on appeal. However, the important thing to note here is that even if the divorce laws of one or two entire states were wiped out by judicial decree, that would not put an end to Mexico's huge growing trade in divorce decrees for foreigners. There are thirty states and territories in the southern republic, and the business is much too profitable to permit its abolition by judicial whim. The Mexican doctrine of states' rights—borrowed from us—will keep the busi-

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ness alive. The divorce trade south of the Rio Grande is growing so rapidly that any statistics which one might gather would be inaccurate in a month or two, but the business bids fair to rank with oil, copper, silver, and sisal fibre as one of the chief revenue producers for the descendants of the unions between Spanish conquistadors and Maya or Aztec maids.

As an international centre for easy divorce Paris has already lost her laurels to Mexico. Not satisfied with competing from a distance, the bold managers of the Mexican divorce mills have sent their agents to the French capital to intercept the trade destined for that mart from the United States, and to solicit French and other European business as well. The French press has been giving considerable publicity recently to Señor Arturo Del Toro, "Un Henry Ford du Divorce," who, astutely selecting a very personable young Frenchman, M. Filteau, to manage his Paris office, claims to have provided Mexican decrees for fifty wealthy Europeans within the past two months alone.

Do not imagine, monsieur, that these clients must make the long trip from France to Mexico to gain the freedom they covet. Non, non, non! All they are asked to do is to give their power of attorney to the entrepreneurs of divorce, and to pay a few thousand francs for the decree when it comes through the mail! Obviously, this is much pleasanter than the tiresome formula of the French courts. Mais oui!

The divorce by power of attorney is the latest and most picturesque wrinkle of the Mexican divorce racket. Of course it is also legally the flimsiest mode of gaining domestic liberty. I am writing before the full text of the Supreme Court's decision involving the Morelos law has had time to reach me. But apparently the court objected to the fact that the plaintiff in the divorce action had been given a decree without any notification of the proceedings having been sent to the plaintiff's spouse. This secrecy feature marks most of the decrees secured by power of attorney, and the more conservative Mexican entrepreneurs of divorce will have nothing to do with it. Indeed, Señor Del Toro, with charming candor, admitted to me in the comfortable Park Avenue apartment which is his headquarters that he expected one effect of the Morelos decision would be to cut down his business in that state, while increasing his trade in Sonora, where, as "Father of the Sonora Divorce Law," he took pains to get a statute meeting the strong prejudice of American judges and lawyers that some actual residence in the state should be insisted on and that the *defendant should be notified of the proceedings and given a chance to defend*. Alas, how bothersome are these Anglo-Saxon notions to managers of the Latin-American divorce factories!

It looks then as if any one desiring a Mexican divorce would do well to take the pains to spend at least three days (the Sonora requirement) in personal "residence" of Mexico. Hence, there is no immediate prospect that the divorce by power of attorney will ever be so popular as the "tour of divorce"—the actual vacational trip to Mexico which an officer of the Mexican Government tells me is now being made by some ten to twelve Americans daily. If you think these are "cheap" fellows of the fly-by-night type, you are very wrong. Look at the names of a few Americans who have taken the Mexican tour recently: Homer S. Cummings, Democratic National Committeeman; Madame Alda, of opera fame; Frank Woodward, New York millionaire; Bruce Reynolds, an-

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other man of means; William Slavens McNutt, well-known writer; Dolores Del Rio, of the movies; and William McFee, the eminent novelist.

The fact that the power of attorney divorce enriches only the lawyers and their touts, while the tour of divorce brings money to steamship-lines, railroads, hotels, and shopkeepers is—in addition to legal considerations—a reason for the confidence of the present writer that the "tour" will remain the standard method for a foreigner to get a Mexican decree.

The tour of divorce is one of the most amazing social phenomena of our century. Briefly, the method is for the Mexican manager to get his charges together in New York or some other large American city, and from that point himself arrange not only for all the legal mumbo-jumbo necessary to win his clients their "diplomas" south of the Rio Grande, but to engage and take care of all the details of travel and daily life, Pullman reservations, hotel accommodations—even recreational side trips for all the world like the conventional "Cook's tour." A luxurious train which pulls out of the Grand Central Station, New York, every evening bound for Niagara Falls has long been known as "The Honeymoon Special." Three hours before it thunders over the tracks along the Hudson, however, they have been warmed by the heavy wheels of an equally imposing all-Pullman caravan which trainmen have recently dubbed "The Divorce Flyer."

Mexico's claim that she now can afford foreigners a "divorce that is prompt, private, and painless" is almost literally true. The organized divorce tour is the last word in efficient service of separations.

Of course this paradise for discontented husbands and wives was not evolved overnight, and Mexico's part in the divorce history of the world is extremely interesting.

The series of revolutions which began in Mexico with the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz in the social sense constituted one single revolt. And whatever may be thought of it, one must admit that it *was* a genuine social upheaval, as was the revolution in Russia which began with the overthrow of the Romanoffs. This would be proved by an analysis of the radical change in the relation between capital and labor alone.

Before Mexico and Russia had their revolutions the view prevailed in both countries that marriage was a virtually indissoluble religious sacrament. The Latin-American reformers, like the Slavic rebels, contended that it should be treated as a mere civil contract.

To be fair to Mexico we must remember that her revolutionaries introduced prompt, painless divorce with no eye to profits from gringos or any one else. The possibilities of the Mexican laws for Americans were discovered by Americans. The Mexicans have merely taken advantage of the potential source of wealth in their own country pointed out to them by visitors from "Yanquiland."

The discovery was made in the state of Yucatan about six years ago. Then Mexican lawyers awoke to the realization that easy money lay almost within hand. They corresponded with American attorneys, offering to share fees on all business sent to them. Some American lawyers were not content with this good thing, but actually emigrated to Mexico and hung out their own shingles.

American publicity experts were hired to tell the world the fine points of Yucatan's cash-and-carry divorce. An avalanche of prosperity tumbled on sleepy Merida, capital of the state. At that time the Yucatan law required a

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residence of thirty days (it is now six months), and although this gave the Merida merchants only a third of the opportunity which now enriches the shopkeepers of Reno, the former fared right well. "Mexican curios" made in New Orleans and Kansas City found a ready market. The Americans "doing time" had to be amused, and guides who knew the wonders of Chichen Itza, Uxmal, and other groups of Maya ruins found that they could command the wages of Park Avenue bootleggers.

New hotels sprang up, and steamers from the United States brought bathtubs and other mechanical marvels of civilization to innkeepers who had never dreamed of such gaudy fixings until divorce-hunters demanded them. Before the divorce boom I found the best of Merida hostelries filthy affairs. Plumbing was either non-existent or extremely hypothetical.

And lo! a few months later I found these same hotels flaunting the best Pittsburgh and New York plumbing, including white-tiled bathrooms which were being used as bathrooms and not as bins for firewood in the manner of the few tin bathtubs of the pre-divorce era. New beds had been provided with new and expensive linen, and with clean and intact mosquiteros. Not only had old hotels been transformed, but well-made modern inns had been built. And, true sign of cosmopolitan life, the American breakfast had arrived.

Inevitably other Mexican states became jealous of Yucatan's sudden prosperity. If they could not produce sisal fibre, the "green gold of Yucatan," at least they could mint this other gold, painless release from matrimony. Many of them already had "easy" laws. These states needed only publicity, they thought. They soon found, however, that where the laws of two Mexican states were equally lenient the gringo customer would choose that locality which offered the most creature comforts and the most diversions to him during his brief period of exile. The "tours to the ruins" which Yucatan advertised were not entirely a pretext. Accordingly, there sprang up a bitter competition among Mexican states for the favor of foreign divorce-hunters, evidenced by a tendency to improve hotels, bull-fights, roulette-wheels, beer, tequila, taxicabs, scenery, and other obvious necessities and luxuries for the foreigner. Briefly, in return for easy divorces, America has given Mexico the comforts of her own high standard of living.

However, in passing we should again do Mexico the justice of noting that such easy divorce laws as those of the states of Vera Cruz, Jalisco, Chihuahua, and Coahuila have been allowed to stand virtually as they were written in 1915 or 1916 when Venustiano Carranza was First Chief of the Constitutionalist cause. It is the even easier laws of such states as Campeche, Morelos, and Sonora which are the result of amendments deliberately passed to attract the dollars of Americanos. *All* the states just mentioned dissolve marriages where there is "mutual consent" to this by the two parties involved, but Campeche, Morelos, and Sonora offer certain other "legal advantages" of especial appeal to Americans. The most potent one is a very short residence requirement. The fact is that the American of average cultivation and with no special interest in foreign institutions finds six or seven days ample to exhaust the attractions of a Mexican city. This is particularly true of American divorce-hunters, a fact alone which makes it easy to understand why the *divorce tour* for foreigners has to a large extent replaced the *divorce*

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colony. With the development of the former institution a new group of Mexican states has taken the leadership in the export of matrimonial relief. The leaders to-day (July, 1930) are Campeche, Morelos, and Sonora, especially Morelos and Sonora. Yucatan has dropped out of the running.

Early in 1926 Campeche struck at its rival neighbor state, Yucatan, by an amendment to its divorce law, leaving the determination of residence to the governor of the state, who, if he chooses, may grant a divorce to an American twenty-four hours after the latter arrives in the old seaport so often the goal of looting buccaneers.

Soon after the Campeche amendment went into effect, Yucatan changed its law to require a six months' residence on the part of foreigners. This change, however, was not made because of any feeling of the hopelessness of competing with Campeche. ("Tourists" to Campeche usually spend much of their time in adjacent Yucatan, anyway.) Nor was it produced, as many persons have supposed, because of a decision of the Supreme Court of Mexico declaring unconstitutional a certain divorce secured in Yucatan. We should remember that the whole theory of Mexican jurisprudence and government is different from ours in fundamental respects. Believing in a complete separation of judicial and legislative functions, Mexicans view with repugnance such power as the Supreme Court of our United States wields. Under their theory the decision of their court in the case above mentioned did not make nugatory the Yucatan law *except in the particular case upon which appeal was taken to the court*. That decision in itself did not invalidate previous or subsequent divorces granted under the Yucatan law whether to natives or to foreigners. Nor did that decision oblige the state of Yucatan to frame a new law, because, as noted already, precedent is not established until the Supreme Court of Mexico has decided five cases similarly. It should be noted that the Supreme Court's criticism was directed at the lack of provision for adequate service of summons upon defendants, and that the subsequently passed law of Yucatan showed no change in this respect. There is a very good reason to believe that the alteration in Yucatan's residence requirement was made because of criticism from influential quarters in the United States.

If this was the case, there must be consternation in these same quarters at the reckless competition among other Mexican states in reducing residence requirements for gringo divorce-seekers!

It is very noticeable that most of the Americans who go to Mexico to divorce their spouses are men. I should say that seven out of ten of these divorce tourists are husbands. This is almost the exact opposite of the situation in Reno, and calls for explanation.

I believe there are two main reasons for this predominance of males among American candidates for Mexican decrees. The first is that many of our countrymen still regard Mexico as a rather wild place, a land to which it would hardly be safe for an unattended woman to go. This factor is being weakened as tour managers widely advertise that Mexico has creature comforts equal to those of Chicago and much less illegal shooting.

The second cause of the high frequency of discontented husbands among our divorce tourists is that whereas the average man cannot leave his business to go to Reno for three months, three weeks in Sonora or Campeche is another thing again, particularly when the "business" of cutting the matrimonial knot can be

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combined with the pleasure of catching tarpon or shooting deer. And particularly, too, when the trip can be made with three or four pals, all "taking the cure." The most successful directors of divorce tours are sticklers for congeniality among the members of the parties they lead to freedom.

The expense of a divorce tour—including transportation, hotel, meals, legal costs—is from fifteen hundred dollars up. That is about a bed-rock figure. The following table shows legal expenses in a typical Morelos case:

Domicile cost	$25.50
Recording	5.00
Legalization	22.55
Notification	22.00
Stamps	10.00
Certification	318.75
Notification	22.00
Recording	8.00
Legalization	5.00
Extra expenses	90.00
Total, Mex. pesos,	$528.80
or, U. S. currency,	$264.40

Most of the above items provide the profit for the state of Morelos in this proceeding. The charge for "domicile cost" is particularly revealing, for this represents the "investment" in Morelos business or the "donation" to Morelos charity which as specified in the law enabled the American divorce-hunter to establish his "residence" in that state. (The purchase of a peanut-stand would be sufficient "investment" for Morelos law.)

It may well be imagined that the possible legal complications resulting from these Mexican divorces for Americans are almost endless. With all this uncertainty, why do so many Americans—by no means all of them fly-by-nights or impulsive idiots—continue to cross the border and sue for freedom from bonds which have become hateful?

The answer is that whatever the legal value of a Mexican divorce may be to an American, it often has a very great practical value. This brings us to two important facts: first, that many of the Americans now going to Mexico for divorces have received the consent of their spouses to this arrangement, and, second, that nearly all of the Americans using Mexican divorce courts are determined to remarry as soon as possible.

Now it is well known that under American law the fact that both husband and wife are anxious to break the matrimonial bond is no reason at all for the granting of a divorce. On the contrary, a knowledge of such a mutual wish to separate is very apt to lead the court to cry "collusion," a veritable bugaboo to domestic relations judges.

Mexico, on the other hand, like many European countries, holds that the desire of both partners to a marriage contract to dissolve it is the very best reason imaginable why it should be dissolved. If it is dissolved, say the Mexicans, each of the parties concerned may make a new and fruitful and happy marriage which would be of great value to the state.

Now for the practical application of this. If John Doe, an American, gets a Mexican decree with his wife's consent and approval, who is going to attack the validity of that decree? So long as Julia Doe is satisfied, society is satisfied. At least that is the way it works out.

These "mutual-consent" cases, as they are called, provide the bulk of the divorce fees and of the American disbursements which are enabling Mexican hotels to deck themselves out with gringo beds and bathtubs. Typical of these cases is that of an American returning from Mexico "with the papers" who said to me:

"For fifteen years my wife and I have

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wanted a divorce. But we live in Massachusetts, and the laws of that great and enlightened State would have prevented us from getting a divorce by saying we wanted it, and would have forced one of us to throw mud at the other, to wash a lot of more or less fictional dirty linen in public, to the delight of the sensational press. We had too much regard for our children to go through any such barbarous proceeding. But as soon as we heard of the Mexican laws my wife heaved a sigh of relief, and said, 'John, go right down there to Mexico. Here's our chance at last!'

"Well, I went. I have not lived with my wife for fifteen years, but of course I have provided for her and our two children. And of course I shall continue to do so. I am going to remarry with her full approval. And she with mine. Won't the State of Massachusetts be better off with two couples happy than with one unhappy? If so, it can thank so-called 'barbarous Mexico.' "

In the smaller class of cases where the plaintiff goes to Mexico for relief without the approval of the defendant, the Mexican decree, though it may be legally a scrap of paper, still has practical value, although in these cases that fact is less pleasant, perhaps, for neutral parties to contemplate.

In short, we have before us what lawyers call a "dog-in-the-manger" case. John Doe and Julia Doe led a wrangling, cat-and-dog existence together. They have not lived together for years, yet Julia Doe is not willing to give John his freedom. The fact that she is well aware of his desire to marry another woman only intensifies the grip with which she clings to the empty title of wifehood.

Well, John goes to Mexico, gets a divorce, and remarries there. He returns to the United States with his bride. What happens? If Julia is very vindictive, she may try to have John arrested for bigamy. She cannot get far with this charge if his divorce and remarriage were legal in Mexico, where they took place. No crime has been committed in American territory. Julia can sue for divorce in an American court, naming John's second wife as co-respondent, and probably get a satisfactory property settlement, but that is all. And this, usually, is just what John wanted her to do in the first case. In short, while the Mexican proceedings were a legal weapon of little weight, they were a psychological club of formidable proportions.

It should be noted, by the way, that none of the Mexican states attempts to go into the matter of alimony, property settlements, and arrangements relating to the children of the divorced Americans, unless both plaintiff and defendant so request. Normally, this whole matter is left for American courts to settle, and it is well that this is so. The Mexican court, however, does demand incontestable evidence of the marriage which it is asked to dissolve. The most essential pieces of luggage for an American embarking on a divorce tour are a vaccination certificate (without which no foreigner can enter Mexico) and a copy of his marriage license certified to by the Mexican consul nearest to the town in which he has made his marriage domicile.

Summing up the foregoing considerations we have the conclusion that the chief use of the Mexican divorce is, first, for Americans who can count on the lifelong acquiescence of their "outgoing" spouse in the settlement, and, second, for Americans so anxious to get a scrap of conventional sanction for a second union that any piece of paper is better than none. Probably from the point of view of even conservative society a re-

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marriage after a Mexican divorce is better than open adultery. We may expect to see a decline in the flimsy divorce by power of attorney, an increase in the tendency to insist on the notification of the defendant in divorce cases, but a continuance of the short residence requirement, maintaining the "trade" in a thriving condition.

Great importance attaches to the matter of remarrying in Mexico, or, at least, in avoiding remarrying in the United States and, above all, in the American state of the first marriage.

I know a man who gave up his position as clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church to get a Yucatan divorce. The lady he wanted to make his second wife went to Yucatan with him. But, unaccountably, he neglected to have the new knot tied by a Yucatecan official. It is rumored that he was sentimental in a patriotic sort of way and wanted an American marriage. It is further bruited that he appealed to the American Consul at Progreso, and on his request being rejected was led to believe that the ceremony would be performed for him by the captain of the American steamer on which he had engaged a stateroom for himself and would-be bride. After the vessel sailed, the captain refused to do this. The unfortunate man had to put the lady out of his stateroom—on the initiative of offended passengers—and Heaven only knows what became of him on his arrival in the United States, where his wife (ex or legal, as you look at it) was waiting with intentions which boded no good for him.

Since the managers of Mexican divorce tours are now careful to stress the importance of a remarriage in Mexico, if remarriage is desired at all, the excessively masculine complexion of our divorce colonies in the land of tortillas has been reduced by the presence there of many brides-soon-to-be. The Mexicans are very obliging about this matter, and many a man has had new matrimonial bonds linked to his legal person by the very judge who five minutes earlier broke the old shackles.

Doubtless, contemplation of such cash-and-carry divorce and marriage is shocking to the sensibilities of many people. But whether we like it or not, unless our own divorce laws become more lenient, large numbers of our citizens will pretty surely continue to flock to Mexico to break the marriages made in the United States. Thus in the smaller world of the twentieth century may the standards of one country vitally affect the social conditions of a neighboring land.

"Combine your vacation with a pleasant divorce" is the cry.

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J. E. B. STUART

VI. The Wilderness—and Yellow Tavern

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

(The last instalment of the biography of the beau sabreur of the South. As we go to press Captain Thomason is on the high seas on his way to duty on the Asiatic Station. Following the battle of Chancellorsville, where Stuart commanded the Second Corps after the wounding of Stonewall Jackson, as told in the chapters in the September SCRIBNER'S, came the battle of Fleetwood Heights, a fierce cavalry struggle foreshadowing the emerging superiority of the Northern horse. During the next two weeks, Lee moved his army across into Maryland, then into Pennsylvania. Hooker, conforming, moved into Maryland. On July 25 Stuart with less than half the cavalry of the army, was detached by Lee's order and rode around Hooker, crossing the Potomac just above Washington and moving on York, Pa., where he was to rendezvous with Ewell's corps. He drew two of the three Yankee cavalry divisions after him. Meantime, Hooker was replaced by Meade, and on July 1 Meade and Lee drifted into battle near Gettysburg. Stuart rejoined at noon on July 2, and fought an inconclusive cavalry action with Pleasanton on July 3. On July 4 Lee retired from Gettysburg, and Stuart covered the retreat of the Confederates into Virginia. The Bristoe campaign in the autumn of '63 accomplished nothing. The spectacular Dahlgren raid in February of '64 was equally futile. In the spring opened the Wilderness Campaign, with Grant in command of the Northern army. When the Federal cavalry next took the field, it, too, had a new commander, Major-General Philip Sheridan, whose star rises as Stuart's sets.—The Editors)

THE winter of 1863–1864 set in. Cavalry Headquarters were east of Hanover Court House, at a camp called The Wigwam—Stuart's choice of names was always outside the ordinary. You may have noticed some of them—Camp Qui Vive—Camp Pelham—Camp Chickamauga—Camp No Camp. The official records, between the middle of November, when Meade went away from Mine Run to seek his own winter lodgings, and the first part of May, offer little in the way of incident, except the Dahlgren Raid. It may be noted that, from now on, it is the Yankees who are raiding; Grant is going to follow Lee too hard, and hold him too close, from the Rapidan to the Petersburg lines, for many detachments, and he sends Stuart away no more.

Still, there are the newspapers, and the letters, and the contemporary memoirs, from which something of the scene may be reconstructed.

Except for the lack of food and clothes, winter was not such a bad season, the army thought. Infantry and artillery were snug enough, and even cavalry enjoyed the luxury of permanent bases, and the volume, if not the ardor, of their toils diminished. And the Confederate soldier was learning to do without food and clothes, to an astonishing degree. He kept well and, on the whole, cheerful with very little, and some Federal officers who saw rebel prisoners taken in small operations during the winter—notably Colonel Lyman of Meade's staff—say that they were the hairiest, most weather-beaten, and mus-

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cular set of fellows imaginable—like wolves of the forest, Colonel Lyman decides.

Jeb Stuart's letters run from grave to gay. Flora Stuart is expecting a baby, and the General writes his lady all manner of loving, anxious things, about her health, and her dress—she is not, on any account, to wear black, he insists, no matter who dies—and about her spirits, which she must maintain high and cheerful. Regarding this last he scolds her, gently: "There is an old lady here, Mrs. ——, who danced a jig with my great uncle (Sam Pannill), at my mother's wedding. She wears a turban and is an elegant old lady. Major Venable remarked the other day that she is never so happy as when she is miserable. It reminds me of my darling, when she will insist on looking on the dark side in preference to the bright. . . . Have you heard the words of *When This Cruel War is Over?* Captain Blackford has written *The Cavalier Glee*. . . ."

There was singing, around Cavalry Headquarters, but not so much of it, you fear. Sweeney is dead of pneumonia in the winter-time. Fitz Lee has a minstrel troupe, jolly black faces, who travel through the army area and put on shows, and the revivalists are among the troops again. Another letter to Flora gives a hint as to cavalry activities: "Venable is getting a great name as a staff officer. He obeys my injunction: 'Cry aloud, spare not, show my people their transgressions. . . .' I think I will make Cooke [John Esten Cooke, novelist, and Ordnance officer of the Cavalry Corps] write my reports when he comes back, I am so behind on them. I have brigade reviews every day. . . . Saw Ewell's whole corps under arms the other day . . . every General and Colonel in the infantry appears to have his wife along. . . . When will you be on my Maryland again? . . ." This Maryland was a fine horse, a gift to the General, and about the only mount he had that was gentle enough for his wife to ride when she visited him. This winter Maryland takes the glanders, and has to be sent away. Virginia dies with distemper. Cavalry loses a great many animals, and the officers are, as usual, frantic over the remount question. No hope of horses from Texas now: the Yankees patrol the Mississippi.

The reports are on the General's mind until along in February, 1864. He says he hates to write reports, but the testimony of his adjutant, McClellan, is that he wrote his own in every instance—and they all sound like him. I have a scrap of paper that was among his effects. It is dated 28 January, 1864, and on it he started some official writing or other, then lost interest, and inked out what he had set down. He drew some elegant capitals, shaded and illuminated with delicate pen-strokes, and drew a rudimentary little house. Then, after several false starts, and with much interlineation and erasure—you imagine his great beard brushing the paper as he bent to it—he got this verse out of himself:

"While Mars with his stentorian voice
Chimes in with dire discordant noise,
Sweet woman in angelic guise
Gives hope and bids us fear despise.

The Maid of Saragossa still
Breathes in our cause her dauntless will
Beyond Potomac's rockbound shore
Her touch bids southern cannon roar. . . ."

After which, refreshed and relieved, you imagine him returning to the Gettysburg report. Colonel Marshal, of Lee's staff, says he was very late with that report, and had to be asked for it repeatedly, from which Colonel Marshal concludes that he felt guilty about it. But the report shows no such feeling. It is straightforward: "In obedience to such

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and such orders, I did so and so—" No excuses, no complaints, nothing controversial. The file of reports for the actions of the Army of Northern Virginia contains some very lively writing, and very few of the generals failed to state, in their accounts of each action, how the writer—had his advice been followed—had General —— on his flank, met his responsibilities, had this happened, or that—would have won the war. You find nothing of this in Stuart's papers. Once in a great while, to his wife, or to his brother, he expresses himself, but in the army I am sure that he was an influence for harmony.

Toward the end of the winter the baby came, and they named her Virginia Pelham Stuart, a war-name, gallant as a cavalry sabre. Perhaps the General saw her three times or so, before the opening of the Wilderness Campaign. Flora Stuart could not come up to Orange, and the General could take little leave of absence from the front.

There is one record of such a leave, however, spent, in January, in Richmond. His brother, William Alexander, came on from Saltville, where he administered the salt-works of the army, to see Jeb Stuart, and brought along his son Henry, eleven years old. Across a long lifetime, more crowded with event than the lives of most men, the gentleman who was that boy, Henry, remembers Uncle James, seen for the last time in the Confederate capital—Uncle James, standing among other generals in the parlor of the Ballard House, taller and more magnificent, to Henry's opinion, than any man on earth. Next day he and his father, walking, met Uncle James on the street, and William Alexander, who was a man of affairs, began to talk of important matters, while Henry admired the sword of Uncle James and the fringed ends of his silken sash. And Uncle James said, "No, before we go into that there is something I must attend to first." And he addresses young Henry with the gravest politeness and concern; begged, and solemnly considered, his ideas on refreshment at that time of the day, and conducted him forthwith to Pizzinni's Palace of Sweets, a very elegant establishment of old Richmond. In Pizzinni's he ordered for young Henry everything that a boy's heart could wish, or his stomach yearn for. And when young Henry couldn't eat any more, he filled his pockets and loaded his arms. And he remembers, does young Henry, that Uncle James was the first man in his life who talked to him as an equal, as a man among men himself. And went home on the cars next day, sobbing from a broken heart, because he couldn't get across a horse and ride with Uncle James to fight the Yankees.

When spring approached, Jeb Stuart had, through careful husbandry and extraordinary exertions, 8,000 sabres in the divisions of Hampton and Fitz Lee. Among them were boys of fourteen and sixteen, whose mothers write him letters—which he scrupulously answers, in his own handwriting.

Here is one of those letters, that hangs, framed, in a room in Georgia, never having been out of the possession of the family which received it. The young cavalryman in question had entered the service at the age of fourteen, and being adjudged a little youthful for the rigors of the ranks, was serving as courier at Cavalry Headquarters, and his mother wanted the General, please, to keep an eye on him, which is the fashion of mothers.

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"Hd Qts Cav Corps A. N. Va.
"Feb'y 25th, 1864.

"My Dear Madam,

"You need have no apprehensions about your son Jacquelin, who is still with Major Fitzhugh, and has won golden opinions from all who know him.

"If it should be in my power to assist him, be assured that it will be cheerfully done.

I have the honor to be
very Respectfully
yours
J E B Stuart."

Besides these, there were a few old men, and a saving backbone of the veterans, the unkillables, hardened and war-wise. Eight thousand sabres, and the Horse Artillery. The Confederacy is running down.

You remember the Wilderness, rolling like a sea from the forks of the Rappahannock down, southeasterly, to Spottsylvania. This spring of '64, the dogwood flowers in it, and the violets bloom, and the wild life follows its obscure affairs, as it did last year, when Stonewall Jackson was marching, and all the other years. Spring is always spring, and the heart lifts at the end of winter, but this year, over the green leaves and the new grass, there played a menace, like a chilly wind. Last year, the Confederacy was attacking, carrying the war to the enemy. This year—Stonewall Jackson's grave is turning green in Lexington, so many graves are green, and the gray ranks are growing thin, and the army that looked always to attack must stand now and fight for its existence. From the west comes only bad news, and from the coasts, where the blockade strangles, one by one, the seaports, comes only disaster. No hope, now, of a military decision—perhaps, if we can kill enough of them, they will falter and negotiate . . . but we have killed so many, and they keep coming on. . . .

Jeb Stuart, watching the Rapidan, his gray pickets at every ford, is hopeful; writes his brother that he thinks the chances of the Confederacy are as good as they ever were, if we learn from our mistakes and make the most of our resources—but he was always hopeful. Some 60,000 zealots in the ranks, the gray army of Lee, are hopeful; but they are infatuated people, possessed of a dream, and there are no more where they came from, and there will be no more like them when they are gone. And as for General Lee, if he is not hopeful, he keeps it to himself, and shows the same calm front that he invariably presents to victory and to calamity. It is May again, and they stand up to meet the war.

Over yonder, across the Rapidan, around Culpeper, where Stuart's cavalry horses grazed fat last year before they went to Gettysburg, is the Army of the Potomac, under a new man, Grant. He has come out of the West, with the habit of winning, and he has studied the matter with his pale cold eyes and his simple, clear-thinking brain behind them. . . . Here are a lot of people who have been fighting back and forth for three years. They are still fighting, but they must be mighty tired, and their stuff is wearing out. We've been fighting, too, and had no luck at this end, but there are more of us than there are of them, and we can outlast them, that way. Now, the thing we've got to do, to whip them, is to go where they are, and fight, and keep on fighting until we've used them up. No use talking about Richmond—about anything else at all—there's Lee's army, yonder. Break it down, and then you'll have it all in your hand—Richmond and the whole con-

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cern. . . . He saw the war, and I think he saw it as simply as that—from the Red River to the Atlantic, from the Potomac to the Gulf. Already he has sheared away much of the Confederacy, opened the Mississippi, cleared the border States in the West. He plans for the whole war—not for any battle, or any one campaign. He has Sherman in his right hand and Meade in his left. Then there are little generals: Thomas, Sigel, Butler. And the blockade. Himself, he is Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief, and he elects to go with Meade's army, in Virginia.

North of the Rapidan, he has a hundred thousand men, the Army of the Potomac, restored and vastly cheered since Gettysburg. He has a fine cavalry corps, nearly 13,000, under another new man—Sheridan; and the cavalry are armed with Spencer carbines, breech-loading repeaters. He is going to cross the Rapidan, pass through the Wilderness, and bring Lee to battle on the other side. He rather expects that he will have to fight Lee for the river crossings, but the important battle will be in the open, on the way to Richmond, when Lee tries to interpose.

The gray army, 60,000, has not yet concentrated; bad supply, and the worn-out country had forced Lee to wide dispersion through the winter. Longstreet has come back from his adventures in Tennessee—from Chickamauga and Knoxville; and two of his divisions are down at Gordonsville, and the third, Pickett's, at Petersburg. Ewell's Corps is on the Rapidan, above Mine Run, and A. P. Hill's is farther west, toward Orange Court House. Lee's Headquarters are at Orange, and so are the Headquarters of the Cavalry Corps. All of them have come through a lean winter, but they are good soldiers, and they have seen much war, and they will fight. On 2 May, it is related, Lee went with his corps commanders to the top of Clarke's Mountain, and they swept with their glasses the rolling land toward Culpeper and the camps of Grant. Lee thinks that Grant will cross at Ely's Ford—signs are plenty, that he will move soon—and he is not going to oppose the crossing. But—when he gets into the Wilderness—where the thickets mask his artillery, and entangle his heavy corps of infantry, then we will hit him! Longstreet; old Ewell with his crutch; slim, red-bearded A. P. Hill; Jeb Stuart with his cavalry swagger—they stand, and look at the country spread out like a map beneath them. Perhaps they think of Stonewall Jackson, who was with them the last time they gathered here, before Second Manassas. And they do not know yet, but the signs are that Grant, yonder, is not like John Pope. . . .

Facing east, and a little north from Clarke's Mountain, you see two roads, that run straight from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg. The first is the Orange Turnpike. A little south, and parallel, is the other, the Orange Plank Road: you remember them from Chancellorsville, which stands just west of where the highways meet. This side of Chancellorsville is spread the mat of the Wilderness, reticent and wide, but you know that down through it, on the diagonal, from Germanna and from Ely's Ford, pass the Germanna Plank Road and the Brock Road, intersecting the Turnpike and the Orange Plank, and leading toward Spottsylvania. Lee, you conceive, points, and talks quietly.

The 2d of May passes, and the 3d: much activity over yonder in their camps, Stuart reports. After midnight, in the morning hours of the 4th, the cavalry pickets on the fords send gallopers: the Yankees are crossing, in force. . . .

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Cavalry is brushed aside, and comes sullenly away, fighting from every thicket, hovering dangerously, and dashing in to sting—record the Federal officers—like hornets. Lee has the reports, and sends orders to his corps: come on at once. Longstreet, the farthest off, is alerted before noon, and is marching by 4 P. M. with forty-two miles to go. Hill, who is twenty-eight miles away, marches earlier, by the Plank Road. Ewell, who is the nearest, has to cover eighteen miles, by the Turnpike. Longstreet will come in behind Hill. The march is timed so that Hill and Ewell will go along abreast. You wonder why Lee did not, in the day of grace he had—the 3d of May—move his corps closer to each other. The 4th was a dangerous day for Grant, with his troops in column, and his extended trains, but he moved with energy and good engineering sense, and that night he was all across the Rapidan, and his advance had made twelve miles, to Wilderness Tavern. Five miles west of his bivouacs was Ewell, and thirteen miles southwest, Hill. Across his front was the screen of gray cavalry, which gave ground to the plunging Sheridan, but did not break. And all about him was the Wilderness.

Into the Wilderness, at dawn on the 5th, went Grant, and Ewell struck his flank where the Turnpike intersected the Brock Road. A little later in the morning, where the Plank Road passed across his front, at Parker's Store, on the Germanna Road, Stuart's troopers drew off, and the blue cavalry of the advance ran into A. P. Hill's Corps, Jeb Stuart himself guiding the head of the column. Grant had not expected to be attacked in the Wilderness, but he knew that Longstreet was away, and that he had only to contend with Ewell and Hill, and he turned resolutely to destroy them before Longstreet could come on the field. Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick, 72,000, formed line of battle to their right, and drove; Ewell and Hill, 40,000, put in all their strength, and the fight flamed for five miles through the Wilderness, on the left and the right of the roads that go to Fredericksburg.

If you had been on the ground that May morning, behind the centre of either army, you would have known little, save that a very great combat was raging. It was an infantry battle; hardly anywhere was there enough cleared space for the employment of the guns. You would have heard a crackling hell of musketry, rising and falling, running off for miles on either hand. Now you would catch the ordered, deep-chested shouting of the Federal soldiers; now the high, ardent yelling of the gray people. The Wilderness labored, and yielded up a shrieking tumult, and a long, low smoke of powder, and presently the dark, rolling smokes of burning timber. So the 5th passed, and Ewell did better than hold his own, but A. P. Hill, on the right, against whom Grant directed most of Meade's strength, held on, but hardly. The 6th dawned, and Hill was driven—and, at the last instant, with Hancock pressing through, exultant and shouting, Longstreet ground down upon his flank, and restored the battle, attacking violently, by the Brock Road and the unfinished railroad. Hancock was rolled up and driven in his turn. For a little while, there among the flaming thickets, it looked like disaster for another blue General, and Lee was very close to overwhelming victory. But Longstreet was shot by his own men as he rode ahead of them—much as Stonewall Jackson had been shot, last year, just a few miles from this place—and the opportunity passed. During the 7th the battle subsided, with little sputtering flames and a drift of smoke, as a fire

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burns out. Grant was definitely checked. He had lost 18,000 men. Lee had held him, and gained local success, at the cost of 7,700 casualties—more than he could afford.

The night of the 7th, Jeb Stuart sent his wife a telegram, the last she is to receive from him out of battle:

"I am safe and well tonight—Saturday. We have beaten the enemy badly but he is not yet in full retreat." . . . This enemy is not going to retreat.

When the Wilderness battle joined, Jeb Stuart drew his cavalry to the Confederate right, and on the first day had hard fighting with Sheridan in the woods, dismounted action, in places where a squadron could not form. Rosser whipped Wilson, over at Todd's Tavern, and so alarmed the flank division of blue infantry—Barlow's, of Hancock—that Barlow drew in his left and stood inactive through the 6th, while Meade, fearing another Chancellorsville-thrust, vetoed Sheridan's plan for a massed cavalry drive around the Confederate right, and held out the blue squadrons to meet a possible emergency in his rear.

Late in the evening of the 7th, the miles of infantry fallen strangely quiet, Stuart lanced through, past the Federal left, and had a glimpse of Yankee wagon-trains moving east. The word went quickly back to Lee, who thought, and deduced: Grant is trying to turn my right: the next place is Spottsylvania. He sends Stuart with Fitz Lee's Division to stand across the way and slow those people down, and he draws off his battered infantry, and his lean columns go southeast through the Wilderness. Fitz Lee rides by forest roads on the direct line to Spottsylvania Court House: Sheridan, leading the blue advance, goes by the Brock Road, each stretching out an arm to feel the other as they go. The Confederates have the shorter route. At daylight, on the 8th, Torbert of Sheridan's arrived, and finds Fitz Lee in position, and cavalry engages around the Court House, and Fitz Lee holds his ground, taking some loss, until R. H. Anderson, with Longstreet's infantry, comes up. Just a little later, Warren arrives to help Torbert, but the gray people are settled firmly, and the battle of Spottsylvania Court House builds up around them. Stuart takes position on Anderson's right, and finds space to put his Horse Artillery in the action. The country here is thick, but not so thick as the Wilderness back to the west. They relate that, this day, Stuart sat his horse for hours, at the edge of a clearing where his dismounted troopers joined Anderson's infantry. He was conspicuous, and the infantry officers beg him to come down: they don't want to see him killed, and besides, he is drawing fire. . . . Only one of his staff is with him, Major McClellan, and he has many messages for McClellan to take to Anderson, some of which, McClellan thinks, are idle and unnecessary, and he is wearing down his horse. All the General is doing, he decides, is sending him out of danger. Finally he says—returning to the place where Stuart sits, his eyes on the blue line firing yonder, and the pine twigs drifting down around him, and the bullets whining by—"General, my horse is weary, and you are exposing yourself, and you are alone. Let me stay here with you." Jeb Stuart smiles at him, and gives him another order to carry back.

Meantime, at Meade's Headquarters, General Philip Sheridan is angry and shouting. His cavalry has been dispersed on idle missions. His combinations have been broken up by the doddering schemes of Meade. He has not been al-

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lowed to do anything. He tells Meade to go on and give his orders to the cavalry, direct—he, Sheridan, is out of it! Meade is conciliatory, but Sheridan will not be pacified. Give him a free hand, he says, and he will go off, draw Jeb Stuart after him, and whip him. Grant, listening, says: "Go ahead."

Sheridan moves fast. Such of the cavalry as is engaged is withdrawn. He forms a column of 12,000 men, Wilson, Torbert, Gregg, three divisions. He is going to ride toward Richmond, fight Stuart, if he can, and march to Butler, on the James River, where he will reprovision, and then return to the army. He concentrates between Spottsylvania and Fredericksburg, and Grant will neither see nor hear of him for eighteen days. Early on the 9th he moves clear of the flanks of the armies, to Hamilton's Crossing, then wheels south and marches by the Telegraph Road. Formed up in fours, his column is thirteen miles long, and he holds that formation, because he is far enough east to evade all but the extreme right fringe of Stuart's pickets. And he sets a level, unhurried pace, going mostly at a walk, a gait of confidence. Old troopers, who rode this way with Kilpatrick in February, are mightily impressed: Kilpatrick's progress was a process of headlong, killing rushes and unreasoned halts; Sheridan plods as steadily and as relentlessly as fate. The diminishing clangor of battle behind his right shoulder, Spottsylvania-way, tells him that Lee is fully occupied, and he is not going to manœuvre—he is going to ride through. He has enough men to do it.

There were gray pickets near Massaponax Church, and these run to Stuart and report. Wickham's brigade of Fitz Lee is available, and Stuart sends it, while he makes quick arrangements to withdraw the rest of Fitz Lee from the line, and to bring Hampton's Division from the left. Wickham rides hotly, and at Jarrald's Mill he overtakes rear-guard of Sheridan, and attacks it. He has about 1,000 sabres, and he makes a few prisoners, and upsets a regiment or two, but Sheridan's main body goes on, unhurried, and the blue rear-guard confines itself to holding him off. Below Jarrald's, where the Telegraph Road trends a little east, Sheridan turned due south, by the Groundsquirrel Road, by Chilesburg, toward the Virginia Central at Beaver Dam station. Close to Mitchell's Shop on this road his rear-guard selects good ground and stands, and Wickham's desperate charges recoil from it, with loss. Here Stuart joined in person, bringing General Fitz Lee and the brigades of Lomax and Gordon. Including Wickham, he has between 4,000 and 5,000 sabres. It was about dark on the 9th. Stuart sent Fitz Lee and two brigades to follow, and took Gordon and rode, himself, by the right of Sheridan's march, to Davenport's Bridge on the North Anna, and thence to Beaver Dam, where Sheridan's rear, with Fitz Lee hanging on, passed through, in the early morning. Sheridan did damage at Beaver Dam, to the railroad and a depot of stores, and liberated a long file of prisoners who were being taken to Richmond. He continued south, toward Negro Foot, and Stuart calculated that he was aiming for the Old Mountain Road, which runs from Louisa Court House to Richmond. He called Fitz Lee in, this morning of the 10th, for he now had a closer road to Richmond than the route Sheridan had chosen.

While his brigades assembled, and the men ate such scanty rations as they carried with them—flour and water, mixed to dough, and fried in bacon fat, or stuck on a ramrod and seared in the

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fire—he rode to the house of Doctor Edmund Fountaine, near Beaver Dam, where his wife and little Jemmie and the baby were living. He had an hour with them, and he was not to see them again. He may have divined, now, that he was Sheridan's objective: it was not a raiding column, that strong blue force winding down over the hills. He would not waste his forces trying to save the railroad, or the bridges. It was perfectly evident that Sheridan was going to Richmond. Jeb Stuart has said good-by to Flora and to his children. You know that in his mind, when he turns his back and rides, he has unrolled his map of the country around Richmond, the hills and rivers that he knows so intimately. There is a line of hills at Yellow Tavern, where you can stand, facing north and west, and with a few men hold off many. Major McClellan, who has received Flora Stuart's parting injunction to take care of her General, is with him, and relates that he was thoughtful and quiet as they rode, talking of little personal things, of friends, and places that he loved. The rising sun is in his face; he will see one more sun, while his horse is under him, and his men behind, and his sword in his hand. He takes Fitz Lee, with Wickham, and Lomax, leaves Sheridan's trail, and goes southeast to Hanover Junction, twelve miles. Gordon is detailed to follow Sheridan's rear.

He reaches Hanover in the night, and proposes to keep on south, by the Telegraph Road. But Fitz Lee insists that his men and horses are spent, and Stuart grants rest until one o'clock the morning of the 11th, two hours or three. He sends Major McClellan with Fitz Lee; McClellan is not to close his eyes until he sees Fitz Lee's brigades in the saddle and on their way: then he is to report. With the rest of the staff, Jeb Stuart lies down under the stars and sleeps. Fitz Lee is moving promptly, and tired McClellan reports back, sits down to rest while the horses are being saddled, and falls asleep himself. As they mount, one will awaken the Major, but Stuart says: "No. He was carrying orders while we were resting. Leave a courier to tell him to come on when his nap is out." McClellan catches up about dawn, at Ashland station, where a squadron of the 2d Virginia has just broken up a flank regiment of Sheridan's, who, captured blue troopers say, is coming from the northwest. Stuart is now ahead of him.

Down in this region, all the roads lead to Richmond. The Telegraph Road heads due south after you pass Ashland, and eight miles farther down, the Old Mountain Road comes in from the west at a place called Turner's. There the two roads, coalescing, become the Brook Turnpike, and Richmond is six miles away. Half a mile south of Turner's, and east of the turnpike, is the ancient hostelry called Yellow Tavern, so named, you assume, because it was painted yellow once. In 1864 it stood empty, and out of use, and desolate. It was on a ridge that ran northwest and southeast, draining, on the north side, into the Chickahominy. The region was one of old fields, and lines and clumps of timber. Just north of where the Brook Turnpike opened the ridge, and along the Telegraph Road that passed across the high ground, Stuart proposed to form.

McClellan says he had a moment of indecision. As the land lies, he can place himself astride the Richmond Road, the Brook Turnpike, or he can take up position along the Telegraph Road, so as to lie on the flank of Sheridan's thrust toward the capital. He has perhaps 3,200 men with him, a very light force for what he has to do. It would help if he knew whether Bragg, defending Richmond, was in condition to hold the city

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gates. He sends McClellan galloping, to ascertain Bragg's dispositions; but it was hours before he heard from Bragg, and he made his own decision on the ground.

Richmond, you are told, has known since yesterday that Sheridan was riding, and has suffered sharp alarm. But early on the 11th, they have this despatch from Stuart, the last he ever sent:

Headquarters Ashland
May 11 6:30 am

To Gen Bragg:

General,—The enemy reached this point just before us, but was promptly whipped out, after a sharp fight, by Fitz Lee's advance, killing and capturing quite a number. Gen. Gordon is in the rear of the enemy. I intersect the road the enemy is marching on at Yellow Tavern, the head of the turnpike, six miles from Richmond. My men and horses are tired, hungry, and jaded, but *all right.*

J E B Stuart.

The unquenchable soul of Jeb Stuart flames in the last sentence.

McClellan finds Bragg, a stolid man, serenely eating breakfast, and unperturbed. The city battalions, the old men, the boys, the pale clerks and the invalids, 3,000 or 4,000, are manning the Richmond fortifications, and Bragg has ordered up three veteran brigades from Petersburg, by the railroad. He has done all he can, says Bragg, but he thinks he can hold out. If there comes disaster, he just cannot help it. That is Bragg. McClellan starts back, runs into fighting on the Turnpike, and detours widely to the east, avoiding capture, and reporting to Stuart at about two in the afternoon.

In the forenoon, as Sheridan approached from the northwest, it seemed to Stuart that, no matter what objective the enemy had, he could not move past him as long as he stood on the flank. He formed his brigades, Wickham on his right and Lomax on his left, the left resting on the Telegraph Road, and the right extending along the high ground, facing west. A battery of the Horse Artillery was emplaced across the road, two guns in the road itself, and other batteries to either flank. Between ten and twelve noon the battle joined, Sheridan attacking in steady, ominous fashion, and the fighting running hottest along Wickham's front. Fitz Lee controlled the battle, his men dismounted, for the most part, with the ground favoring him; and he held well together. Sheridan's troops charged right up to him, broke into him in places, and, thrown out, came on again. They lapped around his flank, and gained the Brook Turnpike, but the main battle held to his front, and, charge and counter-charge, he drew and kept the weight of Sheridan's strength. Toward two o'clock there was a lull: the rearmost of Sheridan's divisions were getting into line, and the tired Confederates drew breath for another effort.

Jeb Stuart, resting under a tree behind his right, was cheered by the word McClellan brought: he had, he said, whipped them on his right; and, if the gray infantry came out from the city, he thought he would be in position to inflict heavy damage on Sheridan. He spoke with feeling of Colonel Pate of the 5th Virginia, just killed, leading a charge with extraordinary gallantry. For an hour or more, the fight settled into an exchange of musketry, with some artillery firing. But over yonder, Sheridan is up in person, studying the field. Stuart's right has proved very strong: he will try now a combined attack, mounted and dismounted, on the left, and he will put in all his men.

It followed that, about four o'clock, a terrific racket broke out along the front of Lomax. The blue dismounted

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lines volleyed with their Spencers, and a strong mounted column, the Michigan regiments of Custer, broke from cover, took their losses, and overwhelmed the battery on the Telegraph Road. Lomax gave ground, and all of Stuart's left rolled back, 500 yards or so. At the first tumult, he was in the saddle and galloping to the point of danger, going so swiftly that McClellan cannot keep up, and outdistancing all of his staff but one or two couriers on fresh horses, who held in sight of him. There is trouble ahead; Major Howrigan, with the 1st Michigan, has sabred the gray gunners, and is breaking across the Telegraph Road. Right and left, the dismounted gray troopers are falling back, still firing, but their line is crumbling into little groups.

Jeb Stuart, gigantic in the smoke and dust on his tall horse, collects a handful of these, some eighty men, with Captain Dorsey. Howrigan's Michigan troopers thunder past them, on the road, and another regiment, the 7th Michigan, Major Granger, comes to support Howrigan. Jeb Stuart has his group shaken out into line, in time to fire into the flank of the charge as it went by to his left. A dust cloud goes with it, and at a little distance to the rear the dust cloud stops and swirls about: the 1st Virginia, mounted, has been flung at the Michigan troopers. There is shocking collision, men fight with pistols and sabres, and the blue squadrons stream back, broken. On their skirts run unhorsed troopers, and Jeb Stuart, his horse forced up into his firing-line, has his pistol out and shoots into the rout, calling to his men to stand steady, and give it to them!

Out in front, a sergeant in dusty blue, running back on foot, stops in his stride, points his Colt at the big officer on the horse, and fires one shot. Then he runs off into anonymity. Jeb Stuart sways in his saddle and his strong voice breaks. His hat falls from his head. Some troopers look, and cry out: "Oh, the General! the General!" Captain Dorsey comes, catches the charger's bits, and leads him back a little way. The animal is restive, with the bullets that harrow the dust and whip past him, and the firm hand he knows weakened on his reins. He plunges, and Dorsey gets the General down, sends for a quieter horse, lifts the General to the saddle again, and tries to lead him away. They go, slowly, a few yards, but Jeb Stuart cannot hold himself up, any more. Captain Dorsey eases him to the ground, and they rest him against a tree, and he orders all of them back to the line, for the blue people are coming again. This order Dorsey says he can on no account obey; he has sent for General Fitz Lee and Doctor Fountaine and an ambulance, and he will stay until they come. Fitz Lee arrives and throws himself from his gray mare, and Jeb Stuart says, "Go ahead, old fellow: I know you'll do what is right." Some of the staff collect, Garnett, Venable, Hulihen. The ambulance is driven to him, under heavy fire, and they lift him into it. All but the surgeon and young Hulihen, and a trooper, Wheatley, who holds his head on his knees, he sends away, to their duties: "You need every man!" They untie his yellow sash, and look, and find him shot through the liver. There is great pain, and shock, but as they drive the ambulance off, he sees his men disordered, some leaving the field, and he lifts himself and calls to them, with a shadow of his battle-voice: "Go back! Go back, and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe! Go back! Go back! I had rather die than be whipped! . . ."

Custer is re-formed and pressing, and the Yankees very nearly take the ambulance. But it gets away, somehow, by the roads to the east of the Turnpike, toward

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Richmond. The doctor turns him over, as they jolt along, for fuller examination, and when they do this, he says to Hulihen, using his nickname, for he was fond of the young man: "Honey-bun, how do I look in the face?"

"General," replies Hulihen earnestly, "you are looking right well. You will be all right."

"Well," says Jeb Stuart, "I don't know how this will turn out, but if it is God's will that I shall die, I am ready. . . ."

He suffers much, and they try to give him brandy, but he will not have it: there is the promise he made to his mother, twenty years ago. . . . Late in the afternoon, they bring him to Doctor Brewer's house, the home of his sister-in-law, on East Grace Street in Richmond. The house is not there now, but they remember that it was a pleasant place, behind a low wall of red brick where yellow roses bloomed.

Up at Beaver Dam station, little more than twenty-five miles away, Flora Stuart will have a message, and make frantic haste. Sheridan has the direct roads; and the railroad, partly in his hands and partly free, runs no trains. She comes some distance by hand-car, some distance by wagon, with long detours to avoid the Yankees, making slow, frantic progress like a nightmare. Stuart knows that she is sent for, and you imagine him calculating distances and time and transportation as he lies. . . .

There is no question of his getting well; next day the surgeon tells him. Outside in the street, in the night of the 11th of May, and through the hot hours of the 12th, a crowd gathers, sobbing women, and men with stricken faces, and in the ears of all of them rolls the sound of battle, Fitz Lee now, and Sheridan, fighting, to the north. I know an old man, who, as a boy of eleven years, stood in that crowd, outside the house where General Jeb Stuart lay dying. He remembers men and women weeping, and he remembers the roses, and once, he says, they made way for a tall, thin gentleman who went into the house, and presently came out, and they said, "That's the President! . . ."

Jefferson Davis took his hand, in there, and asked him how he felt. Easy, he said, but willing to die if God and his country felt that he had fulfilled his destiny and done his duty. Some of his staff get in from the battle: he talks to them kindly, between wracking paroxysms of pain: they hurt, those belly-wounds. He divides his horses among them, and gives directions, sends his gold spurs to Mrs. Lilie Lee of Shepherdstown, his sword to his son, all his other things to his wife. Then he orders them back to the fight, for the gun-fire on the Chickahominy rattles the windows: "Good-by now, Major. Fitz Lee will be needing you." Von Borcke, still an invalid, kneels by his bed, sobbing as frankly as a child. Jeb Stuart would like a song, and around him they sing

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me . . ."

he joining, in a weak voice. Toward evening, with the shutters drawn against the slanting sun, Doctor Brewer tells him that he will die very soon. He nods his head. "I am resigned, if it be God's will; but I would like to see my wife. . . . But God's will be done. . . ." He talks of little Flora, gone before him. The room darkens. He speaks once more; very low: "I am going fast now. . . . God's will be done. . . ."

When Flora Stuart came, after dark, they led her in to him. He was dead.

So, in the thirty-second year of his life, and in the fourth year of his country's independence, as he would say it, passed Jeb Stuart. All his life he was for-

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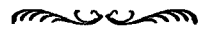
tunate. It was given to him to toil greatly, and to enjoy greatly, to taste no little fame from the works of his hands, and to drink the best of the cup of living. He died while there was still a thread of hope for victory. He was spared the grinding agony of the nine months' siege, the bleak months that brought culminating disasters, and the laying down of the swords, at Appomattox. He took his death-wound in the front of battle, as he wanted it, and he was granted some brief hours to press the hands of men who loved him, and to arrange himself in order, to report before the God of Battles, Whom he served.

THE END.



Spirit

BY MARIE DE L. WELCH

You are alone as the eagle is when clouds
muffle him, and the cold mists take his wings,
and the mountains are gone from him,—the high peaks
are less than the points of needles, and the lakes
smaller than polished buttons,—and the wind even
falls away and the air is thin for breathing
and the eagle is of the silence between earth and sun.

You are alone as the salmon is when salt
fails him and the sweet far waters draw him
to the source of rivers, to the snow; and cliffs
fall in the way of his leaping, and his blood dies
in the white torrents, in the windy waters;
and he is broken by impossible returning
and he is of the silence between rock and water.

You are alone as the seed is when the young rain
comes into the ground like a dream of light, and the ground
stirs, and the ground's darkness is uneasy;
when the whole seed is stretched, the root's trembling
thrusts into strength, and growing begins dimly,
and the seed is of the silence between light and darkness.

These are alone as you are when you strain
away from the likeness of things, and you abandon
the great comradeship, the safe sleeping; and danger
moves in the depth of your blood, and you accept
desire, you split the shell of safety
and you are of the silence between ever and now.

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Explanation of an Exodus

BY COUNTESS PAUL PALFFY

The author is an American who as a member of an old New England family knows society in the Eastern United States, and by her marriage to Count Paul Palffy knows European society as well.

God in his wisdom slipped the serpent into Eden so that men might escape from the immortal boredom of the gods. The United States to-day is an Olympus to women, so it is scarcely odd that sick unto death with a malady they don't recognize as divine, American women are plunging into the business world, the artistic world, the sporting world, any old world, in their efforts to find a cure from too long a diet of nectar and ambrosia.

Twice a year Europe is flooded with hard-eyed or empty-faced women. If you live at home you don't notice them so much. You are unconsciously adjusted to the American female face just as year after year your eye mechanically adjusts itself to the fashions; but in Europe these faces come to you constantly with fresh shock—an almost too nude admission which you wish they would cover up in public before all these hostile foreigners. For Europe is infinitely hostile to America and there is no use pretending it is not. One grows hot to protect one's own. European women may be, and frequently are, much uglier. The lines that scar their faces run the gamut of not always lovely things. One can see vice and rebellion, gluttony and avarice, despair and disillusion, but the patina of the years never shows just the same quality of a disgruntled void. Then there are the holiday crowds hell-bent for a good time. Drunk with good-natured vivacity, an equality of unreflection and hilarious adolescence, sustained not only by alcohol (though that plays a good part), but with the more heady conviction that they are seeing, and perhaps (who knows?) actually living—life! There is an immense excitement behind their horn rims for a time—a dizzy flight from reality—that again makes you wish they wouldn't. The price they are shortly to pay with a new ennui is really too high.

A woman I have known a long time, a clever, delightful woman with no nonsense about her, mother of many fine children, a husband who seems slated for the White House, with plenty of money to save her from the more tiresome knocks of living, has recently had a nervous break-down, and gone to ride about Mexico in a crimson velveteen riding costume brightened by silver buttons. She wrote: "You don't know, for you have not seen, how our life has been enlarging more and more in the last few years, till I am caught in the treadmill completely—and one reason I broke down is that the times I took off for holidays exhausted me even more than my daily life. But now that I have found this glorious place where I can rest at last in peace I shall never be ill again for I shall come every winter for six weeks alone."

This letter coming from a person I know to be wise, and whom I hold very dear, brought up again to me like a slap things I had almost forgotten lately. Why did she complain about the successful expansion of her life, and if she took a holiday why did she want to be alone?

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Such a thought would never cross the mind—nor the necessity—of a European, and her "treadmill" would be of her own creation in which she would be indignant not to be engulfed, its liabilities the normal price of the assets. Why is the *average* American woman, in spite of her advantages over the rest of womenkind, so often out of tune with her environment?

I am of course an American, and glad to be one, but I have lived here in Europe long enough now to be objective toward both sides of the water. So much so that at times I wonder if I am really at home anywhere and I should say this lack of adjustment could be attributed to several causes.

First and foremost there is a deficiency of discipline. The American, who has more laws than anybody in the world, is above all races the most lawless. In contrast to this, all Europe is impregnated with a sense of discipline. Its manhood goes through several years of military training so that the ordinary man learns early the value of discipline, and that value he passes on to his womenfolks and children, which plays its part down to the smallest details of living, even to not fidgeting on a gold ballroom chair under the fire of a bad singer. (Once in New York the only person I saw who sat still under such circumstances was a foreign musician of note, though I imagine he was more aggravated than any one else present.) Another reason is that Americans are a nomad people. We have preserved the old instinct of moving on across the horizon to see if it won't be better farther west. We leave situations, as well as places. In Europe people lie in the beds they, or their parents, have made. At home we say, often very wisely, "Why should I? After all, if the worst comes to the worst there is always the floor!" An admirable proof of energy, but in this passion for change lie the dangers that come to people, and trees, without roots.

The American man has, almost, an awfully good time—such fun that all European manhood is bent on imitating him, reserving to itself the things that leaven the lump and that the American ignores. Leisure, for instance. The American shies off leisure like a green horse. He seems to be eaten by the fear of not justifying his existence before a Caucasian God in a Pilgrim's hat, unless he makes an effort *all* the time. Which is the more amazing, for Our Lord was an Oriental, preaching contemplative doctrines . . . "the lilies of the field; a cubit to your stature; treasures on earth." The American consequently makes of his relaxations another form of competition so highly geared that the woman can seldom join him. But it is not because her tennis, or golf, is not up to his par that the man does not want her about; the basic reason is that the American does not really like women. He never knows what they are going to do next, and they scare him to death. Since in the beginning of the country they were physically scarce he put them up on pedestals as goddesses, and when, with his fine business sense, he discovered their advertising value, he changed them into show-case deities—the furs they wear are as much trophies of the chase as if he had slain them with a bow and arrow—and in the show-case he was glad to leave them so as not to be bothered further. All his education, and that of his fathers before him, led to a distrust of his natural instincts toward women as something not quite "suitable" to a nice woman and consequently often connected with the doubtful joy of "going on a party." This feeling even the movies have not done away with yet, for to the T. B. M. and T. B. W. movies

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are movies, which same has nothing to do with daily life. No, sir! Let us keep our heads clear, and everything well pigeonholed.

Still the American man has his fun. It is a juvenile kind of sport if you like, not very reflected, not very profound, but it is exhilarating for it combines the joys of being a football hero with the pioneer glories of opening up the industries and capacities of a continent. Which is what the making of money boils down to at home, but partnership in marriage, the delight and the struggle between the sexes that end in completing the sum of our human nature, are all unknown to him. Young men marry girls they are in love with to get rid of them. Otherwise their haunting charms might take up too much time, and thought, that should be dedicated to graver things. This principle is continued later on till it leads often to distant divorce courts, but the comprehension and appreciation of a woman remain to the end a closed book. Perhaps the men are disappointed too. Perhaps they were seeking also for something deeper, and a little more satisfying, but as serious people they say a couple of tries are enough, and letting it go at that start again about their real business, and the women as human beings are quite politely—American men are so chivalrous—left out.

Instead of living as do European women through and for their men, bewildered by the sense of having been somehow cheated, the young American woman finds herself faced with the prospect of either becoming a nonentity—and that is the one luxury that no American, neither male nor female, thinks he can afford—or of carving out their own place in the sun of a strange feminine world that has sprung up apart from the men's. For a successful man—a manufacturer, a statesman, a banker—can have the drabbest wife in the world and no one cares except the people who have to take her out to dinner. If she is really too tiresome he leaves her at home; if she's too inefficient he hires a lady manager to run the house; if she is starving to death spiritually, and consequently is dissatisfied, he telephones for the doctor and latest psychoanalyst, ordering up lovely flowers as he hurries down-town, and tells his secretary to get a de luxe cabin for her to Cherbourg. With that his responsibility ends, for she does not matter much, and nobody bothers about her further. She is a *failure*. Confronted with the fate that overtakes these nonentities, the valiant young American wife—in whose veins runs the same hot, pioneer blood as in those of her husband—goes out to see what worlds she can conquer on her own. At first it's all very exciting. It's fun to get on committees; fun to make your first speeches. There is a kick to be had out of saying, "Madame Chairman!" There was nothing much to be done at home, for the Swedish waitress, and cook, do the ordering—very efficiently and very expensively, but if you check up on them they give notice, only the ultra-rich dare to economize—and the English Nana does not like interference from amateurs. Very soon the schools absorb the babies, and if the household fights it is easier to have them "psyched" to see what is the matter with them than to try and settle the differences oneself. Besides, it is not scientific, and one has not time anyway, what with the committees, and movements, plus the lectures, the concerts, the "interesting" dinners, and that wearing competition in bath salts, Lowestoft, maids' aprons, soft-shell crabs, and clipper ships. It is all really great fun . . . for a while. Then, if she is a sentient human being, a change slowly comes over the young enthusiast—an unexplainable

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lassitude that even trips South, and to France for clothes, do not seem to ameliorate—an uncomfortable sort of conviction that it is a good deal of a to-do about nothing and that no one is benefiting much anywhere. Or else she is "got" by the stream forever, and safely ensconced behind a pince-nez becomes a firm, brave-eyed person over whose head there seems to hang forever a faint echo of "All those in favor say aye!"

Seeing what apparent fun the men were having, the more intelligent modern woman took to business. How can you blame her? But that does not do her much good either, for with no one to diagnose her restlessness she does not go into business *with* her man—as would any foreign woman of all classes—but into competition against him. They both are now diving for subways, and gulping a quick lunch at Childs', but at different hours and in different corners of the town. They are no nearer together nor are they getting any more fun out of their life, so that though they will both stagger home exhausted in need of a cocktail, when they get out to dinner the wife will shout over the man next to her to the nearest woman, and the husband to the man beyond—in an attempt to establish some kind of a contact with some one who knows for what they are killing themselves, before they both go home to sink exhausted into twin beds.

Over here a lot is expected of a woman. A lot that is agreeable, a lot that is disagreeable. Many things that an American woman has been taught to believe are "beneath her"; for the men—from peasants to princes before the war—take her as a simple matter of course. They employ her morally, physically, spiritually, and economically as naturally as they do their own resources for the good of—what? For the good of the family of course. Something we have long ago thrown overboard as being too stuffy to be bothered with. We jettisoned Aunt Maria so that we might have more time for bridge, and now we are surprised to find that bridge bores us even more than Aunt Maria.

The European woman is the partner not only of her husband but of her entire family; of her tribe; even, in these troublous times, of her very country. With them she is united against an encroaching and often dangerous world—a world dangerous in a way that we, with our political stability, our Hoover commissions in pursuit of an abstract and economic "truth," our freedom from fears of invasions, destructions, partitions of our possessions and our nationalities, have no faintest idea. She is in league against even life itself, and out of this partnership that brings with it efforts, sleepless nights, and often anguish, there springs a sturdy vitality—a warmth—that only really human contacts can bring.

That is why though they may register rebellion, despair, and disillusion you scarcely ever see emptiness etched on European faces. For the true fun in life is neither to attain a kingdom, nor a power, nor even a glory no matter how shining; nor yet is it to be free with a horrid sterility that activity all by itself, or liberty without a goal, trails in its wake—no—the *real* joy in life is to be *used* for a purpose recognized by yourself to be a mighty one. So it is that, until the men of God's Own People, with a chance such as no other people has ever had before, learn to pool the adventure of our common humanity, neither the women, nor even the men themselves, are ever going to have any *real* fun.

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A mountain man acts, where "moderns" would talk

Deponent Sayeth Not

BY WALTER MORGANSMITH

It was not much of a farm where the little girl and Jamie and Steve and Thornton and Henriet lived—just an Indian truck patch. No Blue Ridge farm is much of a farm. Any farm in the Blue Ridge is lucky to be called a farm at all. There was sorghum and corn and an apple-tree and ox animals to get the patch ready in the spring of the year.

The trip to Roanoke was a necessity. Thornton could be gone as long as necessary and things would be all right in Steve's hands. Steve knew as much about the farm as Thornton did. The wagon and ox animals were Steve's and the house and still were Thornton's. It was a partnership affair, existence on top of Smoky Mountain, with the children calling both men by their first names.

The two men talked a long time that morning, squatting on the ground and sometimes making playful passes at each other with their hands.

The only question that could come up was the probation officer, who claimed Jamie and the little girl had ought to be in school even when they were wanted at the still. Since probation was voted in Washington these probation officers had a heap of power. They pretended they only wanted to lock the children up in the schoolhouse, but that was only their excuse to look for stills and mess with others' business. Some of them had been killed off in Logan County.

The little girl asked her mother if Thornton was mebbe going as far as Far Mountain. Henriet told her mebbe it was twict as far as Far Mountain. The child said mebbe it was twenty-two times as far as Logan County. Jamie told her it was ten times as far as Hansacker's. He was three years older than his sister.

Thornton said to Steve:

"Let the children go to the schoolhouse if he comes around and me gone. The Wummock boy has got the school now and he won't have the children noways. The gover'mint kain't say nothin' to me if the teacher won't have the children noways."

Then they laughed and pretended they were fighting. It was the first time they had been separated since Steve was skunk-bit and had to go to Bluefield to get cured.

Steve could see that nobody didn't run off with Henriet, Thornton said. Anyway, if they did run off with her it would be sure to be a blind man and he would be easy ketched. That was his parting joke as he took the road for North Fork, with Jamie holding on in back of his pap to bring the ox animal home again. Henriet came to the door and looked out as they rode away. Jamie wanted to ride in front but he was in the way in front. What if he couldn't see nothin' when he rode in back—what

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was there to see! Jamie said anyway there would be something to see besides just Thornton's back. He said he'd seen prettier backs than Thornton's. It wasn't the prettiest back in McDowell County. Thornton laughed and swung him around by the arms so he could sit in front and see. But if he fell off without nothin' to hold onto, that was his look-out.

Jamie scurried to see the pictures in front of the theatre in North Fork the minute they pulled up, and Thornton attended to what had to be attended to. Jamie would start back in due time. He'd look in the store windows all morning and then he'd start getting hungry. He wouldn't look in the store windows very long after that.

The train was right on time. It made a good deal of noise coming in and there was lots of excitement and confusion, with a boy trying to sell Thornton a Bluefield newspaper. He didn't buy it.

Jamie saw dresses and picture-books and hammers in the windows, and at one place there were more shirts than he had ever seen before. He could see only three or four men in the street, and yet in the window there were more shirts than he bet the school-teacher could count. If they had so many, they mout give some away. He made up his mind to ask them, but he stopped to look in a small window that had shining things in it. A woman stopped to look at the shining things too, and he looked at her to see what she made outen them.

Then he realized he was hungry and went and got on the animal and rode through the main street and across the tracks and over the bridge and then down into a sharp gully and straight up until he hit the path. He looked back at the railroad-tracks and tried to think how that big engine and all them cars could stay on the tracks anyways. He thought of his father. You never could tell when his father was serious. Thornton was always making jokes about something. He talked in a low, purring voice and there was a perpetual humorous squint in his eyes. Jamie had seen him joke with the man when he had stepped on the train. His father was tall and lean and a little stooped.

Jamie often thought of his father during the next few days, and when the probation officer came and said Jamie and his sister would have to go to school, Jamie was the first to sass him. He told the man his father would not like it. The probation man laughed and said he reckoned he wouldn't.

"Children had ought to have edication, though, if they aim to know anything and calcalate," said the probation man. "You think your children had ought to go to school too, don't you, Henriet?"

"No," Henriet said to him.

"Thornton don't neither," shouted Jamie.

"Well, I don't care, you've got to go to school and that's all."

He took them to the schoolhouse and told the school-teacher he'd be obliged to keep them.

Jamie didn't study. He said his eyes were sore and he couldn't see good. He wondered what Thornton would say when he returned.

Jamie told Thornton about the school as soon as he came from the station platform and got on the animal. Thornton had a new hat on and he laughed. He said the animal wouldn't scarcely be able to carry double and so much book knowledge too. He asked Jamie if there was a picture of an Indian in any of his books. He asked if anybody had came

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along and stole the old woman while he was away. He asked if that white hen had ever showed her head again or if she was still out somewheres. He asked if there was any water in the dam to speak of. He asked if there was a picture of the Queen of England in them books at the schoolhouse. He asked if the teacher hadn't tried to laugh hisself to death when he set eyes on Jamie.

Steve came out of the house and started talking to Thornton, and his father sat there for a long time after Jamie had slid to the ground. They were talking about the city where his father had been. Henriet came to the door and called out if Thornton was trying to see how long the animal could hold him up without busting in two. Thornton looked up at the chimney to see if there was any smoke coming out of it and then he slid off and slapped the ox animal and squatted down on the ground with Steve. They drew lines in the dirt and Steve would turn his head to spit every little while. They had often and often talked like that. Henriet came to the door and asked if Thornton and Steve were trying to see how long they could stay out there.

"Did you and Henriet have a big time while I was gone to the city?" Thornton shouted when they came blinking into the lamplight. "While the cat's away the mice kin play. I'll bet anything you two had a big time together while I was away," he laughed.

"You git them boots outen my way where I don't have to tread over them every time," said Henriet.

"You got to go to the schoolhouse and tell the teacher I got sore eyes," shouted Jamie.

"How long was you gone altogether? Must have been two Sundays—mebbe three," said Steve.

"Long enough for you two to have a big time," shouted Thornton.

"You kin fotch up your chairs now," said Henriet.

"I hain't goin' to no schoolhouse tomorrow," Jamie said.

The little girl looked quickly at Jamie and then at her father, who was laughing.

"Well, you kin stop at home if you don't want to see them pictures of the queen and the Indians."

They were fixing the wagon in the early morning and Jamie was watching. He liked to get outside early in the morning. The girl liked to stay abed.

"You kin go down and water that mash so's it'll sour in time for Saturday's run," Thornton continued after a while. Then he started to laugh. "They hain't no call for you to go to school now that your father is back, is they, Steve? I say now that his father is back they hain't no call for him to go to school."

"If you'd hold up your end a little higher, I believe I could reach it with my hands," said Steve.

"All right then, Jamie, you go and water the mash and stop at home. You tell the teacher nobody hain't tryin' to lock you up in no schoolhouse now when your father is back."

Jamie dug with his toe in the dirt and wondered if it would not be better to go to the schoolhouse than to tend the still. His father laughed until he had to hold his sides, and sat down on a rock at the corner of the house and shook his head and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

"You don't have to go to no school now," he sputtered. Jamie knew he was laughing although there were tears in his eyes. His father slapped Steve on the back and Steve slapped his father on the back and they both laughed.

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"But this hain't fixin' no wagon," said Steve at last.

Thornton slid his hat to the back of his head and looked at Steve with his eyes blinking rapidly and the corners of his mouth puckered.

"Say, why didn't you fix this wagon while I was away and git Henriet to holp you?" he called.

"Because Henriet mout dislocate herself so's she wouldn't be no good to you when you got back," sputtered Steve, and they both sat down and shook their heads and wiped their eyes.

Jamie wished he had not said anything about school now.

"Well, get along and water that mash. You don't have to go to no school today," said his father. "No harm in you stoppin' home now your father is back again."

Steve had another name—Hilliburton. He was a little too stout for a young man. His stoutness did not indicate laziness, for he was known in the mountains as a good man. He could do twice as much work as a woman, which perhaps accounted for his professed disdain for women. He had never spoken of any plans for matrimony or to get a place of his own or a woman of his own.

"Apples is gettin' bigger. 'Bout time Bert and Mordiker was droppin' in to kinda size 'em up for eatin'. We won't git many of them, don't worret," Henriet said, as she and the two men sat on the wagon tongue in the evening time. "We won't git many of 'em, don't worret."

"You say don't worret, but I am worretin'," said Thornton, and they heard him snicker at the lower end of the beam.

"Queer how many neighbors we got when them apples gits ripe," Henriet went on. "Last year we didn't git scurcely none."

"You say don't worret, but I am worretin'," Thornton snickered again. "And not about the apples neither."

"What then?" piped Henriet in her thin, nasal voice.

"Best not to say nothin' 'bout it in the present company, becase if I mentioned it, somebody mout go red in the face."

"'Pears to me like if you got a fruit-tree in your property that you raised up yourself everybody don't have to think it's their own tree, like Bert and Mordiker does."

Steve spoke up:

"Them Hansacker kids is the wust of anybody," he mused.

"Not no wuss than Bert and Mordiker."

The next day was Sunday. Thornton often said the big fools met in the Brown's Creek schoolhouse on Sundays and the little fools on week-days. Reverend McNulty rode up the creek from his place on his high, long-tail, red mule, properly booted and spurred, but with his coat on and carrying the Bible and chewing tobacco as he rode. His hair was bushy on top and his eyes were deep-set under heavy eyebrows. When he was standing behind the teacher's desk in the schoolhouse, his voice was vibrant and rich and his tones were low and constantly under the influence of a great emotional stress. He moved slowly and ponderously, although he was clean-limbed and wide-shouldered, with large hands and features. His gaze, as he stood there, sometimes wandered out of the windows and far out over the mountains. It was with a quiet and infectious earnestness that he pleaded that the school-teacher should not be allowed to teach the children that the world turned like a wheel and the sun stood still, when it was easy to see if

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you watched it that the sun moved, and the Scriptures distinctly said that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, which he never would have done if it had been still already—and Joshua was a smart man. He was nobody's fool.

The preacher seemed to like to talk to Thornton, and he frequently sat on a rock near the creek with Thornton and Steve after the meeting was over; they frequently wandered into the forest to sit on a log together before they should go up the hill to eat Sunday dinner. The three seemed to have a common fancy for scraping the leaves with their feet and whittling on the log. They liked each other. They all had quiet ways and all liked quietness—the preacher in a sort of dreamy tenderness, Thornton with a sly jest in his eyes that would lose all its fun if his voice rose above a delighted whisper, and Steve in a womanish way—self-effacing. His patience and good humor, though, seemed more a weakness than strength. It was like the expected patience of the mother of a large family.

"I was gone for three weeks, and all that time Steve was there with Henriet."

"Beautiful companionship, in these beautiful mountains—limpid pools of water," purred the preacher.

"And the children sent away to school every day."

"Henriet is a very noble woman and you have two very noble children. Your fust-born will be a mighty oak and a tower of strength. I don't know so much about the little girl."

The silence of the forest and the smell of the dried leaves and the knowledge that it was Sunday breathed peace and quiet—and sincerity.

"I can truthfully say that I been jokin' Steve about bein' alone with Henriet, and me gone."

"Yes, he's bin jokin' me, but mebbe he means it, mebbe he means it."

The pastor put his arm over Thornton's shoulder.

"Thornton don't mean nothin' except fur to be upright and honest before the face of the Lord," he said playfully.

"He's been sayin' it so much that mebbe he means it."

Thornton got up from the log and stretched, putting his hat down over his eyes, which were squinting. He looked up through the branches.

" 'Bout noontime now, I reckon."

The preacher mounted the red mule, and the two men came along the road afoot at the animal's heels. They were stopping sometimes to eat persimmons.

"We won't git none of them apples this year neither," Henriet prophesied as they dragged their chairs up to the table. Henriet made futile paws with her fingers at the locks of hair that straggled down over her flushed cheeks. As she carried the steaming pot from the fireplace she gained leverage and balance with an extended arm, at the end of which dangled a limp, red hand, the tilting of her head counterbalancing the weight, and aided by a limp that kept her constantly in danger of tripping over her sweeping skirts.

" 'Pears to me like when you raise up a fruit-tree everybody has got no call to think it's their tree too," she said.

The preacher had two cows and he carried the milk all the way to North Fork daily to his customers. The depot restaurant took most of it. When he returned, the jangling cans could be heard on the mule's sides over Camel-Back ridge and down into Hansacker's.

The boy Jamie had called to his father and Steve that there were some drunken bees on the mash. You could pick them up and they could hardly fly.

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Steve and Thornton were laughing at them. There was a stranger in the road that Jamie feared might be some kind of a new probation man and he went to hide. Thornton said if the man proved to be a gover'mint agent and wanted to hunt for the still, he believed he'd kill him. They were worretsome, he said, and they were just as well off dead, anyways. Three bees were staggering on the mash and he laughed. The man on the road went on by and Jamie came out of hiding. His father watched him as the boy started off down over the hill to his trap.

"He don't want to go to no school," said Steve.

"Did he want to go to school when I was gone or did you have to make him?" Thornton giggled.

"There's another one," said Steve, watching the bees on the mash.

"I wish now I hadn't of left you and Henriet alone and me gone."

"Why not?"

"It worrets me."

"There's another one."

"I keep on thinkin' about it all the time and it worrets me. I wish now I hadn't of tuck and done it."

There was a shrill piping call from the house.

"What you doin', trying to see how long you can stay down in that still house? Where's Jamie? Jamie! Come to your supper now, Jamie!"

"I kin truthfully say I wish I hadn't of tuck and done it."

"Don't talk so much about me and Henriet. I git tired listenin' to you."

"I know I hadn't ought, but yet I keep on thinkin' about it. We could fix that place in the roof to-morrow if it's anyways dry."

"I got to go to North Fork to-morrow atter single-tree bolts."

"Mebbe I kin fix it myself." Thornton looked at Henriet wolfing her potatoes and then at the clock. "You children put off to bed now, or I'll know the reason why."

It did not rain the next day. Yet when Steve returned along the road at dusk he could see that the roof had not been fixed. Steve could not see Thornton anywhere and he concluded he must be out for wood. But the wagon was not gone.

"I don't know. Somethin' seems to of got aholt of him," said Henriet when he called to her through the doorway. "I ain't scurcely seed him all day. He went away by hisself."

Steve hung up the bridle and stuffed some fodder into the feed-bin and stood looking away in the direction of the dam. He stepped inside and was climbing up to the loft to find the pet possums to play with when Thornton put his head in the doorway and told him to come outside.

"We'll fix the roof to-morrow seein' you didn't fix it to-day like you said."

"I was too busy to-day."

They were squatting on the ground and making marks in the dirt.

"Busy doin' what?"

"Busy thinkin'."

"Thinkin' about what?"

There was a pause and they both kept on making marks in the dirt.

"Steve, we know'd each other now for a good long time, ain't we?" Thornton began. Steve began reckoning the time, trying to get the dates exact. They discussed events that tended to prove the dates, but Thornton's voice was unnatural. There was a pause.

"Steve, I reckon I got to kill you."

Steve looked up and stopped making marks.

"Just about me and Henriet bein' alone and you gone?"

"Yes."

"That hain't nothin' to talk about killin' a man for."

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"I know it hain't."

"Then why don't you shut up about it is what I kain't see."

"I kain't. It worrets me. I'm getting to worret more instead of less." The man reached for another stick to make marks with, and tried to laugh. "I don't git no peace. I didn't git no peace all day now. I been thinkin' all day about it now. It worrets me."

"Then stop thinkin', that's all. Henriet was callin' a while back."

"Yes, I heard her. I'll try, Steve."

They walked toward the open door of the house.

"Steve, I didn't aim to say that about killin' you."

"Oh, that's all right."

The trees looked as if there might be an early winter this year. The great oaks seemed eager to shed their summer vanities and buckle down to the business of defying the mountain gales naked. The preacher often talked of the sturdy oaks and their hardihood and the good sense they displayed in the spring when they stood forth in their naked strength long after the foolish sycamores had run the risk of putting out their leaves just to be pretty. But the oaks were older and had more experience. They knew what a freeze can do, and when they began to leaf you could be sure they knew what they were about. The preacher bade his flock keep its eyes on the oak and let it be a lesson—God's monitors for weak and foolish humanity.

There was a larger congregation than usual in the schoolhouse that Sunday, chiefly because Thornton had brought Henriet to the meeting and the children too. Many a time in the course of the long sermon did the pastor's eyes run fondly over the line of them in the front row, Henriet and the children nearest the window and Thornton and Steve at the end. And many of his illustrations of the peace of God dealt with the home and the children and the love of man for man—and Thornton's eyes never left the pastor's face.

The pastor shook hands with Henriet at the door, where he caught her on the point of hurrying back to her fire.

"Thornton was the one that made me come. He wished it. I hain't got no time fur to be goin' to no meetin' and nobody guarding the still. He wished it or I wouldn't of came." She turned from the preacher to her boy Jamie. "You, Jamie, you git back there and see that things is all right. Don't wait for nobody, you hear? You run all the way, you hear me, son?"

She started off alone and the pastor turned to Thornton, who seemed anxious.

"The children of God should hear his voice every Sabbath morning to be sure of the path in the Lord's temple. You are doing the right thing, Thornton, and they'll soon get used to it. You stick to your duty, Thornton."

"Have you got a minute before we go to the house for dinner—a minute to talk to me and Steve?"

The three walked in silence across the creek. The pastor looked at the two men quizzically. They went deep into the forest and sat on a log.

"There's trouble at our house and we need you to guide us," Thornton said. Steve was sitting with his back to them and looking through the trees across at Far Mountain.

"Well, my son, if you are heavy-burdened with care and doubt, it is good to tell some one of it," the pastor murmured as he stretched out his feet and pushed his hat back on his head. Then, eagerly: "You haven't resolved to give up the still, have you, Thornton? That would be a noble——"

He paused to look at Thornton's

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troubled face, and Steve did not turn around. He waited for Thornton to speak.

"I'd have to give up the still and everything if I did—it," he said.

Then, slowly and carefully, he retold the story of the time when he had been away from the mountain for three weeks, during which Steve and Henriet had been alone together and the children away at school. In the end the pastor reached over and put his hand on that of Thornton and smiled.

"But Steve is your friend, Thornton," he murmured. "The sweetness of friendship is trust. You might not have trusted any other man in the world but your best friend. You trusted Steve, and your trust was not betrayed. Steve is your best friend, Thornton."

"Know'd each other for twelve years," said the man at the other end of the log, and there was a ring in his voice. "But it worrets me, pastor. It worrets me and I don't git no peace."

"He says he aims to kill me," said Steve with an impatient jerk of his head, and looking off across the mountains again.

The pastor's voice was low and pleading and tender there in the heart of the forest.

"And now I want you men should both shake hands as brothers and let us go up to the house and see what Henriet has prepared for us with the loving-kindness of her heart."

Thornton's eyes were grave and they did not meet those of Steve as he stood up and offered his hand obediently.

"Yes, but he don't mor'n half mean it," said Steve.

There was no reply from Thornton and they started back to the road, dragging their feet through the mat of leaves and saying nothing.

"I'll try to do what you say, parson, and I'll try praying too, if you think I had ought to." He stopped and whispered: "It worrets me."

"You see?" called Steve resentfully, as they turned down the path to the house.

"The peace of God passeth all understanding," said the pastor.

Thornton kept repeating that aloud. Henriet heard him saying it in the middle of the night. At the table she said she heard him talking in his sleep last night. He made no reply. Jamie called from the door that the pigs had got out and were trying to get to the mash. Jamie liked to go outside early in the morning, but the girl liked to sleep. That was the difference.

Steve and Henriet were the first ones out of the door. The three pigs squealed and ran. Jamie got to the place under the boards before the pigs did. They waited for Thornton to come out and guard the lower end. Steve turned around to look in the house, and Thornton was standing in the doorway just in the act of pointing the gun at him. Thornton's eyes were flaming and narrow. He lowered the gun shamefacedly.

"What good's a gun goin' to be to you chasin' pigs?" said Steve.

"I was only seein' if the sights was straight," muttered Thornton, looking down and throwing the gun on the floor. It might go off, throwing it down like that.

He was moody and ashamed and was very little help after all in getting the pigs back in. Henriet asked him what good he thought a gun was goin' to be to him chasin' pigs. He was ashamed of himself all day, and when Steve found him making marks in the dirt before supper-time he was half minded not to accept the invitation. But he finally squatted down too and started making marks.

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"Niles Williams needs a hand cuttin' corn, and if you could go over there and help him cuttin' corn and stop there for a spell it might give me a chance to git aholt of myself. You'll do it, won't you, Steve, and give me a chance to git aholt of myself?"

But it was with a poor grace that Steve packed what he would need over at old man Williams's place. He tucked his bundle under his arm and started down the path without a word, revengefully. It was a walk of two hours over to Williams's, and cutting corn is hard work, when he had a right to live easy here where the corn was all cut. Plenty of food here, and old man Williams was stingy.

"Just till I can git aholt of myself, Steve," Thornton called after him from the barn.

Steve's intention had been to cut corn all Sunday morning so he could finish it and get back to the house to look at the white one's hoof. Thornton didn't know nothing about doctoring animals. Perhaps he should not have left the white one alone for that week with that hoof.

The middle boy at Ross's brought word that the pastor wanted to see him an hour before church-time. He could not cut corn but he would see Thornton at church and could ask him about the white one's foot. He might even make the trip up there to have a look at it if Thornton wouldn't get going on again.

"Well, is he still goin' on?" he asked the pastor when they met at the Brown's Creek fork.

The pastor was sitting on a rock holding his face in his hands and didn't look up right away. When he did, his eyes were strained and sober.

"He's over here a piece. I want you should have a talk with him."

They picked their way over the wet ground, for both of them had shining shoes on.

"Talk to him about the good old times you've had together and when you fust met and about them bees in the pig-shed."

Steve did not answer at once, but finally—

"Has he got the gun?"

"I made him take it back."

They found Thornton sitting on a rock looking straight before him. He looked up, haggard, at Steve, and then his face fell into his palms as the pastor's had done and his words were muffled.

"I just kain't see no way out of it, Steve, only one. I been tryin' this week like the pastor says and praying, but I don't git no peace. I don't git no peace."

The pastor squatted facing Thornton. He put his hand on Thornton's knee.

"I've done told you you kain't find peace inside of yourself," he pleaded. "I've done told you there's only one place where you kin find peace to carry you through this."

"I know, parson, I know."

There was silence for a while, and the wind came down the valley accompanied by a great rustling in the tree-tops, which died away.

"Remember the time you locked Steve in the pig-shed with the bees?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Remember the time you both met for the fust time in North Fork and you tuck a likin' to each other and—got—drunk, together?"

"I remember."

"Steve, tell him you don't bear him no ill-will for his thoughts and the way he goes on."

"He knows I don't."

"Thornton, tell him you don't bear him no ill-will."

"He knows I don't, but it——"

"Now, never mind that, now. I want

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you two old friends should both come here by me and put your hands on my hands and tell me it's all right between you forever, from this minute on and forever more."

They came and bent over before the pastor.

"You first, Thornton, put your hand on my knee. Now I put my hand down. Now, Steve, you put your hand on top. Now I put my other hand down. Forever, now, from this minute on, you remember."

Steve looked at Thornton inquiringly and Thornton glanced up. Then he threw back his head with his face to the sky, and the wind blew the hair on his bare head as he repeated it.

"Forever, from this minute on."

The three rose to their full height and the pastor put a hand on the shoulder of each.

"I got to go into the meetin' now and my heart is overflowing with pride. I'll talk to them about brotherly love, I guess, men. I won't tell them about this minute, but I'll tell them about all minutes unto the sweet and everlasting peace of eternity. You men can go with me or you can stop here and talk about old times if you choose. Which do you wish to do?"

"I reckon we'll go to the meetin'," said Steve, stooping to flip a stone into the water to cover up the embarrassment of this unwonted display of sentiment. The pastor understood.

"Thornton, do you wish to go to the meeting or do you prefer to stop for a while and commune with God in His own temple in your own way?"

"I reckon I'll stop here, parson."

There was an awkward pause before they separated.

"I won't worret none now, parson. I'll just set down and be quiet for a spell. I'll see you atter meetin' and we'll all go to the house for dinner."

The sun shone in at the schoolhouse windows, and the faces of his flock were upturned as the pastor mounted the platform and began to pray. His words flowed smoothly. His voice was now the crooning of a cradle-song and now the swelling and ringing resonance of faith, and the folk on the benches were thrilled with the consciousness of a new fervor in the familiar phrases that fell upon them.

With the last of the benediction there was an instant burst of relief from the strain of the quiet.

At the steps outside Jamie was waiting to see the pastor and make sure that he was coming up to dinner, because maw wouldn't have to kill no chicken if he wasn't. Thornton was waiting, sure enough, half-way to the road.

"You go along ahead and I'll come along later," said Thornton.

"All right, Thornton, man."

The pastor took Jamie by his hand and started away with a smile of deep content.

"He wants to come along with Steve," the pastor said to the boy. "Steve ain't came out yet. They made up what was between them. Oh, what a beautiful day God has given us, Jamie, my boy, in his love for us."

They heard two shots and looked back in time to see Steve pitch headlong from the steps of the meeting-house as Thornton calmly pushed the weapon back into his pocket.

"Now I'm ready and willin' when anybody wants to come up and take me," they heard Thornton's calm voice call out when the Bailusses stopped and turned around to see what had happened.

"He shot him," said Jamie.

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Russia's Challenge to American Business

BY JOHN CARTER

Despite the continual irritation of Communist propaganda, the first ten years of economic experimentation in Soviet Russia conveyed no real challenge to American business. We were able to offset the most extravagant claims of Bolshevism with a simple citation of the facts about American labor. High wages, stock ownership by employees, statistics of automobile ownership, home construction, savings accounts, all indicated that America was able to offer a tangible alternative to the promises held out to labor by the prophets of the Third Internationale.

To-day Russia is challenging us in a new field, in the field of economic co-ordination. Since 1928 Russia has been engaged in a great experiment known as the Five-Year Plan. The object of this plan, which is the precursor of a Fifteen-Year Plan (now in process of elaboration), is to supply Russian industry and agriculture with a series of definite objectives, directed and controlled by a central planning agency. Every major aspect of economic life is dominated by Trusts and the Trusts are co-ordinated by the State. The result is to put Russia in the position of being the only nation in the world which is attempting to regulate all of its economic life on a national basis. This is a factor which is destined to have very wide repercussions through the rest of the world. Already it is apparent that every industrial nation of any consequence is faced with the necessity of co-ordinating its business life. World-wide industrial depression and unemployment lends edge to the situation. At Washington the President's Business Committee has engaged in studying the recent depression and is mapping the economic future. In Great Britain an Economic Council has been established which, in concert with the Bank of England, is preparing to rationalize British industry. The economists of every country in the world are examining the Five-Year Plan with a view of determining what aspects of it are applicable outside of Russia.

For the Five-Year Plan is working. It is too soon to say yet whether it will be a success; it is, however, definitely established that Soviet Russia, under collective economic principles, is building a new type of productive and distributive machinery. The plan runs from the Soviet fiscal year of 1928–29 to 1932–33. The first year was a success, in the sense that the major statistical objectives were attained. The first quarter of the second year showed a slump—but so did the rest of the world in the same period—and the second quarter registered substantial gains over the figures for the year before. Indices for the third quarter are also creditable to the Soviet economists who are in charge of the Plan's execution.

The basic objectives of the plan are simple: basic capital is to be increased from 7.1 to 16 billion roubles; industrial output from 18.3 to 43.2 billion roubles, agricultural output from 16.6 to 25.8 billion roubles; national income from 24.4 to 49.7 billion roubles. Production of coal, oil, peat, iron ore and pig

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iron is to be doubled. The standard of living is to be improved and the cost of living is to be reduced. Consumption of electric current, woollen textiles, shoes, soap and meat is to be doubled. The first ten months of the plan showed an excellent approximation of the original estimates:

	Percentages of Increase	
	Estimate	*Actual*
Production (large scale industry)	20.6	22.3
State budget (revenue)	18.2	21.1
Output per worker (State industries)	17.	14.1
Retail trade (Socialized sector)	15.9	20.7
Area under cultivation	7.0	4.2
Retail prices	0.0	5.9
Costs of production (decrease)	−7.0	−4.0

More impressive still is the substantial increase registered in the production of industrial equipment: freight cars, boilers, Diesel engines, steam turbines, mining equipment, chemical machinery, automobiles, tractors, bicycles and sewing machines. While it is believed that quantity is being attained at the cost of quality, foreign trade figures suggest that the alleged unsatisfactory quality of Soviet merchandise has not prevented substantial increases in the following competitive lines:

CHANGES IN RUSSIAN EXPORTS

(* Indicates Increase)

(Quantities in 1,000's of Metric tons; Values in 1,000's roubles.)

COMMODITY	1927–8		1928–9	
	Quantity	*Value*	*Quantity*	*Value*
Timber products	2,988.8	93,907	4,765.9*	137,154*
Coal	503.1	4,419	1,150.6*	9,953*
Petroleum products	2,782.7	107,021	3,642.1*	132,614*
China and porcelain	1.3	1,255	1.8*	2,135*
Glassware	4.2	1,995	5.7*	2,245*
Rubber overshoes, etc.	1.5	5,491	3.8*	8,593*
Cotton goods	12.5	49,761	14.2*	48,645
Linen and hemp goods	.7	1,138	.6	1,994*
Metal articles	7.4	3,750	17.1*	6,401*
Rags	27.8	4,459	37.5*	5,815*
Matches	9.2	3,429	18.0*	6,107*

Russian industrial exports increased from 394,634,000 roubles in 1927–28 to 506,710,000 roubles in 1928–29, an increase of 28.4 per cent. Russian timber exports are causing anxiety to Finland, Sweden and Canada; Russian anthracite and manganese exports are disturbing the American market; Russian petroleum exports are upsetting the British oil markets, having tripled in quantity since before the war (895,000 tons in 1913; 2,642,516 tons in 1927–28). Russian pulpwood has entered the American market and has caused distress to American and Canadian producers.

Moreover, Russian foreign trade is carefully co-ordinated to the requirements and potentialities of the domestic Russian market. Imports are purchased through unified trading agencies; exports are sold in the best market. A large hit-or-miss element is removed from the Russian foreign trade field. It is as simple and direct as the purchasing methods of any large American company. In fact, it might be stated that Soviet Russia is developing into the largest single business concern in the world. It combines the features of the Stinnes type of "vertical" trust with the merger type of "horizontal" trust. It is run by the State and is merged with the policy of the State. That is a dangerous combination. If a country displeases Russia, Russia can cease buying its products. That's more or less what happened to Great Britain after the London police raided Arcos, Ltd., the Soviet trading agency. A significant feature of the new Russian-English commercial arrangement is that the Russian trade commissioners will have diplomatic status, so that a breach of diplomatic relations will automatically bring about a breach of trade relations. Should the Soviet authorities decide to take serious umbrage at the charges that the Amtorg Trading Company of New York—the official Soviet trading agency in the United States—is engaged in Communist activities, Moscow could

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kill the $100,000,000 trade which has grown up between the two countries in the last five years.

In 1924–25, we sold Russia goods valued at $50,000,000 and bought $7,000,000 worth; in 1928–29, we sold Russia goods worth $75,000,000 and bought from Russia $19,000,000 worth. In 1927–28, the Amtorg and other Soviet agencies placed orders to a total of $89,937,000 in the United States:

Raw materials	$56,149,000	(of which cotton $51,425,000)
Semi-manufactures ..	1,618,000	
Industrial and electrical equipment	11,613,000	
Automotive equipment	2,704,000	
Agricultural equipment	15,095,000	(of which tractors $8,344,000)
Consumption goods..	1,657,000	
Miscellaneous	1,101,000	

In the same period Russian sales in the United States of gold, platinum, furs, casings, bristles, fish, flax and tow, timber products, seeds, butter, poultry and eggs, amounted to $15,682,000. In the first four months of 1930, our sales to Russia were exceeded by our sales to only five other countries—Great Britain, Canada, France, Germany and Japan. In that period our exports to Russia amounted to over $54,000,000, as compared to $17,000,000 in the same period in 1929. Since April there has been a considerable decline but Russian purchases are still an important element in our export trade. Significantly enough, it is the big American concerns—the International Paper Co., the U. S. Steel Corp., the Bethlehem Steel Co., the Standard Oil Co. of N. J., which are actively engaged in purchasing Soviet commodities.

In a way which is little realized in this country, Russia has been modelling its new industrial system upon America. Next to Lenin, Henry Ford has been the great hero of the Russian directorate. The Ford Motor Company is assisting in the erection of automobile factories in Russia. Colonel Cooper, builder of the Muscle Shoals plant, is constructing an even larger hydro-electric plant on the Dnieper. The Dupont Company, General Electric, Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, Radio Corporation of America, Sperry Gyroscope Company, Timken-Detroit Axle Company, and J. G. White Construction Company are among the forty-odd American firms engaged in supplying technical aid to the reorganization of Russian industry on a mass-production basis. About 500 Russian technicians are now in the United States studying our factory methods; an equal number of Americans are in Russia supervising the construction and installation programmes called for by the Five-Year Plan. The only "All-Russian" enterprise —the construction of the recently completed Turksib Railway, which links Turkestan to Siberia and opens up new markets and a new cotton belt in Central Asia—owes its completion to the energy of an American anarchist, Bill Shatoff of Chicago.

Russia is making itself over, with the aid of American business, and if Russia makes a success of its Five-Year Plan and is thereby enabled to compete industrially with the nations of the West, it will be largely because of the American equipment, the American brains and the American methods which have been put at the disposal of the greatest collectivist experiment in history.

The implications of this for American business are enormous. Whether the Russian experiment succeeds or fails, that technic of industrial common-sense which is called "Americanization" will have conquered the greater part of a continent. The effect should be to give the United States a strong lead in the Rus-

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sian market for the next generation. At the same time, Russia is detaching herself from her pre-war position of economic subservience to Europe. Russia will no longer figure as an exclusive market for British and German wares and a convenient source of cheap raw materials for European industry. Aside from foodstuffs, Russia will tend to manufacture her own raw materials into industrial products. To-day, Russian pulp-wood can be sold in New Hampshire in competition with Canadian wood-pulp and hence decreases our dependence on the Canadian producers.

In one sense, therefore, American business stands to gain significantly from Russian economic independence. In another sense, a success of Russian collectivism will confront American business with the greatest challenge of its history. We have been so free with our prophecies that communism won't work that we have never stopped to consider what we shall do if communism does work. Shall we indorse it and turn communist, in that event? Hardly. Shall we imitate it? Possibly, here and there, particularly in the field of co-ordination. Shall we compete with it? How?

Naturally, none of these questions will arise if communism makes a failure of its Big Business. Shall we gamble on its making such a failure? Not if we have any foresight.

The problem of Russian competition, with all the political complications inseparable from a governmental control of business, will be a major consideration for the next generation of business men. We may be able to ignore it for two, three or five years, but some time and somehow we shall have to face the possibility that we guessed wrong about Russia. That does not mean that we shall approve of Russia. The world disapproved of slavery as an economic system long before the world managed to wipe it out of legalized existence. What killed slavery, however, was not moral disapproval but the practical demonstration that free labor was superior to slavery as a means of producing and distributing wealth.

It would seem logical, therefore, to believe that what will meet and end the coming threat of collective competition will not be our disapproval of the arbitrary and inhuman suppression of elemental liberties inherent in a collective business system, but the practical demonstration of our ability to compete against it. As Russia grows in economic power, therefore, the capitalistic world—which is now divided into competing national groups—may meet the menace by creating a greater rather than a lesser freedom of trade, of production and exchange among themselves. A European economic union may be the first result of successful collective economics on the eastern boundary of Europe. The British Empire may restore Free Trade and the United States may feel impelled to modify its protective tariffs. Industries will merge and international cartels will be extended and the whole of the world's industrial democratic area may combine in a successful demonstration that the answer to arbitrary economic restrictions is not imitation or retaliation but is more freedom for business to conduct itself according to its own interests and greater liberty for the individual to make the best of his economic opportunities. Otherwise, American business will prove false to its own principles and the world which now engages in tariff wars and economic nationalism may fall an easy and divided prey to the mass-production of Moscow.

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Does Wall Street dictate to the newspapers? The Morrow candidacy, Mr. Hearst's "prosperity" policy, and other salient activities of the nation's press are cited by one of the keenest analysts of American journalism to show the true relationship between Big Business and the papers.

Newspaper Truth

BY SILAS BENT

Six months after the stock-market collapse William Randolph Hearst sent instructions to the editors of all his dailies to "make the Hearst newspapers prosperity papers." He directed that each of them display prominently on the first page a two-column box calling attention to stories of business advances, and suggested the caption: "Good News of Good Times."

Mr. Hearst has made large loans on his properties, and his bankers have required him to lop off some of those which were making heavy drains on dividends; but it would be a mistake to suppose that Wall Street bankers dictated this manœuvre. We may rest assured that he did it of his own accord, and that he was motivated by the same impulse which governed other newspaper owners and publishers, although the others gave no such explicit orders, so far as I know. The Hearst dictum, couched in affirmative terms, had yet the value and effect of a negation, a censorship. He did not say, for example, that the unemployment situation should be shoved as far out of sight as possible, but his papers and the others did this.

What is the explanation of an editorial unanimity so singular? How does it happen that Mr. Hearst, subject to the constant reproof and reprobation of his contemporaries (although I can't find that he has ever done anything journalistically worse than most of them), is found cuddling up in the same bed with them?

The explanation is to be found in a community of interests between metropolitan dailies and Big Business. The newspapers do not take orders from Wall Street, as is commonly supposed. Theirs is not the relation of servant and master, for they are copartners. They do an annual business of more than a billion dollars, and are our sixth industry in size. They want pretty much the same sort of thing as other big businesses. They have the same ambitions. They exploit the same people, that 95 per cent of the American public who, according to Andrew Mellon, are "supported" by the remaining 5 per cent.

In certain respects this is good ground for congratulation. Our press is now too well-to-do for any need of individual or political subsidy, and it can thumb its nose at persons who attempt, for selfish purposes, to procure the suppression or distortion of news. One paper spent $1,500,000 in a single year for "exclusive" or "canned" stories of stunt aviation. There is money aplenty for the purchase of feature material and for the employment of comic artists, columnists, and other entertainers. But three-fourths of

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the average daily's revenue (in the case of the average Hearst daily, two-thirds) is derived from advertising. And this revenue flows from our industrial dynasty, its satellites and parasites. Thus the community of interests between the press and Big Business becomes an identity of purpose.

A conspicuous example of this was the newspaper attitude toward the candidacy of Dwight W. Morrow for the Republican omination to the Senate from New Jersey. Mr. Morrow is an able and distinguished man, with an unsmirched record of public service, and I think it safe to say that he stood head and shoulders above his opponents in the race. But it was noteworthy that his plan for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, although by no means novel, got even greater news display and more glowing editorial approval from Democratic newspapers than from so stanch a Republican organ as the New York *Herald Tribune*. In the metropolis the principal Democratic newspapers are *The World* and *The Times,* and they vied with each other in praise and defense of Mr. Morrow. Some may have supposed that this was because Mr. Morrow came out against prohibition. Well, former Senator Frelinghuysen, his principal opponent, ran as a wet; he is a man of ability, with long Senatorial experience, and he comes of a family distinguished for many generations in public office. Yet hear *The World,* in its issue of June 13:

"In this campaign Mr. Frelinghuysen is a wet, a trust buster and a great enemy of the political bosses. *Question:* When did Mr. Frelinghuysen become a wet? *Answer:* When he had twice been defeated as a dry. . . . *Question:* When did Mr. Frelinghuysen become a trust buster deeply concerned about regulating public utilities? *Answer:* A few months ago, when the business interests of New Jersey abandoned him. . . . *Question:* Does Mr. Frelinghuysen repudiate the bosses who are supporting him? *Answer:* He loves these bosses. . . . *Question:* How much is he entitled to call himself the champion of the people against the bosses? *Answer:* About as much as the fox who would not eat sour grapes."

Irving Fisher, of Yale, a famous economist and student of social questions, certainly no less able and no less distinguished than Mr. Morrow, volunteered his services to Representative Franklin Fort, who ran on a dry platform in the triangular primary contest. He said that Mr. Morrow was being used as an instrument of the brewers "and the millionaire wets." Hear then the New York *Times,* in an editorial headed "O Heinous Conspiracy!" Elaborating Professor Fisher's charge into a secret cabal, the editor writes in part:

"The caitiffs pretend that they want to let the workingman have his glass of beer, do they? Ah, my friends, why and at what a price? . . . It is to be three cents a glass. A trifle high; but these malefactors of great wealth are familiar with the well-known economic principle: The higher the tax, the greater the yield and the wilder the rush to pay. . . . The thirst that had such insufficient means of quenching itself under the unsleeping eye of prohibition has accumulated vast arrears, for the receipts from the beer and liquor taxes are to be great enough to wipe out 'all the corporation and income taxes.' Unvexed, almost untaxed—for they are winebibbers—the conspirators will chortle in their purple palaces, while the consumers of that which profiteth not guzzle and drudge and pay. A blacker story has seldom been told. No wonder all the cocks of Jersey are crowing, all the bulls of Jersey bellowing, continuously."

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Although I have been a persistent reader of *The Times* for twenty years, I have never before known it to rush with such bitter irony to the rescue of a Republican candidate.

Further quotations, not so striking, might be given from the columns of the Baltimore *Sun* and other Democratic journals. Why, then, if prohibition is not the explanation, are they so ardent in their championship of a Republican's candidacy? The explanation lies, I venture to assert, in the fact that Mr. Morrow is a former partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Company, and is still on intimate terms with Wall Street magnates. He did not resign his official connections there until 1927.

This is not intended to belittle the preoccupation of metropolitan dailies generally with the wet cause. Their bias in this respect is not due so much to the attitude of many captains of industry—although they are of lesser stature financially than John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Henry Ford, who are dry—as to the fact that urban audiences are preponderantly wet. Thus, when the Senate Lobby Committee procured correspondence regarding the speculations of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., through a New York bucket-shop, it was not surprising to find big newspapers devoting from three to nine columns to the story, and reprinting much of the private letters—the Senate committee would not put them into its record, but gave them to the press—inasmuch as the Bishop is a prohibition mogul. The story had the added value, from the newspaper standpoint, that it revealed the gulf between the prelate's professions and his practices. It is an editorial truism that the public always gloats over the discovery of a flaw in a vessel of the Lord.

Prejudice against prohibition is manifested in the press by the overplay of unimportant but sensational casualties of enforcement. The larger issues of personal liberty and State rights receive but little attention.

Another and final example of the manner in which finance and politics combine to sway news reports and editorial comment was to be found in the delay of Senators Grundy and Reed of Pennsylvania in making known their attitude toward the tariff bill. No discerning Washington correspondent, I am assured, was deceived for a moment by the posturing of these two high protectionists over a bill imposing the highest rates in our history; certainly Elliott Thurston of *The World's* Washington bureau was never in doubt, and did not leave his readers in doubt. But the "mystery" as to where the two men would stand had good selling points, from the journalistic view: It emphasized the faults in the bill, which even Republican newspapers opposed; and it had the priceless quality of suspense, which always excites those who are susceptible of newspaper practices. Thus nearly all our metropolitan dailies professed, to the very hour of speeches by Senators Grundy and Reed, to be totally in the dark about the forthcoming position of two Republican Senators from an unshaken and impregnable citadel of high tariffs—one of them, Mr. Reed, the acknowledged spokesman on the floor for Secretary Mellon—even though *The World* had been saying for days, not as a conjecture but as a fact, that the two would vote for the measure.

Newspapers have even undertaken to censor one another, as when they burst forth with pharisaical piety against the misdemeanors of the Hearst chain. *The Herald Tribune* turned its guns against its fellows in both parties when the tariff bill was passed, vowing that even "reputable newspapers" were guilty of lack of

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"vigilance in respect to the segregation of news and editorial opinion" because they combined the stories about Mr. Hoover's signing of the "Grundy" tariff bill and the concurrent relapse of the stock-market. This, *The Herald Tribune* said, was a "regrettable and none too subtle practice."

To which the rock-ribbed Republican *Evening Post* retorted:

"It would not be at all criticisable to connect the two were they actually connected in fact or in the belief of Wall Street. If they are so connected it seems to us bad ethics to separate them *for political ends;* just as bad as it would be to connect them *for political ends* were they not connected in fact.

"It doubtless would interest the *Herald Tribune* to know that it has itself been under criticism in newspaper offices for its ostentatious separation of tariff and stock market. In our judgment, if it so believes, it is entirely justified in making the separation, but it is not justified in impugning the motives of newspapers (of which the *Post* is one) which made the combination in the belief of its actual existence."

II

Not only do our newspapers share the interests and purposes of Big Business; they ape its methods. This is indicated by mergers, chains, standardization, and mass production from a cheap and ephemeral material, with which we need not deal here, and by selling methods. It is the common belief of newspaper owners and editors that emotional patterns of news bring more customers than patterns which are informative and mentally exciting. Every publication manifests a voluntary censorship, of course, in the selection and display of its context. What interests *The American Mercury,* for example, would not be likely to interest SCRIBNER'S or *The Yale Review*—if it is not bad taste to name names in the magazine field. But in the case of newspapers, which are more directly charged with a public interest—which are public utilities, that is to say, and function under the explicit protection of the Constitution—complaint may justly be lodged against them if their censorship results in a disproportionate view of the world they are supposed to mirror.

Let us take a current example, and turn again to the New York *Times,* because it is this country's premier newspaper and presents, according to its own advertisements, the best balanced and most competent news reports; I myself do not know of any other journal anywhere which offers such volume and variety. On June 11 *The Times* printed a special despatch about a treaty of friendship which ended "one hundred years of armed enmity" between Greece and Turkey. Excepting the treaty of Lausanne, we were informed, the only covenant both countries had signed in years was that ending the Balkan War of 1912–13; and it was further stated, in an Associated Press despatch, that the Turkish press hailed the treaty "as making the Turkish horizon more peaceful than it had been for six centuries." On the following day, in an editorial, *The Times* declared: "A friendly accord between Greece and Turkey makes all other international reconciliations seem possible, for one would have said that this 'pact of friendship' was the least likely to be achieved."

To this news event, of authentic international significance (since the Balkans are traditionally the powder-magazine of Europe), *The Times* gave fourteen column inches on page 13. On the same day, in its sport pages, it gave sixty-eight column inches to an approaching encounter between two second-rate pugi-

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lists. Nothing had happened. The prospect of a fight between two obscure bruisers was worth, in the judgment of that daily's editors, six times as much space as a compact between two European powers.

In other journals the disparity was even more marked. I need cite but two. *The Herald Tribune* gave but four inches to the treaty; *The Evening World* that day gave nothing, but devoted 160 inches to the forthcoming prize-fight—eight columns of sound and fury—with an eight-column banner to rivet the reader's attention.

According to the conventions of news, of which I have spoken, conflict is always better-selling stuff than mere amity, which does not excite the mob; and the inflation of coming fistic exchanges, to whet an artificial appetite and so create a bigger market for the paper after the event, is an established newspaper practice. Plainly it is a matter of salesmanship and showmanship. A fair question may be asked, however, as to whether college undergraduates and high-school students, noting the difference of display given here to an international treaty and a mere future sporting event, might not have been somewhat confused as to values.

Not only do the conventions of news salesmanship produce lopsided reports such as this; they result in the ignoring of large areas of public interest. Where in the newspapers, for example, will we find anything about the better side, conceding that there is a better side, of the Younger Generation? Henrietta Addington of New York came to its defense, for instance, at a National Social Conference in Boston. She vowed that instead of being a restless, cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking and somewhat unmoral person, as portrayed in motion-pictures and the press, the girl of to-day was a surprisingly sane individual. This statement she based on questionnaires submitted to 1,800 Brooklyn girls. Her speech, if noted at all in the newspapers, so far as my examination went, got no more than a paragraph in the latter part of the report. The suggestion of Miss Miriam Van Waters, president of the National Conference of Social Service, that children be permitted to read Rabelais, was good for head-lines and a lengthy account. What she was pleading for was robust literature. Cervantes, Rabelais and Voltaire, she said, "furnish the soul with the strong food it needs." How much better calculated to shock the reader, this considered proposal that the young be permitted to read Rabelaisian jokes, than a mild corrective of the newspaper picture of pocket-flasks and "necking"! The shocker, not the corrective, got the head-lines because it gave promise of selling more papers, or of binding the reader more closely as a customer.

"Editors spending additional millions every year for information from an ever-widening range," says *Editor and Publisher,* that penetrating and outspoken magazine of the craft, "have deepened the river of news without widening its banks." This is to say, in effect, that the stereotypes formulated by the elder James Gordon Bennett remain unchanged, which is true. So rigidly does the press cling to them that it has refused to cast new moulds for the new life unfolding around us. Lee A. White told the Inland Daily Press Association not long ago that conservation of natural resources was big news when Theodore Roosevelt wielded the Big Stick; he wanted to know why it wasn't news any longer. The answer was patent: conservation is no longer advocated by a picturesque and forceful personality amid the turbulence of political plots, such as

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might engage the attention even of fourteen-year-old minds.

Mr. White thought that the mechanization of industry was too much ignored by the press, but on this point I cannot quite agree with him. Our newspapers tell us pretty fully about new inventions and new conquests of physical forces, when they are novel, startling, and congruous with superlatives. What they do not tell us is the origin of the evils which have arisen during the Machine Age. One does not learn from them that the mental attitudes both of capitalists and of workers were as fully responsible for untoward conditions as the material displacements and social maladjustments; nor do they tell us that processes were often hurried forward, and are now being driven on, ruthlessly in many instances, in others without due thought of the human factors involved. The press has believed it more profitable to display the obvious and emotionally exciting, without bothering itself as to causes.

Business outside Wall Street's active participation, and agricultural problems outside Congressional mouthings, politics in its graver and institutional aspects, and vital controversial subjects one side of which are distinctly unpopular, are other neglected areas of news and editorial comment. Large areas of educational news are minimized or ignored, although many dailies give space to reports about school and college activities. Doctor Belmont Mercer Farley of Teachers College, Columbia University, questioned more than 5,000 persons interested as parents or otherwise in education, including the school-board presidents of thirty States, and residents of thirteen cities. His findings as to what they thought of newspaper educational departments and "spot" news may be summarized as follows:

On analysis of nearly 40,000 column inches of newspaper space, in relation to what the public wanted to read, Doctor Farley found that extracurricular activities, last in interest to the readers he questioned, occupied 47 per cent of the space, ranking first, whereas readers put them last in thirteen categories. The six classifications standing at the head received a total of less than one-fourth of the space. Editors, he concluded, were "over-emphasizing the time devoted to what many people call 'fads and frills,' without properly informing the public of what the school courses consist, what results are achieved, and what is being done for the physical welfare of the children. Such neglect of the use of the strongest interest appeals must be held due only to a faulty conception of the relative strength of the interest appeals in the various topics of school news."

Here we have a specific and statistical instance of what I have more than once contended, that the press of the United States does not give the public what it wants. The stereotype censorship works against reader interest. As to the other areas of news, it is useless to contend that the newspaper readers of this country are not intellectually and culturally prepared for news of such character. It is useless to say this so long as the experiment remains untested, and it has never been tested by a major newspaper property in this country. *The Christian Science Monitor,* it is true, has fashioned for itself some fresh moulds, interesting even to the casual reader; but *The Monitor* is of minor circulation among big-city papers, it is subsidized by a church, and it exercises over its columns a severer censorship than most journals. Depending upon it alone for a picture of the world, one might suppose that there was no crime, no scandal nor divorce, no tea, coffee nor tobacco. Yet it must be said that as between *The Moni-*

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tor's censorship and that exercised by a Hearst daily, intelligent persons are likely to prefer *The Monitor*.

III

Vigilantly censoring their own columns in the ways I have indicated, our dailies are often loud in protest at interference through judicial, legislative, executive and other channels. It is true that the Delaware press has not manifested the courage to take to the Supreme Court a protest against the statute forbidding publication in that State of divorce proceedings; but the Minnesota law depriving newspaper editors of trial by jury and setting up a censorship by injunction has stirred up a deal of pother; the action of Texas prosecutors and jurists in demanding the suppression of criminal news has been widely denounced; and the action of Judge F. P. Walther in sentencing two editors of the Cleveland *Press* to $500 fines and thirty days in jail for criticising him—sentences subsequently reversed by the Ohio Appellate Court—was roundly upbraided. In that case Judge Walther acted as complainant, jury, and judge. Robert R. McCormick, part owner of the Chicago *Tribune* and the tabloid *Daily News* in New York, two of the biggest, vulgarest, and most sensational papers tolerated in this country, said of the Ohio case:

"It would take many words to outline the various ways in which representatives of predatory industries and hypocritical reformers have developed the process of contempt of court in order to void the civic rights guarantees of the State and Federal constitutions.

"By statute and by judicial decision we have been rapidly approaching the point where the Constitution furnished no protection against the rapacity of exploiters and the tyranny of organized minorities."

This was the tone generally of editorial comment and of statements by newspaper editors. Yet when Harry F. Sinclair was serving a ninety-day sentence in Washington for contempt of court, the multimillionaire oil operator was protected from newspaper reporters, and the press found no recourse. Senator Heflin of Alabama, who customarily refers to the Washington correspondents as "squirrel heads," said on the floor: "The press will not be permitted to go to his cell and write about him, but a poor boy would have no such protection." The newspapers, however, took their medicine, just as they did when their reporters and photographers were barred by the Mayor of Englewood, N. J., even from congregating near the home of Dwight W. Morrow before Miss Morrow's marriage to Colonel Charles Lindbergh. And Secretary of State Stimson, who did not hesitate to censor at the source the news developing during the London Conference, did not hesitate, either, to issue a public rebuke to the Washington *Post* on account of an editorial which displeased him.

The system of propaganda and suppression which prevails at Washington should be too familiar by now to require recapitulation here. The Postmaster-General exercises an arbitrary censorship after publication, and may exercise that power as drastically in time of peace as in war, to judge by the Supreme Court decision in the case of the Philadelphia *Tageblatt*. Herbert Hoover, during his pre-inauguration good-will trip to South America, arranged, or permitted others to arrange, that all news despatches sent from the battle-ship on which he travelled should be censored, and Calvin Coolidge, when President, thrice said publicly that no paper had

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the right to criticise unfavorably his foreign policy.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, former editor of the Grand Rapids *Herald,* has introduced a bill which would define and limit the rights of judges in cases of indirect contempt, and has promise of the support of Senator Arthur Capper, publisher of a group of newspapers and farm magazines, as well as of Senator Henry J. Allen of Kansas, former editor of the Wichita *Beacon.* Whether the attempt to stem the tide of censorship by legislative fiat can succeed is extremely doubtful. The press itself, as we have seen, is not in an invulnerable position as to censorship on its own initiative.

The objections to censorship, even when self-imposed, and even when the processes of selection and display result in warping news, are obvious. Harold J. Laski, commenting on the process of journalistic selection, has said that the President of this country "is only too often the product of a series of accidents in which what is most important is not his possession of quality or of ideas, but public ignorance about him." The press keeps us in ignorance of many useful facts, while befouling its pages with murders, scandals, night-club hostesses and the filth of the courts, and belittling itself with trivia. Doctor John W. Cunliffe, director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, has proposed formally that it be left to the discretion of judges sitting in cases, what testimony shall be published, rather than to the sensation-hungry reporter. The "duty of selection," he says, is of great importance to "the profession of journalism."

Louis I. Jaffe, editor of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* holds that the press should "subject to new and critical scrutiny the seductive doctrine that it is the paramount duty of the newspaper to give the public what it wants. It ought to be the ambition of a press conscious of its highest mission to give the public not what is relished and smirked over by its readers of lowest mentality, but what is enjoyed and welcomed by those of its readers who represent a degree of intelligence and discrimination that is above the average. . . .

"The same cult of shoddiness that is vulgarizing our news and feature pages is extending its influence to our editorial pages, and breeding a race of commentators who specialize on Mother's Day and the natal anniversaries of Washington, Lincoln and Lee; and who, during political campaigns, strike out vigorously for the candidates of the party to which the paper yields allegiance, but who avoid as dangerous or indelicate the formation of focussed, unequivocal news of issues concerning which their mass circulations are sharply divided."

Editors of Mr. Jaffe's stripe may be found more often in the South, I have observed, than in the eastern and western cities. They are rare enough. The Chattanooga *News* announced in advance of a sensational and nasty murder trial that it would print no salacious details, and stuck to the announcement. Newspapers subject to severer competition are sometimes unable to do things of this sort even if they would. They must torture and censor their news columns in accordance with the standards of Big Business and in consonance with outworn news patterns. "You," said Demosthenes to his rival Æschines, "make them say, 'How well he speaks!' I make them say, 'Let us march against Philip.' " *The News* editor makes them say, "How interesting, how thrilling, how risqué!" He seldom attempts to make them march against official malfeasance or social evil.

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A story by the author of "The Wave"

The Lover

BY EVELYN SCOTT

Effie, sitting by her window, trying to relax in this most peaceful hour of day, said to herself that the delicate riot of the bed of phlox, just behind her, satisfied her affection for color, merely—blocks, masses, misty bulk—and confirmed the judgment of her Fred had made when he had said that she cared nothing for form and proportion. *When* would she leave off feeling? At fifty-three, she ought to be able to find some interest more congruous with the prospect of a solitary old age than was expressed by pottering in her lavish, overburdened garden. The neighbors told her that she kept remarkably young. Probably that was only the confirmation of the childishness she had always abused in herself. She was ashamed that it had appeared to survive sorrow and bereavement. The abundant desire to please her friends, she still retained; though perhaps that ceaseless pursuit of ecstasies—distrusted by Fred when he had quoted to her, "Love me little, love me long, is the burden of my song"—was modified. She hoped so. No ravishing youth excused it now, when she would look into her mirror—how she hated that mirror—and was faced by a slightness that would soon be scrawny, and by the indefinite coloring of a blonde just going gray.

Why was it she had always seemed to herself to be guiltily demanding something of Fred, when her whole intention toward him really had been unselfish? She never had been able to make him understand that she really *did* set him on a pedestal away above her, and would have been glad to put herself under his feet for any use he could make of her. He had often been vexed with her too-worshipping attitude because he had thought it false; and never had been able, with his natural reticence and modesty about himself, to see exactly what it did mean to a woman of her timidity and openness to hurt, to know that he cared more for her than for anything else in the world. She had been so grateful that Fred allowed her to do for him. He couldn't well avoid it in his invalid state; that he had struggled against without becoming embittered—which she admired more than anything on earth. She had had her own taste of being ill, and dependent, and, as it were, condescended to by everybody during those awful years of her teens. But Fred was such a marvellous person that poor indeed would have been the spirit of the woman who could have looked only at his deformity without appraising the soul within, and that mighty intellect that was so little appreciated even yet.

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When Effie came to think of it, she was convinced that the physical handicaps Fred had borne—and, she liked to believe, conquered—far from having cramped their relationship, had refined and ennobled it. The conception of marriage that had come to her through knowing Fred had exalted the whole idea of what human beings could be to one another. After that, and her seven years of widowhood, she would not have married anybody else even if she had been younger. It was enough just to have those days of the past to look back on—or ought to have been enough—and she tried to make it so, when, like this afternoon, she had gone through whole reams of his unpublished writings, hoping she could do something with them, but really incompetent to add endings to things begun so much over her head.

Fred's devotion to everything beautiful was so fastidious. The crumb of comfort she had given herself—she, so utterly bound to be commonplace and so much beneath him in that way—though she was thankful right up to this minute that she had taken warning from her feeling about Roger Bailey and had refused to marry *him* when Fred came along—was that her looks, such as they were, had helped to make it up to Fred for his own sadness. Even as a boy, he had been cut out of most that young folk find worthwhile. And he was always saying to her—beforehand, when they were engaged—are you certain, Effie? Are you *sure* this is something you will not regret, and I'll have to reproach myself with to the end of my life?

Effie sighed. Fred had been proud of her. It had taken the form sometimes of cruel comments on himself; yet he had liked to have her beside him in this house which they had taken alone in the country, to be quiet for his work—and he had been contented to have her keep house for him and entertain and meet his friends when they came out. She probably was the only person in the world who had been allowed to see that Fred, in the sacrifice of the most obvious aspect of his manhood, had endured a martyrdom that had made her ready to do anything on earth to ease the pain which she didn't feel at all. It was horrible—the needlessness of all Fred had imagined about her. Why she had congratulated herself a hundred times on not having accepted the offers of Roger Bailey—that spoiled darling of the ladies. She could see him as he was plain enough now, and understand the curious effect he had produced on her, until she had grown downright terrified of his insolent attentions. Certainly the admiration of such men appealed to a young girl's vanity. But Effie, even with her inexperience, had been able to strip off the illusion and realize that if she submitted herself to that kind of fickle fancy, anything might happen to her. She might have been ill again. Imagine exchanging the home she had had with her parents, where her every fancy had been consulted—and she spoiled to death as the only child, she well knew—for attendance on Roger Bailey's caprices! Not much opportunity, with Roger as your sole companion, for those gestures of self-denial that transport you right away from this humdrum world into something better. It was only regrettable that she had ever allowed the man so to excite her fancy that, in the effort to decide what she ought to do about him, she had gotten herself into a nervous state again and almost ruined her health—after so much worry, trying to keep well and strong and repay her parents for all they had done. Fred used to get bitter sometimes and say I oughtn't to compassionate him, Effie thought; but I would say, rather compassionate ordi-

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nary mortals who never could aspire to his fineness or inspire the rest of the world the way he did me.

Maybe it was just a sentimental association with Fred's love of seeing her prettily dressed that had made her put on the white silk this evening, and the Chantilly scarf. Maybe the white silk was inappropriate. There were so few neighbors this summer—just Professor Gilliard and his wife, who had taken the bungalow on the Hazlitt farm and sometimes strolled over after supper. They couldn't understand why she lived here alone. She couldn't herself explain the aversion she had to letting Annie sleep here—a servant does provide some kind of companionship—and it was dangerous to be left alone at night—three burglaries up the Bronxtown Road this year and that negro man who entered old Mrs. Given's cottage—God knows what he might have done. Effie had to confess that she must be in a morbid state to want to keep on here month after month—as nervous as a cat as soon as the sun began to go down—all those priceless carvings Fred had collected exposed to any kind of marauder. Yet she dreaded having her privacy intruded on; and she could stand here like this—now she couldn't bear to sit still in that chair any longer—wondering what on earth she should do next—whether it was worse to lock up all the windows and seal herself into an empty house, or to leave them open until the night took possession of it and left her no place to hide. And she was so excited. Every evening this same excitement. Her heart must be bad. The idea of the danger of burglars she must have exaggerated. Every gossip knew of her good fortune in inheriting all that income from Fred's family estates, and that she had plenty of silver in the house and odd pieces of jewelry—yet it wasn't, to be truthful, exactly the stories of thieves and robbers that had frightened her. The alarm that twilight brought was sillier and more intangible—as she stood here waiting for something to happen.

The garden was growing quieter, insects teeming away. In the pines across the picket fence, the sun, nearly gone, flashed crossed rays like the diamond hilt of a sword, with white blade flaming in the sinking greenery. Overhead, steely space nursed floating tenures of cloud. She walked to the front door and tiptoed secretively out on her own veranda, half hiding herself behind the square wooden column to one side of the portico. Why was she always imagining something concealing itself out there in the flowers? It was not the negro she had dreamed of with nightmares—the one who had slunk through an open door into old Mrs. Given's kitchen and had seized her by the throat—but *another,* shadowy, more inhuman. First you fancied footsteps; then came actual hallucination, and you *heard* them, Mrs. Gilliard had declared, explaining to Effie why it was that, even discounting other reasons, a woman of her age ought not to live alone. Effie realized that, far from the sound of literal steps on the gravel constituting the worst conceivable possibility, they might be a relief from this impression less palpable which it was so hard to endure. What if they *never* came!

She drew her lace shawl together over her chest, and considered whether she should or should not wash up the tea things herself, or had best leave them for Annie when she came to-morrow. Or had she better go to bed—seal herself in sleep away from this terrible, incontrovertible conviction that the *something*—whatever it was—still lingered there in the bushes while it refused to come. She was humiliated by these mad

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ideas, and put her hand to her throat, calming down the feeling she had that she was just about to scream out.

Near the path there was a tree with pears. The afternoon was so quiet that she could persuade herself that a quality came to her of the heaviness of the pears—that they were slipping, slipping—sagging of their own lush weight—and that one was about to fall, and plump and bruise itself in grass—*but it never did!* And she, here with her nerves strained to the very breaking point of expectancy, not able to stir for fear of losing some breath of motion that would tell her that the pear had fallen. If it would only fall! As if this wasn't sign enough that she shouldn't live alone; that she ought to join the Civic Society, and take up all kinds of general activities that would absorb her energies and interests and make her of some use to other people. It was mad to stand here evening after evening, waiting for a pear to fall—when it never did! She could believe that her heart—which was stifling her—odd fancy—wanted to be delivered of something. It used to be like this when Fred, just when she was adoring him most, and most humbly, would suddenly turn cold and put her off and say to her, "You frighten me, Effie! You frighten me, Effie!" And she would feel as if he had stabbed her—if only he *had* stabbed her—as if there were anything in her to frighten anybody! It was the constant sense of her own inadequacy that had made her so feverish all her days—so left out in everything that happened—and convinced yet, after Fred was gone, that she might as well never have lived, because she had gotten so little out of her life and never been able to repay her loved ones for half their kindnesses. Fred hadn't really known how to make use of such talent for devotion as she did have.

Things were still alive—ordinary. She watched a caterpillar as it pursued, with rumpled tread, its small way across the veranda, and dropped soundless, below the edge, into the lilac bush. A moth, with undeviating tremors, as if newly awakened by the moon, flittered slowly from the grass. It was already night, though day glimmered over that red edge of the west. A thrush was singing, a song fragile as some flaming blossom, fading away in the deep woods. Then it was still. Missing the thrush's last notes, she found herself trembling—and again with this really agonizing expectation.

A motor-car passed on the road; then another. The horns dreened. The bright lamps piled up the blackness behind them, and, as the silky whizzing of the motors was whispered to extinction, the asphalt road sprang up as before, like a ribbon of empurpled water, rushing silently, with shrouded current, beside the gloom-enveloped dream that was the tree by her gate.

Why had none of the occupants of transient motor-cars, glimpsing this usual kind of farmhouse in a garden, stopped to rescue a woman standing here alone before an implacable Fate?

It surely was there, confronting her.

A pulpy moon, excoriated, in a tattered soot of clouds, had taken its steady place above the afterglow. The dew was falling, and an odor of hay and melons came from the fields. The Hazlitt bungalow was hidden, and she could detect no single light of a house. This smell of ripeness seemed the more pervasive because nothing distracted her from her attention to it. The heavy scents made on her emotions some demand which she could not understand, except that, in disturbing her the more, it added to her fear; and almost certainly convinced her that she was going mad.

For an instant the world would grow

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completely dark, as if her torment had sunk below the edges of her mind—her mind was alarm, only; but recognized nothing. What lived, and possessed her, that she *knew,* lived and had its way toward her in some deeper inward being.

Then the moon again ruptured heaven, and she was stunned by the starkness of the outburst, in which every grass-blade was edged to menace, and the rose-bushes revealed with such naked, detailed sculpture that she could have hidden her face in her hands, putting away delicacies of bloom and crystal globules of water never meant to be shamelessly exposed before the crude eye. The exhibition of all the flowers was terrible. The hollyhocks, profiled against the glare, trumpeted with black hearts. A clutter of carnations were frost-white, bitter as the sea. The conglomerate of the garden divulged the silver-furred begonia, the subtle intimation of the creepers she had allowed to run wild, the piercing erectness of the larkspur stalks, gloomy purple yet, but looking as if the moon had stripped them of some ambiguity. All the little hairs in spreading chalices glittered distinctly with moist, intended ornament. And in this openness of the garden, so hard to bear, there was a display of tears—diamond, and as though every beauty delineated were runed with torture. She thought that she had always been an appreciator of beautiful scenes and objects, but that she could not bear this. She was too baldly apart from the youth and hardihood of mature nature. The outrage done the garden by the moon seemed to have rebounded to her. And the shadows, unobliterated, and, indeed, emphasized by the scrawling of light on the upper sides of leaves, more than ever reserved that *something* which was a threat to her, in her isolation—since she could never make it out or find a word for it. Doubtless it was that story of the negro, preying on her mind, that gave her this close conviction of oppression; and led her to expect a black form to take shape from the mysterious undergrowth, bear down upon her silently, and clutch her throat, so that she need never struggle any further.

She became so panickly decided that somebody—or something—was in hiding, waiting to surprise her, that she hurried into the house, lit a candle—Fred never had approved of modern lighting—and actually put away in a cupboard drawer and locked up a few small knick-knacks of silver that she had been accustomed to leave carelessly about.

The starkness of the moonlight followed her even here, insolent to the privacy that inconsistently—and due to her fancy—was needed as something to protect her life, and she began to close all the blinds, and draw the curtains and bolt the windows. Once or twice she imagined she heard footsteps in the house; but, after listening, she denied the illusion, and left the house to itself, entering her own bedroom and determined to undress with what calmness she could and get into bed. It often took her a long time to get to sleep; but when she did, and lay, outstretched, with relaxed limbs, she would, she knew, receive all the effects of renunciation—as if giving up her will was what had been wanted along with everything else she had renounced. As she had wandered about the house before her retirement, hesitating in the familiar rooms and unable to feel that they belonged to her, she had looked into everything—in corners, behind doors, under beds, inspecting everything and distrusting everything. Only in one high, full-length cupboard by the kitchen door, she had not brought herself to look. Now, as she climbed into bed and blew out the can-

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dle, as if she wanted to banish from her own thoughts this actual physical presence of a woman who had outlived all her loves, she remembered the cupboard —such a good hiding-place—and wondered what it was that had prevented her from examining its interior. She couldn't now, even if she had tried, have forced herself to go straight to it and open that long creaking door, which would reveal, doubtless, only an old cape on a peg, and that overcoat of Fred's which she had intended to give to the gardener, but had kept.

She blew out the shrinking candle, and watched until its red-wisped wick had blackened with the other dark. Then she extended herself and lay deep in the bedclothes, committed to her own breathing, and to her heart-beats, which she fancied audible all over the room.

A board creaked. She listened, sat up, and lay down. A board creaked. Something was dinning shakily on the bare boards of the empty kitchen. A board creaked.

Effie lay down again and controlled herself. A board creaked.

Suddenly she realized that the clouds dingying the moon had prophesied, and that a wind was coming up. A board creaked. The wind was bumping in a loosened blind. She lay down again. Then the creaking of the boards was over, and it was very still.

Effie felt herself drowse. At least she had not mistaken the dark. It was certainly there in the room. It lay mystically upon her eyelids. It sought out her whole length under the cloying bedcovers, and she knew now that, even in sleep, she could not evade the dark. The covers were leaden; but she dared not stir—nor did she wish to stir. The night was like Death. It had descended on her implacably, and the privacy of her mind, with everything she had thought or tried to think, was revealed by the dark as not existing at all. Her true self—something other—was helpless, soulless, will-less—without any intention but to lie here in the exposure of weak flesh that soon, also, would be melted away.

There was a brittle rumble shaking the blinds. Effie started and sat up. A knife-bright signal, stabbing through the interstices of shutters, gored her mind. She was half awake, and it seemed to her that the flash had pierced through a surface and had found the innermost part of her, where something tormented was relieved—because whatever she awaited had come at last, and she was stricken, never to escape again.

Then stiff consciousness awkwardly asserted itself; and she considered the storm in actuality; weighing a probability that some skylight in the garret might have been left open to receive the rain.

Another grumble of sound and twitter of light; and she was able to picture the line of hills on the other side of the Hazlitt barn, as they would spring up, mouse-colored, to answer the glare.

The rain was drizzling loudly, making a muddy pox of tidy garden paths. But Effie did not wish to regret, and closed her eyes wearily, leaving objects to destruction. Hours must have passed since she went to bed; and dawn, if it were near, would be more terrible than dark. It was not only the furniture in the room, frightening her, when the lightning blithered, with ghastly recognitions, that she shut out; but her image of the sulphuric pallor of the moon under clouds, the trees standing like vague inlays on a verdigrised sky—mirror-dim and crowded with their staggering, great trunks. There is a look of the world that is like wailing. Even grass grows prominent and terrorizing in the windlessness toward morning.

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Effie tried to sleep. She half dreamt. It seemed to her that she was in a place—maybe it was a house—which she had closed and had defended tightly, locking all the doors and windows. But, while she tried to keep everything out, and her conscience struggled terribly—the lightning came in on streaming wings, like a bright angel bringing with it all the obscene glitter of that out of doors, that brassy moon—bore her down—and peace— Peace was coming.

She woke up and sat up in bed. Peace had been destroyed. A fragrance only, as of peace intimated, clung in this ghastly place of home; and *it* was there—beautiful with forceful love, but ugly with horror, in the simulation of a human shape, as she, in other waking hours, had remembered *it*.

Effie shrank in dread, but only for a second. Lightning loomed blearily as before slumber, so that she realized if she had opened her eyes, she might have seen it all along—long ago—when *it* was standing there in the room—when *it* was lurking before her in the garden dimness—when the boards had creaked, and she had turned her face into her pillow, vainly disregarding *it*.

Nearer the thing came, and Effie now seemed to know The Bright Angel as it was—black, manlike but inhuman, strange to her eyes as a blow. Would she ever cry out and be able to protest—when all of her being had gathered itself for years to say, *I will not!*

Effie screamed twice, loudly, and tried to jump out of bed. That she had actually torn a sound—not so much from herself, but from the quickened dark which occupied everything as soon as the thunder was over—surprised her, and exculpated her from a doubt of herself that had condemned her. She would never give up.

She did not see the man, but, just as if her cry had been the signal he regarded, *He* had hold of her—*He, It,* the *Dark*—whatever it was. Then the nightmare came back, awake; and she was certain of *Him*—faceless and a loom, but more horrible for being tangible. She shuddered and writhed frantically. The *Nigger* had her by the arm. It was as if he had gained entrance here through that unmindful moment when she had relaxed terror's vigilance. She was guilty, and repented wildly of her distance from the Gilliards, of the languor that had made her trust, of the warning of her own mood in the twilight which she had refused to heed.

She fancied that she would not have been so much at his mercy if she had had her clothes, and she forgot her timid, senseless blows against his body as she clutched unsubstantially for some rag of sheet or literal covering.

All at once, to her astonishment, she was thrilled with pain; stunned—and did not care any more. Horror was complete, protest no more necessary. He had struck her—*it* outraged her flesh! She fell weakly, half on the bed, half on the floor. A razor—a knife—that's what it was—*they* always carried them!

The telephone in the hall rang. The man started, turned away from her, stumbled, tottered against what might be a chair. He was running—running off—running toward the door. *Gone!* The door slammed. Effie did not reflect, even to accuse him. She could hear the rain drizzling greasily on the eaves by the blank window. A board creaked. The minute conversation of the silence seemed to fill the house again. The telephone trilled again. Effie tried to rise—knew she ought to rise—and sank back. Let him go—let them all go—and leave her alone with this feeling that—that—now she could guess everything—even the worst.

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The Hebrew Advantage

A CHRISTIAN'S APPRECIATION

BY CHARLES HALL PERRY

In our Western world two religions exert important influence. Christianity is dynamic. Judaism is static. The one does. The other is. The Hebrew advantage or contribution, in its people and its religion, is involved in that for which it stands, that to which it gives unequivocal witness. The harsh and stern elements of Judaism, which were consequent upon its semibarbaric origin, have been emphasized to a forgetfulness often of its gentler and more appealing features. Popularly, the Jewish religion is estimated as quite a negligible influence. Something peculiar to a peculiar people. A primitive conception, antiquated and outgrown by modern thought. As sporadic as the Hebrews themselves. True, they are few in number, without country or national organization, scattered over the earth, speaking various languages, imbued with local habits, tempted to assimilation in marriage and religion. And yet the isolated racial marvel is so evident that only the indifferent may ignore it. Their resistance to absorption is as exceptional as their indelible identity is significant. The most ancient of all religions, the essentials of Judaism have never swerved from the original absolute declarations.

Imagine a silver cord enmeshed in a myriad fibres of iron. It is the iron that holds and pulls. But when the tensile strength of the baser metal has rusted away, the endurable remains. Numberless civilizations have waxed in affluence and power. Then waned in oblivion. The splendors that once were Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome remain only as fragile excellences, which are either forgotten or accommodated to modern life. To each of them have the Hebrews been in slavery. But the principles which made Israel great and unconquerable are as dominant and absolute as ever in the structure of our twentieth-century thought, morals, and worship. They have not been adapted, reformed, or improved. They partake of the infinite and the eternal. The spiritual concept of Deity, the inflexible determination of right and wrong, learning and literary excellence, the beauty of holiness, man's intimacy with God, the certainty of optimistic arrival—these are some of the elements of Judaism which hold true and immutable. In progress and expansion, our latest civilization, entangled in sophistries and ologies, has gone no whit beyond the code of Israel in essential values.

It is impossible in this brief article to analyze the influences which have brought to pass the Jew's unpopular position in society—our own Christian society. I may touch upon them later. The condition is evident. Clubs, societies, hotels, colleges, communities show scant welcome, oftenest rebuff. The cruelties practised in some nations are too well known to need recounting. The cruelest cruelty upon a human being is ostracism.

And the Jew? Toward scorn and contempt he offers no retaliation. Under so-

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cial interdiction he stays by himself, silent and humble in a pride too deep for Gentiles to know. In deportation, he goes away dumb. Against massacre, he does not fight, but dies. He is ridiculed for his unassertive meekness. Yet some day he may inherit the earth. The temper of the Hebrew folk is too profound and pacific to be understood by a people whose boasted civilization often amazes themselves by its recrudescence in savagery. It needs a different introspection to see the brilliant, faceted gem within the crude crystal from the mine; to behold the glory of God in a firefly's phosphorescence. Instinctively there comes a retrospect of that Jew, who, when accused before Pontius Pilate, answered never a word. Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. When he suffered, he threatened not. It is the spirit of a sublime faith which saturated the Hebrew people in the centuries long agone. In exile they may forget their inheritance. But rags do not unmake royalty; the dormant kingliness remains and reveals itself in unconscious dignities.

There are Jews of the highest position and ability. They are outstanding among their fellow citizens, having escaped from opprobrium through their personal qualities and their valuable contributions to social and civic welfare. They are expressive of the latent genius of their people. The Gentile herd gazes at them and, in ignorance, is most astonished because they are Jews. The wiser few marvel, remembering the unjust handicaps above which they have risen to eminence. The whole picture of the Hebrew people is made the sadder by the revelation of the innate possibilities of the race. The Ghettos of the nations tell a story of degradation more shameful to the Christian people than to Judaism. No one needs to wonder at it, much less to sneer. There is degradation. But it is of poverty and ignorance, thrust upon them by ostracism. Nothing will so devitalize the dignity and incentive of man as the ban of exclusion. Yet the depression of the Jewish spirit has not involved evil and immorality. I utterly repudiate the slanderous ill will of Shakespeare and Dickens. The type of Shylock and Fagin is not more characteristic of the Hebrew than it is of the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt. I believe that there is no other people on the face of the earth who, under similar experiences, could so have kept their faith in God, could equally have preserved their family and personal traditions unsmirched. They are interested in a maze of petty observances, but the fundamentals remain infrangible. I cannot better close this section than with a quotation from Israel Zangwill, a Jew, at once generous and loyal, at the same time honest as an introspective analyst of his people.

"This London Ghetto of ours is a region where, amid uncleanness and squalor, the rose of romance blows yet a little longer in the raw air of English reality; a world which hides beneath its stony and unlovely surface an inner world of dreams, fantastic and poetic as the mirage of the Orient where they were woven, of superstitions grotesque as the cathedral gargoyles of the Dark Ages in which they had birth. And over all lie tenderly some streaks of celestial light shining from the face of the great Lawgiver."

II

The determined cleavage between Hebrews and Gentiles goes deeper than community and religious isolation. Their Semitic inheritances are as foreign to ours as though color set the demarcation. In physical and in psychical characteristics the racial line is drawn. Inter-

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marriage is an inconvenience to Protestants. It is indexed as a sin by Catholics. To the Hebrew it is a dishonor and apostasy. The result has been centuries of close inbreeding with the Jews. The worth of the Jew's absolute segregation is not difficult to understand. A racial law is written there to which he has been true. The human hybrid is a product of very questionable value. The instinctive barrier about the Hebrew people is reasonably significant of more than preference. From the day of Terah and his son, Abram, a conscription was laid upon their posterity—a separation in mankind as the channel of divine revelation.

An ordination like that is as indelible as priesthood. It calls for isolation. The man of genius knows what such selection means, when solitude and misunderstanding become his portion. A nation called to originate and deliver a divine purpose soon finds the lone identity of its place in the world. Man or people they must obey the summons and every circumstance will conspire to preserve the seclusion. For the Hebrews it has been a sacrifice and an exaltation among the peoples of the earth. Theirs has been the glory and the labor of the parturition of divine truth, conceived in them by the Spirit of God. Strange that birth should demand agony. As inevitable of truth as of child. No great reform or principle has ever come to take its place in human advance but that some chosen man or people has borne loneliness, misunderstanding, martyrdom, and ridicule in witness to it. All that the Jews have endured, and a historic prejudice remains to this day.

The history of Israel is unique and significant. Out of the union of Abraham and Sarah, a sterile couple one hundred years old, developed a people bound by restrictions and inspired by divine promises. Certainly that mill of God ground exceedingly fine. Experiences that might fairly have broken every bit of national ambition, wrecked personal character, and submerged the people into degradation and despair were to be theirs. Years of abject slavery, of desert wandering, of dissensions and backsliding within, and brutal warfare without. Two exiles among masters idolatrous, debauched, and cruel. Homes and country swept bare by invasions. Pillage, rapine, and exhausting taxation.

But there was something unbeatable ingrained in that people. The sense that they were called of God for a great purpose would not down. Jehovah could not fail. Neither would they fail Him. Amid all experiences, through hundreds of years, the steady, resolute spirit of the Hebrew people held on, led by their dauntless prophets. They upbuilt a kingdom whose power and splendor were the marvel of other nations. They developed a religion and worship unsurpassed in truth and beauty. And not for themselves alone. Their eyes were on the future—peoples yet unborn. The Christ was ever in their vision. They bore loyal witness to the one, absolute, incomparable Jehovah. They put the principles of their own Decalogue into the moral code of every enlightened people. They declared the unfailing love, goodness, and human intimacy of God. They held the certainty that God would eventually enter humanity in some Messianic manner to bring in a triumph of right and immortality. A crystal clear river of faith flowing down the centuries, which has made our Christianity possible.

It is no wonder that the Jews are a peculiar people. It is a national celibacy demanded by their ordination. No man or people who have been face to face with God can ever forget or lose the

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intinction. The Hebrew nation may be lost in the transmutations of humanity —inevitable as evolution and eternity— buried in the mausoleum of departed civilizations. But Judaism will find its immortality in the faith and moral standards of unborn peoples, who will reap where Israel shall be sown. Scattered among the nations, not as a national failure, but as a divine purpose. The burgeoned sacrifice of a sown seed.

III

When you draw your skirts away from the tawdriness of Rebecca; when you laugh at Solomon Levi's strident calls for rags; when you clutch your Saxon purse near a pawn-shop; remember for a moment the historical glory that lies behind them. Ask yourself, whence came that spiritual religion upon which you rest your confidence in God and your hope of immortality; wherein you find the comfort and peace of your finest hours of worship. Forget not Abram who established faith as the corner-stone of justification; Moses whose laws are the foundation of our jurisprudence; David whose songs are the best of our hymnology; Isaiah who saw through heaven; and Jesus of Nazareth, the soul of Christianity, himself a Jew, every inch of him.

The modern Jews, who have fed the hungers of the heart, soul, and mind of men, space would forbid cataloguing. Spinoza, gentle, wise and persecuted, whom Renan called "the greatest Jew of modern times," and Durant terms "the greatest of modern philosophers." Heine, who sang his lyrics from a heart anguished over the miseries of his people. Marx, radical and thundering for justice to the masses. The glorious harmonists of Germany, whose Jewish souls have given us our best in oratorio and symphony. Disraeli wisely ruling England. The Rothschilds financing Europe through bankruptcy. A few among a host.

For how long will our modern civilization ignore its indebtedness to the Jewish race? It would seem that it only needs an awakened appreciation to bring about religious and social affiliation. Simple gratitude is a moving impulse. One might expect the approach to originate with the Church—the heir of the spiritual fortune of Judaism. But the Church somehow seems strangely ultra-conservative, fearful lest its orthodoxy be profaned. It will go forth for converts, but hesitates in fellowship with differences. The differences, however, are of small value compared with the intrinsic principles. These, both in our religion and our commonweal, came not from our Aryan forebears. They had few moral or spiritual excellences to bequeath. We have received the gifts of Israel—their marvellous evolution of spiritual concepts—the victories of their crucifixions. The afflatus of that Hebrew inspiration was too divine to vanish. Gods come and go. But Israel's Jehovah stays. Not an essential element of that Judaic order has been outgrown or refuted. The evidence of its truth is in its endurance. The harsh and legalistic ideas disappeared as the spiritual understanding of God and of His purposes increased. The personal Jehovah, eternal hope, divine intimacy—these remain, paramount for human character and progress.

Monotheism has been from the first the primary and central tenet of the Hebrew religion. From that all else has developed. It is the keystone of any permanence in faith, holding all truths and their interpretations in structure. That bond removed, the arch falls. Religion disintegrates into an unreliable poly-

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theism or is superseded by a vague and impersonal mysticism. On the rock of its faith in the absolute Ego of God, the I AM of Jehovah, Israel has stood without faltering. Through its history, it came clear and loyal in spite of polytheisms and idolatries of surrounding nations and of times of heresy at home.

Israel's Monotheism is unique in deistic concepts. Philosophic science searches for an ever-receding, impersonal first cause. Mohammedanism has lost the theistic idea in the thrall of a blind, inescapable kismet—a fetich of fate. Even Christian theology, in common with Hinduism, has established a triad of personalities, vary-minded and inclined to make reciprocal compacts about mankind.

The Jehovah of the Hebrews is a sole and solitary personality, supreme and absolute. Yet immanent and intimate. Revealed in every phase of nature; manifest in the trend of history; associated in all human affairs; exacting for righteousness, yet sympathetic and forgiving. God and man are of one life and intention, needing no mediation. From the time that the Lord God walked in Eden, in the cool of the day, to search out Adam, always God kept in familiar touch with the doings of men. When Abraham sat in the door of his tent, God came and talked with him. He wrestled with Jacob at Jabbok and ennobled him as Israel—a prince of God. He called unto Moses from the burning bush and made the place holy ground. Upon Mount Sinai, God inspired Moses with the essentials of theology and morals. It was to their Jehovah that the Hebrews, in all confidence, carried their burdens and sins. Him they glorified in the utmost splendor of worship. The prophets never ceased to declare, "Thus saith the Lord," undoubtedly confident that they spoke His word. There are many instances recorded of this intimate association of God with His people. Explain them as you will. It makes very little difference. Religious myths, folk-lore stories, actual events. However they may be understood, they do not fail to tell us the essential spirit of Israel's Monotheism. God is One and He is in intimate fellowship with men.

A pure Monotheism postulates a reasonable Optimism. Strange that these two fundamental ideas should be the most difficult for human faith to hold. Polytheism and Pessimism seem a natural drift. Polytheism is a playing god against god for human escape—a religious hedging. Pessimism is a cowardly and materialistic dread that evil may triumph. It is the low spirit that tries to get there first and, when disaster looms, cries out, "I told you so." Optimism is an unpopular idea to-day, estimated as cheap, visionary, and impracticable. Possibly it is all that when scepticism and human self-reliance are all that remain of a lost spiritual faith. Cold science sees very little ahead for the race. Before mankind it views the inexorable sequences of nature, offering the only immortality in sexual reproduction. This will last only until man or woman wears out. The materialist foresees the personal ego absorbed in the complexity of the cosmos, coming out of it as an ephemera and being returned to oblivion. Therein lies Pessimism, an ultimate failure of the beauty, joy, and vigor of this wonderful world; an annihilation of man with his dreams, his faith, his entrance into the mysteries of the universe.

The religion of Israel with its personal, guiding, and intimate God has been a bulwark against that despair. With the faith of the Hebrews lasting through the centuries, adopted by Christianity, the human soul has gone on in confidence. It is the Jew's supreme gift to the

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courage and incentive of mankind. The foundation of Monotheism and the superstructure of Optimism. That outlook gave rise to the Hebrew's Messianic prevision. Ideas about the Messiah might change, but never the trust in ultimate deliverance and triumph. The divine intention for man is written in the divine character.

IV

The Hebrew rejection of Jesus has been held as an impassable barrier between Christianity and Judaism. But that rejection has no basis in fact. It has been a theologic figment created by scholastic dogmatists to bolster their development of an ecclesiastic system. We may remember that the Jewish people never rejected Jesus up to the status which he claimed for himself. He was received with enthusiastic devotion by the common folk. His chosen band of intimates were all Jews. From the first to the last he was a loyal Jew. His teachings emphasized and developed the essentials of Judaism. Whatever he sought to change was in a return to the spiritual elements of the religion of his people. The rabbinists had done to Judaism exactly what the scholastics have done in Christianity—involved the simplicity of fundamental truths into a maze of dogmatics. If anything ever drowns the essentials of Hebraism, it will be submergence in rabbinical Talmudism.

Jesus was crucified by an arrogant and frightened lot of ecclesiastics, who were subsidized by Roman money to support Roman domination. The howl of "Crucify him" was from the throats of a street mob, excited by paid zealots, and gathered, as one would see it to-day in any cosmopolitan city, from the lowest types of vagrants. Jerusalem was a haven for a horde of begging, thieving loafers. They lived upon alms and refuse. Their most enticing amusement was to gloat over blood and cruelty. It was a free, outdoor show of a Roman holiday. Never, so long as I can believe in humanity, shall I think that the throng, who hailed Jesus with devotion on Palm Sunday, swerved to the horror of Good Friday. The multitude, who were his disciples, whose children he had blessed, whose sick and suffering he had healed, whose dead he had raised, whose perplexities he had solved, to whom he had given the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, they were not in that blood-thirsty rabble. They stood afar off in agony and sorrow. They were the Jewish people.

The Jews have never rejected the historical Jew, Jesus of Nazareth. Only the human God whom theology has created out of the superlative Man. Even to-day they receive him as a great teacher and leader, allied with their succession of inspired prophets. But when his zealous followers, impressed by his teachings and reported miracles, especially by his final resurrection, exalted him above mankind and enwrapped his fine humanity with the attributes of deity—coequal with the eternal Jehovah—then the very basic idea of their religion was abrogated.

The final words of this article are from the pen of Rabbi Lazaron, a scholarly and profound interpreter of Judaism. "Jesus the man is the object of the love of Jew and Christian alike. . . . When you died, most unselfish of men, you died as a Jewish martyr; not the first nor yet the last of many Jewish martyrs. You sprang from our loins. We understand you, Jesus. . . . It is your people who know and understand you best!"

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Tobacco and Health

BY JAMES A. TOBEY, DR. P. H.

TOBACCO advertising in our modern magazines and current newspapers has provoked many fervent protests from zealous organizations whose members are convinced that the portrayal of women smoking is as meretricious as the act itself. The use of the fragrant (some call it flagrant) weed by men and boys formerly bore the brunt of the battle on tobacco, but the recent popularity of the cigarette among women and girls has shifted the emphasis of the attack, though the alleged physical, mental, and moral injuries to the male members of society are not exactly overlooked. Ever since the end of the fifteenth century, when tobacco was discovered, its reputed merits and dangers have excited controversy, vigorous, violent, and fanatic.

Literally thousands of tirades have been written against tobacco. It has been and is attacked on economic, hygienic, physiologic, and social grounds. The output of belles-lettres in favor of tobacco is equally profuse, and generally speaking, far more literary. Entirely aside from the salubrious aspects of the problem, Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine" is a real classic, and Hamilton's recent book on "This Smoking World" is as entertaining as most novels.

The percentage of sane, sound, scientific, and reasonable pronouncements on the subject of tobacco and health seems distinctly meagre, though that is true of many moot topics of real significance. To attempt to present an impartial viewpoint of the actual relationships between the use of tobacco and physical and mental efficiency is not only difficult but requires a certain amount of courage. Whenever a neutral position based on scientific facts is assumed, it invariably offends the partisans on both sides, draws down the wrath of the gods, such as they are, and pleases no one—except that fairly representative group of sensible persons who have tired of the maunderings of the extremists.

There is really much to be said on both sides. Tobacco is not without its virtues, but it is not devoid of dangers. The pernicious zealots who assert, as they do, in widely distributed pamphlet material that the cigarette "makes boys become dishonest, untruthful, impure, and criminal in their lives," and that "it has prevented tens of thousands of boys from becoming Christians and landed them in perdition," are no more unreasonable and bigoted than are some of the predatory, mercenary, and rapacious commercial tobacco interests, whose sales methods and advertising ethics, or lack of them, are, to put it mildly, definitely malodorous. No wonder *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has characterized tobacco advertising as "gone mad," and even the Federal Trade Commission has had to issue a cease-and-desist order against some of the more reprehensible practices in this field. In a cigarette it may be taste, but in advertising it's truth that counts.

Although the campaign against the alleged iniquities of tobacco has been vigorously waged for many years, the rising consumption of the various forms of the so-called nefarious weed does not point to much marked success in this reform. The consumption of cigarettes in the United States increased from some thirteen million in 1913 to about fifty

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million in 1921, and now it is more than double that figure. About the same number of cigars have been consistently smoked each year for the last decade and a half, while the manufacture of other types of tobacco has dropped off a little. In a fervid address before the Senate, the Honorable Reed Smoot declared that in 1901 only three million cigarettes were consumed and that the present consumption represents a 3,000 per cent increase in the last thirty years.

Senator Smoot bewails the fact that we spent as much in 1926 for tobacco as we did for life insurance or on the cost of public schools. This legislator was aroused, and with some justification, by the unfair and improper attack made by one leading cigarette manufacturer on wholesome foods. He would have the Federal Food and Drug Act extended to include tobacco, thinking thus to remedy some of the evils of what he calls "the insidious cigarette campaign," which, he continues, is a challenge to our American public health.

Approximately four billion pounds of this product which is said to challenge public health are raised annually throughout the world, mostly from a plant which is descended from the original *N. tabacum* of Virginia. The tobacco plant is a tender thing, beset by enemies from its first seedling, some as virulent as the critics of the finished product. It must be carefully nurtured in the proper soil, kept free of predatory insects, bathed with the right amount of sunlight, and sheltered from devastating winds. When grown, it must be scientifically plucked, and the leaves carefully selected. Tobacco culture is obviously an agricultural science of a high order. After selection, tobacco is cured, fermented, and aged before it is ready for transformation into smoke.

Chemically considered, tobacco is a complex organic substance containing not only the well-known and much-discussed alkaloid, nicotine, but cellulose and pectic acid, albuminous matter, tannin derivatives, starch, sugar, and salts of several organic acids. It also has moisture, and the amount of this ordinary H_2O exerts a definite effect on the smoker. The water content of most tobaccos averages from 12 to 16 per cent, although some range as high as 50 per cent, a quantity which may be physiologically harmful.

When tobacco is burned, the combustion alters many of the chemical properties, and since it is the smoke rather than the tobacco which affects the human system, these changes and their control are of some significance. The composition of cigarette fumes has been found to vary with the manner and rate with which the "nail in the coffin" is smoked. Not only does the vapor contain nicotine, but it also has carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, furfural, ammonia, and other compounds, some of which are irritating and possibly harmful to certain individuals.

The nicotine content of smoke increases with the speed of smoking, according to Doctor Emil Bogen, who read an interesting paper on the composition of cigarette smoke before the meeting of the American Medical Association in 1929. When small intermittent puffs are indulged in, so that the cigarette does not burn down in less than ten minutes to the two-thirds mark, there is much less nicotine, carbon monoxide, and aldehyde than in fast and furious smoking. Nicotine also collects in the end of the cigarette nearest the mouth, and as the burning approaches this end, there may be more of the alkaloid in the smoke.

The actual quantity of nicotine in cigarettes varies from less than 1 per cent to a maximum of about 2.5 per cent.

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Strange as it may seem, the Oriental brands average less than half as much as do the domestic, with the blends midway between. Cigars and pipe tobacco show similar variations. None of the so-called denicotinized tobaccos, whether put out as pipe tobacco or as cigars or cigarettes, are completely denicotinized, though they may contain less nicotine. Some of the ordinary, unprocessed brands actually have less nicotine than do the so-called denicotinized. The Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station analyzed a large number of tobaccos in 1929 and found that forty-six unprocessed brands of cigarettes averaged 1.77 per cent nicotine, while twelve brands asseverated to be denicotinized averaged 1.09 per cent. If a person smokes more denicotinized products, he can get as large a dose of nicotine as he can by smoking fewer of the non-denicotinized.

Now what are the horrible things that this nicotine is supposed to do to the deluded individual who thinks he derives pleasure from the narcotic weed? Professor Irving Fisher, eminent economist and ardent supporter of Prohibition, declares in a pamphlet distributed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church and by other reform bodies, that tobacco injures the heart, disturbs blood-pressure, hurts the eyes, poisons the nerves, lessens resistance to tuberculosis and other diseases, sometimes induces cancer, often leads to the use of alcohol, reduces muscular power and accuracy, impairs working efficiency, impairs earning power and athletic power, stunts the growth of young, probably reduces fertility, probably shortens life, and probably reduces appreciably the vigor of the offspring of the heavy smoker.

The professor quotes a number of studies by physicians, Y. M. C. A. workers, and college teachers to support his conclusions. He would not, in fact, have to seek far in medical literature to find solace and comfort for his views, however radical and unbalanced they may seem to dispassionate thinkers. On the other hand, there is plenty of medical authority to support the opinion that moderate smoking is harmless in the great majority of instances. It has been alleged by some medical experts that smoking raises the blood-pressure, a fact somewhat vehemently denied by other physicians of equal reputation.

In an article contributed to *The Journal of the American Medical Association* of August 3, 1929, Doctor Wingate M. Johnson, who says he does not smoke even though he does reside and practise in Winston-Salem, N. C., a well-known centre of the tobacco industry, describes a clinical study lasting for three years, from which he concludes that tobacco-smoking has no permanent effect on blood-pressure, that there is no foundation for the belief that addiction to the aromatic weed decreases weight, that it is doubtful if smoking plays any part in the cause of that heart affliction known as angina pectoris, and that whatever effect there may be is chiefly local, and exerted principally on the pharynx. This physician thinks that smoking may result in a congestion of the pharynx, the passage between the mouth and nose and the œsophagus, and that the ensuing irritation may cause a cough regardless of the brand or the number of car-loads used, but that this trouble never goes as far as the lungs. Doctor Johnson, it might be remarked, made his observations on three hundred subjects, equally divided between smokers and non-smokers, which seems to be two hundred and ninety-nine more than some of the doctors of philosophy and

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other laymen most dogmatic on the subject have observed clinically.

Such soothing balm for the smokers could not, of course, go unchallenged, and Doctor S. Adolphus Knopf, of New York, noted, among other things, as a militant proponent of birth control, rises to disagree, spreading his reasons therefor in *The Medical Journal and Record* for November, 1929. Although he attributes much of an alleged increase in the mortality from tuberculosis in young girls to flimsy dress, he also believes that excessive cigarette-smoking and its inevitable concomitant, night life, are also responsible. "I have no definite statistics to offer," admits Doctor Knopf, "nor am I prepared to say that excessive smoking alone has ever produced tuberculosis, but when consulted concerning an individual in a run-down condition or definitely predisposed to tuberculosis, I have always found it beneficial to forbid smoking."

In 1918 there was organized a Committee to Study the Tobacco Problem, its stated object being to collect and publish scientific data regarding tobacco and its effects. Among the prime movers in this noble experiment were Professor Irving Fisher, Doctor John Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek, who permits no one to smoke in the sanitarium which he directs, Professor Frederick W. Roman, of the United States Bureau of Education, and Hudson Maxim. The more than fifty members of this committee are said to include smokers as well as non-smokers, though some of its opponents declare that the latter seem to predominate.

Two books have been issued under the ægis of this body. The first, brought out in 1923, is entitled "Tobacco and Mental Efficiency," and comes from the pen of Professor Michael Vincent O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, a prolific writer on child welfare. The second, "Tobacco and Physical Efficiency," is by Doctor Pierre Schrumpf-Pierron, of the University of Cairo, and was given to the world in 1927. Both of these epitomes are stated to be unbiassed presentations of the subject and seem in general to be what they claim, although in neither is there any disinclination to emphasize all the alleged deleterious effects of my lady nicotine.

Investigations of the personal habits of distinguished individuals, cited by Professor O'Shea, indicate an equal division between smokers and non-smokers. Most literary persons of note have succumbed to the wiles of the weed, and so have most Presidents. This writer sent questionnaires to numerous school superintendents, who reported that out of a total of two thousand students, about 30 per cent were smokers. This vile habit apparently exerted a most pernicious influence, for our author-pundit reaches the naïve conclusion that "It should be noted that smoking is associated with other practices that affect scholarship—visitations to pool halls and motion-pictures, the use of coffee and tea, chewing-gum, and eating candy. But it has been found that non-smokers indulge in these pastimes and dissipations, thought not quite so generally in regard to pool halls as do smokers."

A more recent scientific study on the relationship of tobacco and scholarship is contributed by J. Rosslyn Earp, Dr. P. H., who investigated this subject at Antioch College in Ohio. This well-qualified inquirer found from studies of one hundred and seventy-seven smokers and one hundred and seventy-six non-smokers that the latter made slightly better school grades than the former, but he properly raised the question whether there may not be other factors concerned. The abstainers displayed no greater

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intelligence, when this elusive attribute was scientifically measured. The most significant result of this whole study, as in fact of most which concern tobacco in relation to this and that, is that "there is still plenty of opportunity for research on this subject." Doctor Schrumpf-Pierron reaches the same startling conclusion. Unquestionably there is, but the fact does not deter many unqualified persons from making positive assertions on every phase and aspect of the problem.

Another more or less dispassionate observer, Doctor H. A. Diehl, of the University of Minnesota, compared the physiques of four hundred and forty-five smokers with those of four hundred and forty-one who refrained from the habit. He found that there were no significant differences. In another interesting comparison of the health of one hundred and forty-one university students on probation because of poor scholarship with four hundred and ninety-six who were doing satisfactory work, this investigator found certain physical defects, such as overweight, anæmia, and defective hearing, more prevalent in the probationary group, but no significant difference in the smoking habit.

The several studies mentioned are, of course, only an infinitesimal fraction of the legion to be found in medical and scientific literature dealing with the tobacco question. The protagonist on either side may find plenty of ammunition by selecting the pronouncements favorable to his point of view and disregarding the others. There are, however, certain fairly well-conceded facts about tobacco and its influence on physical and mental health. They are not conceded by the extremists, but they may be accepted by reasonable persons who prefer truth to fanaticism.

When used in reasonable moderation, tobacco does not exert a harmful effect on the average person. No one would claim that it is highly beneficial, though there are unquestionably occasions when tobacco may exert a soothing or sedative effect which may be psychologically helpful. The use of the cigarette in the trenches during the World War was no doubt often an advantage to an individual. It may have been the chance to do something, to perform a diverting act, rather than the narcotic effect which was helpful. In a section on tobacco in a leading reference book on public health, Doctor Eugene Lyman Fisk concludes, however, that "a careful examination of the evidence does not show that tobacco will do anything for the steady support and upbuilding of health."

Used in excess, tobacco may prove deleterious to many individuals. There is no question that such use often does cause catarrhal conditions and other affections of the respiratory organs, especially when the smoke is inhaled, and this regardless of any known or enthusiastically advertised process of treatment of the tobacco, or well-paid testimonial as to its salutary effect. Excessive use may also cause trouble to the eyesight, or amblyopia, and it may even result in a disturbance of the heart, resembling, but apparently not a true, angina pectoris. All smokers who look back on the probable agony of their first smoke will agree that digestive upsets may sometimes be the result of the use of tobacco.

Cancer of the mouth has been attributed by some well-informed specialists to protracted and excessive use of tobacco. The irritation of the smoke or the constant employment of a rough pipe-stem are thought by some observers to be conducive to cancer in those who are constitutionally susceptible to this organic disease. Cancer is, however, still

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very much of a medical enigma, and scientific studies showing a definite, correlated relationship between mouth cancer and tobacco, in the light of such modern knowledge as exists, are neither profuse nor positive. There is some evidence on the point, however, and some real authorities have expressed the opinion that tobacco may be a definite factor in mouth cancer.

What is moderate use of tobacco and what is excessive seem to be largely individual problems. What is moderate for one person might be excessive for another. In a study made by Doctor Earp, he classified as moderate smokers those who used up to ten cigarettes, three pipes, or two cigars a day, but, as he states, this is an arbitrary distinction and can be only approximately satisfactory.

What is moderate smoking may depend upon the age and sex of the individual. Certainly no decent advocate of tobacco would recommend it for children or for youths who have not passed the adolescent stage, any more than he would recommend coffee or alcohol for such growing persons. When is the safe age to begin to smoke may be a matter of opinion, with many factors involved, as usual. Unquestionably the age is well beyond the adolescent period. There are, of course, no scientific experiments on smoking by juveniles, and most that is said has been gleaned from observation, a method open to innumerable errors. Contrary to all that has been said, shouted, in fact, there is reasonable doubt as to whether tobacco stunts growth.

Should women smoke? The answer is that they do. The moderate use of tobacco apparently harms women no more than it does men. It has been asserted that smoking by expectant mothers exerts a baneful effect on fœtal life, but scientific evidence that it does so is lacking. Moderate smoking by women may mean in many instances less addiction to the weed than would be allowable for men. Civic equality of the sexes has not yet been able to overcome certain biological differences.

Tobacco has been accused of adversely influencing longevity, but here again scientific proof of the charge has not yet been adduced. If the veracity of the modern press is not capable of being impugned, which is doubtful, tobacco caused the premature death of one person. A cigar ignited the beard of one Kuppa Bier last April and he succumbed to the burns suffered. It seems that this Jewish patriarch had smoked for only ninety-one years and was said to have reached the fairly old age of one hundred and nine when tobacco caused his demise. Our second President, John Adams, also was cut off in his prime, at the age of ninety-one, after having used tobacco for more than sixty years. One or two such cases, or the many others which could be cited, do not prove anything, but they are of interest. Many factors influence longevity, with heredity and nutrition among the most important.

When all is said and done, tobacco is here to stay, and it is useless to attempt to legislate against it or educate the nation to abstain entirely from the habit. As in the enjoyment of many other luxuries, temperance and moderation are desirable attributes, and will be acknowledged as such by all sensible persons, of which there are supposedly still a few. Temperance and moderation are virtues which need to be cultivated in American life, not only in the practice of various personal habits but in what is said about those habits when practised by others.

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Blades

By Padraic Colum

Sojourner, set down
Your skimming wheel;
Nothing is sharp
That we have of steel:
Nothing has edge—
Oh, whirl around
Your wheel of stone
Till our blades be ground!

Harshly, quickly, under blades
Hafted with horn and wood and bone
Went the wheel:
Narrow long knives that should be one edge,
House-knives that sliced the loaf to the heel,
And scraped scales off mackerel,
And weighty knives that were shaped like a wedge—
Stone wakened keenness in their steel:
Knives with which besom-makers pare
Their heather-stalks, and hawkers' blades
Used by men of a dozen trades;
Broad-bladed knives that cut bacon-sides,
And stumpy knives for cobblers' hides,
With hunters' knives that were thinned with wear—
All were brought to,
All were laid on,
All were ground by
The Sojourner's wheel.

And those who filled the market-square
Saw hand and eye upon their ware
That were well schooled and scrupulous
To spend upon that task their use.
But sparks came from the eyes and met
The sparks that were from edges whet,
As eagerly and wittingly
The dulness of each blade scoured he,
And the brow he bent was like a stone.

Over the grinding-stone he sang,
"The dalesman's sword shall make you fear,
And the dirk in the grasp of the mountaineer,

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And likewise the pirate's blue cutlass
Who have left your blades long edgeless!"
But the men were thinking of games of cards,
And the looks of the boys were turned towards
The corner where they played pitch-and-toss,
And the women thought of the herring across
The tongs to roast where pot-hooks hang.
"Unready and unforward men
Who have no right to any lien
On the gifts of Tubal Cain,
The gifts of our father, Tubal Cain!"

But no one drew meaning from the song,
As he made an equal edge along
One side of a blade and the other one,
And polished the surface till it shone.

"Now leave a blessing on what you have done."

"For what I have done I take my fee,
But no blessing I leave on it," said he,
"Everybody knows,
Everybody knows
That the knife-grinder
No blessing bestows."

Then the market-place, with wheel apack
He left, and the men to their cards went back
And talked of a bird in the cocker's loft;
And of limeing linnets beside the croft
The boys told between pitch and toss;
And the women laid the herring across
The tongs to roast for a sloven's meal.

And he went out beside the peel
Tower, and through Saint Selskar's Gate,
Heading at a hearty rate
Towards the hilltops and the shades.

And three who brought back sharpened blades
To their fathers' stalls by the Tan-yard Side,
And then stayed while a blackbird cried
Quietly by their groundsills—
The butcher's daughter,
The cobbler's daughter,
The hawker's daughter,
Were lost on the hills!

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Saturday night on Long Island: How all the family came home— a story by a new contributor

The Cross-Roads

BY MILDRED WASSON

RICHARD TOWER always experienced the same homing pleasure as he stepped off the train at his own suburban station and swung up the leafy avenue to his house. He liked to think of this mock Tudor centre as his village. He was country-bred, and the intimacy and friendliness of his own down-town gave him a satisfaction far deeper than his hard-won niche in the city.

He noted with civic pride that the shrubs in the tiny public square had opened new blossoms during the day. They smiled him a welcome. "Something to take the cinders out of your eye," he answered in passing. He had a wistful regret that their leaves were losing their tender, baby freshness, and were acquiring a sophisticated polish. "Like children growing up," he sighed. New leaves always looked like crumpled baby hands in their limpness. Soon they grew dextrous, reaching and grasping. The lilacs were coming on. Lilacs for Memorial Day. No, that was down home. They would be earlier here.

He stopped to enjoy his favorite vista, the lavender gray of his slate roof nestling among the trees. Once with an uneasy burst of poetic feeling, he had told his wife that he was building that nest as did the birds, for safety, hidden among the leaves so none but them could find it. Richard hesitated at the gate, his quick eye detecting something wrong in the tulip bed.

"You would, would you?" He smiled half condemning, half condoning such a naughty trick. A spindling red-and-yellow tulip lifted its pert cup in the midst of Molly's prize Darwins, guaranteed pure cerise. Gingerly he set his foot between the plants and pulled up the plebeian intruder. Molly would laugh when he told her of this mesalliance among her aristocrats. He went into the library, still dangling the tulip like a dead rabbit. The house was still. It had an empty feeling. He knew that if he should shout, he could not even raise an echo. A maid appeared in answer to his ring.

"Is Mrs. Tower at home, Lena?"

"No, sir. She is dining out."

"And the children?"

"Miss Ruth is out for dinner."

"With her mother?" Richard was not quick enough to take the sharpness out of his question.

"No, sir. She just say she'd be out for dinner."

"And Dick? Is he also dining out?" Richard gave full vent to sarcasm here. What did he care what Lena thought? She whispered about him in the kitchen, no doubt.

"Yes, sir. Dick is dining with a friend."

Richard looked across the wide hall

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to the dining-room, which showed no evidence of dinner preparation. "Am I supposed to be dining out?"

Lena's flat face gave no hint of her private thoughts upon their engagements. "No, sir. Mrs. Tower sais the bake-bean is what you like and for you to have it."

"Thank you, Lena. And thank God for beans."

Strange that in his world, suddenly grown topsyturvy, Saturday night should still bring the constant bean. Nice of Molly to remember. She hated them, but always humored his weakness. What did she know about the ceremony of baked beans? One simply did not sit down to them alone.

The very thought wafted a reminiscent perfume to his nose. It was a queer, homesick smell, tinged with forgotten longings. His mother was mixed with it. The kitchen of the farm down home appeared vividly before him, warm and steamy with Saturday smells, freshly baked bread, the escape of beans and pork and molasses, richer and more tantalizing with each opening of the oven: the lively jiggling of the brown-bread in its steamer. He saw the cellar door, gray paint rubbed off, revealing a collar of shiny wood around the brass knob. That door was connected with the smell of beans, for he would be sent down the steep cellar stairs for a jar of piccalilli, and another smell would mingle with Saturday, a mixture of apples and potato bags. That heady scent of stored apples brought it all too achingly to mind, so he slammed the cellar door, feeling the stout wooden latch under his fingers. Wearily he rested his head against the filet-lace square, which Molly had made for his chair with housewifely skill and precaution, and waited thus for Lena to summon him to his unsociable beans.

He liked to have his coffee and cigarette in the library. Better to be alone in that room. Richard let his eyes rest lovingly on the bookcases flanking the fireplace. Just the right height, he nodded, with the same conviction with which he had first dictated their measurements. Old bindings caught the firelight like oak leaves in the fall down home. Subdued autumn shades in the rugs too. Why was he possessed to find autumn in the midst of spring? He'd not done such a bad stroke getting that etching of the bridge. Molly hadn't liked it at first, thought there wasn't enough to it. Then she heard that the fellow had made a name for himself, that every one was talking about him—every one meaning that ass she was so cracked over. It took his say-so to demonstrate the value of his find, did it?

Richard stared at the etching until its delicate lines blurred into nothing, and reflected in the glass were the mocking faces of Molly and the ass named Eric. Where was she? He could detach himself for a momentary glimpse of the husband at his deserted hearth, anxiously waiting for his wandering mate, but the detachment was forced and brought no philosophic balm. He knew that he had but to glance at any paper or magazine to see this problem diagnosed and remedied. Next to prohibition it was foremost on the writing fellows' pens. But the ridiculous part of it was that it had happened to him, to his home. Was no house built strong enough, hidden cunningly enough?

His mouth twisted into a grim smile as he thought of Peter and his pumpkin shell. Nothing new or modern in it—old as the hills. There was comfort in the thought that better men than he had worked it out. He would not mess up his mind with suspicions. What did it matter where they were? At his studio or some arty dive. Safe to bet they weren't

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at a decent hotel. That wasn't the fellow's stripe.

Richard looked toward the double door in response to a low, birdlike chirrup. It was Dick's cat, Mary-Ann, gazing at him from between the portières. Mary-Ann never entered a room without speaking. She had better manners than the children. Richard had a strong affection for her. She was a continuation of a long line of cats he had loved at home, though they had been different, owing to an existence divided between house and barn—more useful than beautiful. Mary-Ann had never seen a mouse, nor would she have considered it any of her business if she had. She contributed to the home in an æsthetic sense, a tiger with royal markings.

Her slim body had none of the lankness of the ordinary mother cat after successive accouchements, nor had she the smug curves of the domesticated male. Although legally she could reproduce with impunity, Mary-Ann indulged in kittens but once a year, and then limited herself to the eugenic number of three. She accorded them a reasonable amount of marsupial attention, but never to the detriment of her figure. She bathed them in an absent-minded way, as if half recalling an atavistic gesture, but she never expended the salivic care which she lavished upon her own immaculate breast.

Although but two days ago her last child had departed in a limousine, Mary-Ann was not bereft. As she gazed into the library, it was with no agonized desire to hunt lost babies, but rather to estimate the chances of an undisturbed nap on the golden velour of the davenport.

Richard smiled at Mary-Ann; he whistled; he snapped his fingers and patted his knee. He even called, "Kitty-kitty," although she despised that inane summons. He grew insistent as his loneliness cried out for her. Slowly she turned away. In a few minutes she returned, not hesitating this time, but making a determined entrance as if demonstrating free will. She described a wide parabola, landing like a feather in Richard's lap.

This was the ideal companion for his mood. Gently he laid his hand on her back. It was the only caress she would endure, and under that sympathetic pressure, her eyes lost their topaz gleam, grew misty and languorous. A far-away expression crept into them, as if she wooed tall leaves of the jungle to wave protecting fans over her head. Then in answer to some long-forgotten tom-tom of her tribe, she began to tread a rhythmic measure against Richard's thigh, humming a low, contented accompaniment. The claws which had penetrated Richard's flesh as her dreamy lair had been trodden flat, withdrew into their furry sheaths, and the insinuating motion ceased. Mary-Ann slept.

Richard dared not remove his hand lest that slumber so patiently and scientifically induced should be disturbed. Mary-Ann had suffered complete bereavement three times, yet betrayed no hint of her loss. When the spirit moved she would get herself a new lover and a new family, but never a new home. The home was her background, the setting in which her personality flowered. Against that firm wall her fitful emotional life was lived, like sunlight and shadow playing upon a changeless screen. Molly was gone. The children snatched at the flimsiest excuse to absent themselves. The house was there. If Richard himself should go, he could not imagine the home not surviving. Just a shell full of things without love? That's what people said, but the things were like Mary-Ann. They belonged. They had grown roots. Years of use had fitted them into place.

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He could remember when he and Molly had bought that centre-table, just a modern imitation of Duncan Phyfe's masterpiece. How bare and uncompromising it had looked on the shop floor, surrounded by other tables. A table should be surrounded by chairs, its feet in a rug's deep pile. Molly's eyes had been wistful as she had said, "Can't you see our books on that table, and that strip of Chinese embroidery Mother gave us?" . . . Odd to think that those good old elephant book-ends hadn't always been right there. Dick used to play with them on the floor.

Then the day the new electric refrigerator arrived—nearly as exciting as their first automobile. It had been a surprise for Molly, and she had sent Dick around to the little store at once to get tomatoes and artichokes and some pretty pressed meat, just to see if it would look like the highly colored picture in the advertisement. The last time Richard had gone to it for a snack before bed, it had not looked like a magazine picture. It had shown a Slavic influence.

With clinched fist he gave his knee a terrific blow, sending Mary-Ann flying with fur on end. "God!" he cried aloud, and flung his arms wide, not in supplication but in sheer bewilderment. He strode to his tobacco jar and viciously crammed his pipe full.

Dick returned shortly after nine, reassuring himself with an anxious glance at the hall clock as Richard opened the door.

"Well, son, had a good time?" Richard was a great believer in cheerful greetings in a family. To greet a child with a rebuke he felt destroyed the anticipation of home-coming.

Dick gave his father a swift look as if to penetrate behind that harmless opening. He had stayed away without permission, other than the phlegmatic acquiescence of Lena. "Oh, not so hot. Tom and I went to the first show so's we'd be home early."

"That makes how many movies this week?" Richard inquired. Dick had preceded him into the library and was already busily occupied with stripping the glazed paper from a box of candy.

"Oh, I dunno. Did you bring this to me?"

"You and Bunny."

"You're the nuts. Thanks a lot, Dad. I wondered if you'd forget."

"Why should I? It's Saturday night, isn't it?"

Something of the sadness behind Richard's kindly smile reached the boy. He put back the nougatine he had grabbed and passed the box to his father. When Richard refused, Dick, still anxious to quiet the prickings of conscience, helped himself to an undistinguished shape and said nonchalantly, "Might as well leave the nigger for Bunny, long's I've had the opening."

"Good fellow," said Richard, sinking into his old leather chair, his knees at an inviting angle if Dick cared to forget his years for the moment. Nothing would have induced him to suggest it as he had to Mary-Ann.

Dick took a second chocolate, tried burning the wrapping by fitting it around an electric-light bulb, and then sidled between his father's knees, awkwardly sitting as if to deny that babyish position even to himself. Richard's arm yearned to encircle the sturdy figure, but dared not, for this second lodger in his lap would take more precipitate flight than Mary-Ann at the first open caress.

"A bum movie is an awful waste of time," Richard began easily.

"It was lousy." Dick was still downcast. "Dad——"

"What's wrong, Dick?"

"I feel sort of mean not waiting for

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you to go with us like we do. I—well, I thought maybe you wouldn't be coming home—and—so Tom, he——"

"That's all right. I was tired anyway, and you'd have been out of luck. Our Saturday-night toots are only when you haven't been during the week, remember. I should have had to beat you and put you to bed."

"Oh, yeah? You and who else?" Dick made a pass at his father's jaw and they grappled, each trying to capture the other's wrists.

Dick soon tired of his favorite puppy play and started twisting the buttons on Richard's waistcoat. "Tom said something to-night that got my goat. This movie was the lousiest thing—all about husbands and wives that didn't get along and—you know—getting in love with other people's husbands and wives. Hollywood stuff. Anything gets my goat is a picture where there's a lot of kissing."

"Tom liked it then?" Anything to help Dick come to the point. Richard already knew what was coming.

"No, he didn't like it much, but he said that it was what everybody does and you might as well get used to it. He—he said it was what my mother was doing and——"

"I hope you gave him one in the jaw."

"No," said Dick slowly, "and it wasn't because I was scared to fight. We were walking along and he said that—and well, I said 'so long'—and I came home a different way."

Richard was tongue-tied. The longer he waited the harder it was to speak. At last with a lightness so heavy, "Boys don't fight as much as they used to."

Then Dick was silent. He had dug into Richard's waistcoat pocket as he used to do as a little chap, and was snapping the blades of his penknife. He closed it, dropped it back into the pocket and raised big brown eyes like Molly's to Richard's face.

"I might as well say it, Dad. I don't like Mother's having that guy around here."

Dick seemed to grow limp. Richard had felt his muscles stiffening on his knee. Now the child collapsed, hung his head, and nothing but a heroic recollection of manhood to come kept the brown head from his father's breast.

Richard's throat was choked with rejected words. "Forrester? You don't like him?" His tight voice sounded distant and he wasn't even sure that the right words came.

"He's the one I want to paste in the eye, not Tom," was Dick's staggering reply.

Richard drew a deep breath, reached for the comforting penknife and tapped his thumb-nail with it. "I see what you mean about him, old man, but I'm afraid he's too much of a sissy for us to take on. He's not our sort, is he?"

"Why don't you tell her so then?" Dick's voice broke as he raised it.

"He's a friend of hers. She's interested in the stuff—or rather some sort of philosophy he teaches."

"Teaches, the bunk! He kisses her!" Dick rose, thrust both hands in his pockets and crossed the room. Thus he stood in the attitude of the outraged male, gazing out the window. "I thought you ought to know, that's all," he added without turning his head.

Then suddenly he swung around. "A guy that tattles on his mother ought to be shot. Go ahead. I don't care what you do to me!"

Richard held out his arms. No need to coax. The boy flung himself into them and burst into tears.

"There, there," Richard patted and cooed, strange mother tones in his husky

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rumble. "We'll get it all off our chest and think no more about it. She's your mother, Dick. Don't forget that—and however things may look to us, she wouldn't do anything she thought was wrong."

When Bunny announced herself with a peremptory ring, which was meant to convey her opinion of not being allowed a latch-key, Dick's face did not betray his tears. It was not more than naturally streaked with dirt, so he let her in.

"Dad's in there. You'll get it," he announced pleasantly.

Bunny gave him a destroying look, slatted her hat and coat at a hook in the hall closet, lingered some time before the mirror and then made an entrance, which in grace and nonchalance was handicapped by an unfortunate stumble over the rug.

"'Lo, Dad." She marched straight to the open candy box with an accusing look at Dick. "He's the biggest pig, Dad—opens it every time and swipes the nig—well, for a wonder!" She took the enormous block in two bites, articulating her thanks with difficulty.

"Had a good time?" began Richard feebly. His next cheerful greeting would be less spontaneous.

"Oh, marvellous."

"Where——"

But she did not allow him to put the paternal question. "Quite safe, darling, dancing at your own club and Edie's mother was there."

Richard grunted. Edie's mother held out small comfort to him. "I suppose you know best," he essayed a sarcasm which he reconsidered, and continued on another tack. "It seems to me that a girl who is trying for honors ought to get some sleep. After eleven last night and nearly twelve to-night."

"I notice I get the marks all right. Why is this kid up?"

Richard looked helpless. Several times during their very intimate evening since the outburst Richard had wanted to suggest bed. He was sleepy himself, but he felt that perhaps Dick needed distraction more than rest, so they had played an exhausting tournament of checkers.

"He's going now, and so are you," he said, his paternal impulse gathering force.

"Not till I've had some food. Gosh, wouldn't you think they'd serve something besides macaroons and punch?"

"Er—the punch?" asked Richard cautiously. "How was it—was it good?"

"If you like rotten bananas," Bunny called on her way to the kitchen.

"Now you cut along, and be sound asleep when your mother comes. I'll look in later. Open your windows, and I'd have a go with the tooth-brush. You've made quite a hole in that candy. Scrub them white so she won't know how many I let you have." Richard regretted that last remark, it savored too much of an alliance against Molly. "Go on, Dick. I mean it. I expect your mother any minute." This would sound more as if she were away with his approval.

Sending Bunny to bed was a different matter. He dreaded that pseudosophisticated air with which she received his suggestions. She came in at that moment with two thick roast-beef sandwiches, one in each hand, with small pickles stuck between her fingers. To his astonishment she held out one handful to him. "Here! I made it for you. That pickle's yours." She indicated one which had fallen to the floor.

Richard felt a little sick at his stomach. What he had needed all the evening was a stiff drink, but with Dick there he couldn't take it.

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"Thank you, dear. It would go right to the spot," he said manfully, and they munched in comfortable silence.

"Mother stepping out?" inquired Bunny when she had satisfied her first craving.

"Yes, she was out for dinner. I don't know where, that is——"

"That is, you can guess." Bunny came to the rescue with refreshing lack of finesse. "What she sees in that piece of cake! He gives her a good time I suppose," she added airily. "Lucky basketball is over so I can lay into that candy. Dick didn't do a thing to it, did he? You baby that kid, Dad."

"He's a good kid," said Richard.

"Did you tell him to take a bath?"

"No."

"Well, he's still in there."

Richard sighed and raised himself with the aid of the chair arms, a device foreign to him. He roared up the stairs to Dick, disheartened that the close sweetness of their little session must end in the usual bawl of authority.

He turned at the sound of Molly's key, and opened the door before she had unlocked it. He was mightily glad to see her.

"Thank God you've come!" Then conscious of Bunny's close attendance upon the scene, he stooped and brushed Molly's cheek with a kiss. She looked up at him, faintly startled, murmured "hello," and crossed the hall to the stairs, swinging off her fur as she hurried away from him. "Molly!" She turned back, her whole figure drooping. "Bunny's in there. Better speak to her."

Bunny was reading and glanced up as her mother entered. "Why aren't you in bed, dear? What an odd time to be reading."

"Thought I might's well sit up for you."

"There was no need of it. Please go straight up, Bunny—no, leave the book down here."

Molly turned puzzled eyes to Richard. "It's so discouraging not to be able to leave them one night. I saw a light around Dick's shade."

Bunny was dragging herself up-stairs, each foot lifted and deposited like a giant flatiron. Molly followed and Richard stayed to put out the lights. Then Molly called to him and he went up, leaden-footed as Bunny, but leaden-hearted too.

"Richard, I think Dick has a temperature. What has he been eating?"

Richard hesitated, but Bunny, dawdling in her doorway, replied briskly: "He's stuffed himself on candy the whole evening by the looks of the box."

Again Molly's eyes sought Richard. "Then it's castor-oil. No use waiting till morning." She turned wearily to her door. "I'll just get this dress off."

As she emerged gowned for the struggle, she encountered Bunny in the hall. "Mother, I am simply not going to share a bathroom with any one like that!" She waved a scornful arm toward Dick, red-faced and sleepy-eyed, creeping from his room. "I think I ought to use the guest-room bath. Honestly, I——"

"Please Bunny, not now!"

"As if jellied soap isn't enough, the little pig is always taking castor-oil. How you expect——"

"Bunny, listen." Molly's voice was low, not from control but from inertia. "Whose clothes are those?"

"Well, I took a shower after tennis and I forgot, but——"

"Pick them up, put them in the hamper and go to bed. If you showed him some consideration perhaps he would do the same. A great big girl leaving a pile of soiled underwear on the floor!"

Bunny kicked the offending heap. "It's enough to make any one indecent to

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share a bathroom. A person should have some privacy."

"Sometimes it is indecent to share a house with any one," was the unexpected reply. There was something cold and alien about Molly's voice which arrested Bunny's angry demonstrations, and with a hostile flaunt of her head she addressed herself to the tooth-paste in unintelligible complaint.

"Dick, sit down on that stool. Hold the towel up. Now open your mouth. . . . Bunny, why have you got to stare at him so? Do you want some yourself?" Bunny slunk off to bed. Mother certainly was in a vile humor.

As Molly entered her little dressing-room the sound of lively splashing came from behind her own bathroom door. She undressed listlessly, wrapped herself in the intimate softness of a pink robe and waited for Richard to come out. She wanted to slip by him without speaking, to lock the bathroom door and stay there hours and hours alone. Oh, God, to be alone!

But Richard, grotesquely wrapped in his Turkish bathrobe, and looking absurdly tall and shapeless, sat down on the edge of a chair, his slippered feet planted wide and his somewhat bloodshot eyes fixed on her. He had helped himself to that long-deferred drink.

"Well?" His face was set in a hard mould and his cheeks were unevenly colored.

Molly smelt his breath at once but made no comment. In her mind she was saying, "He isn't so very brave after all. He has to take a drink to brace himself to bully me." She paid no attention to his challenge, but deliberately let down her hair, and lifted a brush to its glossy surface. Richard watched her with not a trace of interest nor admiration for that graceful feminine gesture.

"How'd you come home?"

"Taxied."

"Alone?"

"Eric put me into it."

"Hmn. That's always the cheapest end of a taxi ride."

"Why Richard!"

"Well, I've got my opinion of a man —we'll call it a man—who will send a woman out to Long Island with a strange taxi-driver at midnight."

"What nonsense, Richard. I——"

"I'm not objecting to your seeing him, am I? I'm only asking that you demand decent protection. Perhaps he thinks I ought to call for you. That would be just in line with the husbands he knows."

"Richard, if you took a drink so you could enjoy talking, please remember that I haven't had one."

"Don't tell me that!"

"We had wine with dinner."

"Hmn. That's not why I took it. I've had a hell of an evening, not knowing where you were."

"But I telephoned the club, left word exactly where I should be and that it would be late. I didn't think it necessary to tell Lena."

Richard's face went blank.

"You didn't go to the club?"

"No."

There was a silence during which a question seemed to dawn in Molly's eyes. It died a heroic death. She would stand by her principles of freedom.

"I stayed in town. Saturday afternoon has been killed for me and you know why. I took the 6.15 out and had dinner alone."

"Alone? Why, I told——"

"It doesn't matter what you told them, they were both out. I will say for Dick that he was in the house at nine. Bunny was dancing at the club—she and that Edie. She didn't say who the boys were and I didn't ask her. I took it for granted

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that she was not dancing with Edie's mother."

"But I've told her that I will not have her over at the club evenings."

"Good God, Molly! The girl knows her mother is off. What do you expect?"

The answering look on Molly's face was not the one he had anticipated. She spoke slowly, laying down the brush and lifting her chin to look at him squarely.

"Richard, for fourteen years I have done nothing but try to make some one do something or stop doing something. Have you the slightest idea what a life is, that is not a life at all, but a sort of wet nurse to somebody else's life?" (Richard gave Eric the credit for that line.) "I don't mean anything to the children as an individual. I am just a permission or a denial to their own wishes. To you I am just a habit. You ask me what I expect. I expect to be myself from now on. I can imagine just what kind of an evening you have had. I've had days and days upon end just like that, only I don't take whiskey to drown mine. Like coming home to-night. The change in the atmosphere was stifling to me. I'd had a wonderful time, stimulating talk, uplifting ideas—something to get me out of myself, helping me to be a real person, and not just a kind of loving bath steward."

Richard was impressed in spite of himself and in spite of the fact that again he was giving Eric credit for this new articulation, which was very unflattering to Molly. There was a wild detachment in her eyes which made him feel that this was indeed a real person.

"Year after year after year, so I can't remember anything else, I've said the same thing over and over again—'Have you brushed your teeth? Have you cleaned your nails? You can't read in bed. Don't wash your food down. You must take a bath. You can't have any more candy. You must go to bed—you must—you must—you must!' What good does it do? I come home to find Dick's light on after midnight."

"You said he had a temperature," interposed Richard in weak defense of justice.

"He was reading," said Molly indifferently. "I tell you, Richard, it's time I spent my energies some other way."

"I know, Molly, it does sound pretty stupid when you put it like that." Richard's tone had gentled as hers had risen. "But you take me. I have the same old grind day in and day out."

"It isn't the same thing and you know it. You meet new people and face interesting problems."

"The kids are an interesting problem, and one we've got to face."

"I'm not deserting them, am I? I am just trying to remember before it's too late that I have a personality too. I'm not deceiving you. I tell you where I am going and I try to tell you why. I can't give it up. Through Eric I have got hold of something that is freeing me. It would be cruel of you to hold me back. No one has the right to hold any one back! You think you can accomplish anything on earth by just smashing through. I can't tell you what you are doing to me."

"I'm not forbidding you. I'm just pointing out that somebody has got to be on the job. I can't. That's a cinch. I've got to earn money to keep us going. I can pay for a home, Molly, but I can't make one. That's up to you."

"You're so terribly unfair! Mention a single home we go to that is run any better than ours. Did you ever have to wait for a meal? Are your clothes ever neglected? Did you ever have to hunt for a bath-towel?"

"No, but—" (The pressure of Dick's sobbing face was still on Richard's breast, but he had sworn not to repeat the con-

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fession to Molly.) "But, Molly, the kids need you!"

"They may need me, but they don't want me. They much prefer their own way."

"Of course they do. Did you enjoy minding your mother?"

"As a matter of fact it never occurred to me not to. I've always minded some one. I have never known the joy of complete release."

Richard rose and pulled his toga around him. "Well, we seem to be talking in circles as usual. I'll say good night."

"I am going into the guest-room, Richard. I feel too restless to stand that narrow bed. I've got to have space. It just seems as if I should suffocate!"

"Good night," said Richard again and shut the bedroom door. He reached for the switch and the room sprang into rosy light. Curled up on the pink-satin puff on the foot of his bed was Mary-Ann. She twitched an ear in annoyance at being disturbed, but murmured a faint greeting. He tiptoed to the dresser, glancing back to see if the disturbance had been serious. Mary-Ann was indulging in a high-backed stretch, her tail crooked at an Hallowe'en angle. She glinted at him through eyes slanted into narrow slits.

"Now see here, Mary-Ann, I didn't mean to wake you. Curl up and go to sleep."

She considered this unusual invitation with her Chinese gaze now fixed on the door. She had her own dark, secret sleeping-places down-stairs.

"Stay here, Mary-Ann." Noiselessly he dropped his bathrobe off, lest a sudden motion send her flying. "Stay here with me. You can have my bed. I'll take the other one." He was surprised to find that he was whispering.

Mary-Ann suddenly discovered that she needed a bath and addressed herself to that task with furious care. Was she indifferent to his lonely need? It seemed not. She gave him a most ingratiating and liquid good night, and curled up into her tightest snail ball. Her immediate and decisive purr assured him that she meant to stand by. She seemed to say: "I am here. The house is here. We are the eternities. What if she has stepped out for a night or two? I have done the same thing and so have you. Nothing is threatened, just in a different mood for a while. Wait. Curl up and sleep. The house is warm and safe. I am here. Things can't always go on in the same old way, but they go on." . . . Listening to Mary-Ann's encouraging purr, Richard drifted off to sleep.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

The summer is over, the harvest is ended, the days are drawing in. Although this happened millions of years before the invention of printing, autumn evenings must have been intended for the delight of books. How terribly long these evenings must have seemed nine million years ago, when there were no novels, essays, biographies, and histories to read! In those good old times each man wrote his own murder-story, not with a pen, but with an axe, and no doubt made a lasting impression.

Not procrastination, but literature, is the thief of time. In security and comfort, under the peaceful lamplight, one may enjoy thrilling adventures. The longest evenings are all too short. "Just one more chapter!"

The following passage will do very well as romantic poetry, but psychologically it is no good.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

What chance would a book of poetry (emotion remembered in tranquillity) have against the rivalry of wine and bread and a pretty girl, especially when the girl was singing at the top of her voice? I cannot imagine a worse environment for reading. Give me the firelight, the lamplight, the calm of the library; and that most delightful of all companionships, when two are together, and each absorbed in a book.

Some years ago I printed a list of the best fifteen novels; in response to repeated requests, I now expand this to one hundred. I have chosen these novels because I like them. I mean that if I had to select one hundred novels and could have no others, I would take these:

Defoe. *Robinson Crusoe.*
Swift. *Gulliver's Travels.*
Richardson. *Pamela.*
Richardson. *Clarissa.*
Fielding. *Joseph Andrews.*
Fielding. *Tom Jones.*
Smollett. *Humphry Clinker.*
Prévost. *Manon Lescaut.*
Goldsmith. *The Vicar of Wakefield.*
Goethe. *Wilhelm Meister.*
Goethe. *Elective Affinities.*
Austen. *Pride and Prejudice.*
Austen. *Emma.*
Austen. *Persuasion.*
Scott. *Ivanhoe.*
Scott. *The Bride of Lammermoor.*
Scott. *Quentin Durward.*
Cooper. *The Last of the Mohicans.*
Cooper. *The Pilot.*
Hugo. *Notre Dame.*
Hugo. *Les Miserables.*
Dumas. *The Three Musketeers.*
Dumas. *Twenty Years After.*
Dumas. *The Vicomte de Bragelonne.*
Dumas. *Monte Cristo.*
Balzac. *Eugénie Grandet.*
Balzac. *Le père Goriot.*
Flaubert. *Madame Bovary.*
Dickens. *Pickwick Papers.*
Dickens. *David Copperfield.*
Dickens. *The Old Curiosity Shop.*
Dickens. *Great Expectations.*
Dickens. *Our Mutual Friend.*
Emily Brontë. *Wuthering Heights.*
Thackeray. *Vanity Fair.*
Thackeray. *Henry Esmond.*
Hawthorne. *The Scarlet Letter.*

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Hawthorne. *The House of the Seven Gables.*
Melville. *Moby Dick.*
Stowe. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*
Eliot. *Adam Bede.*
Eliot. *The Mill on the Floss.*
Reade. *The Cloister and the Hearth.*
Björnson. *Synnövé Solbakken.*
Björnson. *In God's Way.*
Gogol. *Taras Bulba.*
Turgenev. *A House of Gentlefolk.*
Turgenev. *Fathers and Children.*
Turgenev. *On the Eve.*
Turgenev. *Smoke.*
Tolstoi. *War and Peace.*
Tolstoi. *Anna Karenina.*
Tolstoi. *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.*
Tolstoi. *Resurrection.*
Dostoevski. *Memoirs of the House of the Dead.*
Dostoevski. *Crime and Punishment.*
Dostoevski. *The Idiot.*
Dostoevski. *The Brothers Karamazov.*
Carroll. *Alice in Wonderland.*
Hudson. *Green Mansions.*
Trollope. *Barchester Towers.*
Collins. *The Moonstone.*
James. *The American.*
James. *The Portrait of a Lady.*
Blackmore. *Lorna Doone.*
Meredith. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.*
Howells. *A Modern Instance.*
Hardy. *The Return of the Native.*
Hardy. *The Woodlanders.*
Hardy. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*
Twain. *Tom Sawyer.*
Twain. *Huckleberry Finn.*
France. *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.*
Maupassant. *A Life.*
Moore. *Esther Waters.*
Heyse. *The Children of the World.*
Sudermann. *Dame Care.*
Stevenson. *Treasure Island.*
Stevenson. *Kidnapped.*
Stevenson. *Weir of Hermiston.*
Shaw. *Cashel Byron's Profession.*
Barrie. *Sentimental Tommy.*
Kipling. *Kim.*
Zola. *The Downfall.*
Crane. *The Red Badge of Courage.*
Sienkiewicz. *Pan Michael.*
Butler. *The Way of All Flesh.*
Conrad. *The Nigger of the Narcissus.*
Conrad. *Typhoon.*
De Morgan. *Joseph Vance.*
Galsworthy. *The Forsyte Saga.*
Ollivant. *Bob Son of Battle.*
London. *The Call of the Wild.*
Rolland. *Jean Christophe.*
Wells. *Tono-Bungay.*
Bennett. *The Old Wives' Tale.*
Hamsun. *Growth of the Soil.*
Wharton. *The Age of Innocence.*
Lewis. *Dodsworth.*
Wilder. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.*

In this blessed month of October we are celebrating the two thousandth birthday of Virgil. He is still a best-seller. Long before the days of Will Carleton, Virgil wrote about farm life; and although there were no Ford tractors among the Romans, the Mantuan poet's directions are still applicable. Virgil has been not only a fertilizing genius on two thousand years of literature, he turned fertilizing itself into admirable verse. I mention this for the benefit of those worthy souls who believe that a poem lives for its subject more than for its style. Of all the "blurbs" issued with new books, none quite equals that which accompanied the first issue of the poetry of Richard Crashaw (1646):

> O! when the general arraignment of poets shall be, to give an account of their higher souls, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine poet sit above and look down upon poor Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian, etc., who had amongst them the ill luck to talk out a great part of their gallant genius upon bees, dung, frogs, and gnats, etc., and not as himself here, upon scriptures, divine graces, martyrs, and angels.

The fact is that the "Georgics" of Virgil were never more needed than now; if some great American poet should arise to glorify and idealize the life and work of the Farmer! When Tennyson, at the request of the Mantuans, wrote his tribute on the occasion of the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death, he said:

> Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
> tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
> All the charm of all the Muses
> often flowering in a lonely word:

Virgil died when he was only fifty;

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and as he had had no opportunity to give the "Æneid" its final revision, he left directions that it should be destroyed; but fortunately his command was disregarded.

I welcome the *Bimillennial* edition of an English translation of the "Æneid" by Harlan Hoge Ballard. This is written in English hexameters, with some excellent remarks in the preface about the art of reading aloud. The story itself is so exciting that it is a pity it should so largely be left to schoolboys as a part of the required course in Latin. Every one may enjoy the great epic in this fine English version; and the roll of the verse will give an idea of the marbly majestic Latin.

Incidentally, I am glad to see the name of the poet spelled Virgil. I would rather talk about the berth of Virgil than the birth of Vergil.

Among the new American novels, I particularly recommend "The Heir," by Roger Burlingame. This is a realistic novel in the correct sense of that word; it is a story of contemporary life in America, life in a great manufacturing plant. Also we have a remarkable study of the relations between father and son, where, as so often happens, the father wishes his son to "carry on the business," and the young man happens to be of a totally different cast of mind. The father is the most striking character in the book; I shall never forget the scenes between him and his lieutenants. The old German laboratory research worker is exceedingly well done, and his tragedy recalls many of the cruelties of the war. Although I am impressed in this book mainly by the excellence of characterization, I found the story itself steadily interesting. This is American life as it is lived to-day.

A trivial error, that has nothing to do with the narrative, may nevertheless receive comment, as it is found so often in other books; the twentieth century did *not* begin on January 1, 1900.

"Between the Lines," by H. M. Tomlinson, the address delivered by the distinguished English novelist at various American universities, is now published in a convenient form. I wish it might be read by millions.

Oliver Madox Hueffer, whose book "French France" ranks with the late Barrett Wendell's work on the same subject, has now published a companion volume, called "Some of the English, A Study Towards a Study," which gives a vivid picture of a borough of London on the south side of the river. After reading the book through, I felt as if I had lived in that locality for years. He has "written up" this district in a manner worthy of first-rate journalism. He describes the public-houses, the auction sales, the small-shopkeepers, the crowds on a holiday, the tenements, the marketplaces, the cinemas, with many reflections on the temper of the people. He believes in them with all his might, and sees no chance whatever for Communism to get any foothold, even though unemployment is frequent, and employment not any too good. The book is written, as it ought to be, with sympathy and understanding; and suffers only from somewhat extravagant praise of the English as compared with lesser breeds. The complacency of the English in talking about themselves is almost as amusing as the boasting of Americans.

In showing why the English are not self-consciously patriotic, Mr. Hueffer says:

> Because he has had such a wealth of national heroes in the long story of his history, he does not need to boast of their merits. The English

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have had five hundred George Washingtons, I can imagine Sir Manual Peck declaiming in an address to the Romwell Troop of Boy Scouts. Why give divine honours to one more than to another? The English flag has never known final defeat.

In the next edition of this admirable work, I suggest to the author that he had better not couple five hundred Washingtons with no English defeats. Select another name.

Americans certainly should feel ashamed when we compare the frequency of murder in our country with conditions in Great Britain; or when we compare our courts of law with theirs. But it seems to me the following paragraph has something of that self-conscious pride its author condemns in other nations:

A community, I take it, may be known by its criminals as much as in any other way, and of England a traveller may say with some confidence that it is the only country in the world in which an elderly man or a woman may feel secure in a lonely country cottage without a revolver and a brace of Airedales. This may be due to tradition, to the homogeneity of the population, but most of all to the urbanity of the people, the criminals among them not excepted. That England is of all countries that in which the taking of human life is most seriously regarded is, although it might seem the strongest of reasons, I am inclined to think really only subsidiary. True that an English criminal—less fortunate than some of his foreign colleagues—knows that if he kill in the course of his unlawful occasions he will inevitably hang for it; it is no less true that he would, all consequences apart, as much dislike the killing of one of his fellow men as would the most peaceful of his fellow citizens.

This paragraph seems to require some modification. We are told that no elderly person in a remote cottage is ever in danger of losing any of his possessions or of personal injury; that no murderer in England has ever escaped detection or hanging; that every criminal is just as averse to murder in his own heart as are the most law-abiding men. Whew!

Of course we Americans can say nothing; murder is certainly common here; and we hang our heads instead of the murderers. But I cannot help thinking that once in a while a defenseless person is robbed in England; and that once in a very long while Scotland Yard fails to catch the murderer. And it is possible that in Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland men and property are as safe as in England.

"Lawn Tennis. Its Principles and Practice. A Player's Guide to Modern Methods," by A. Wallis Myers, is an excellent book. It has more than seventy illustrations, including pictures of the most extraordinary player in the history of the game, William T. Tilden, whose personality is as sensational as his athletic skill. This work is also of practical value for those who wish to learn fundamental principles of playing, or for those experts who wish to improve. I believe that if M. Lacoste were in perfect physical condition, he could beat either Cochet or Borotra. These three musketeers will be remembered as long as the game is played. But it should never be forgotten that the man who lifted lawn tennis to the heights was Maurice McLoughlin.

Owen Wister's recollections of Theodore Roosevelt called "Roosevelt—The Story of a Friendship, 1880–1919," is continuously and tensely interesting. Mr. Wister's undergraduate friendship with Roosevelt grew stronger and more intimate in later years. In these pages we get very close to a tremendous personality.

A book of unqualified delight is "Yesterdays," written and illustrated by

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Frank Wing. This is a comic history of American social life in the Victorian era, with a picture facing every page of text. And caricatures are usually more truthful than facts, because they emphasize the salient features. No better gift-book than this.

"Something New," by the reliable P. G. Wodehouse, king of humorists, is a nonsense novel of high grade. As always in the work of this artist, we have a good plot and living characters.

Inasmuch as every one who can afford it (except me) now goes to a "camp" in Wyoming or some such place for rest and recreation, the autobiography of Will James comes as pat as the catastrophe in the old comedy. "Lone Cowboy, My Life Story," and illustrated by the author, is a book of thrilling adventures. I have the same reverential awe for a good rider that I have for a professor of mathematics. They live in a world beyond my ken.

"Uncle Sam's Attic," by Mary Lee Davis, is the best book on Alaska I have seen. I know Alaska only so far as Sitka and Skagway. But I can confidently tell summer voyagers that more stunning scenery can be enjoyed with less effort on a trip from Seattle to Skagway and back than on any excursion I know. This book, illustrated with photographs by the author, is not written by a tourist, but by one who has lived in the heart of Alaska, winter and summer, for eight years. Read it, and in the language of pedagogy, you will obtain "instruction and delight."

"A May and November Correspondence" is a charming book, containing the letters that passed between the late Arthur Sherburne Hardy, United States Minister to Greece, and a child, Dorothy Hardy Richardson, now Mrs. George Chandler Lincoln. I know nothing quite like it, and the illustrations are worthy of the text.

"The Story of San Michele," by Doctor Axel Munthe, is so full of amazing adventures that the imagination boggles at it. Did all these things really happen to one man? This is not a war-book, but the story of a fashionable physician in Paris, every day of whose life was crowded with astounding events. We go with him to Sweden, to Naples, and to a tower in Italy. I cannot believe there is any reader, old or young, who will not be fascinated. Those who love animals will find the author irresistible. I do not know at what period of history men and women had most enjoyment in living; but ours is the golden age for animals.

And here is my monthly grist of murder-books, every one guaranteed to "grip": "The Tag Murders," by Carroll J. Daly—note the plural? "The French Powder Mystery," by Ellery Queen, who rolls his own; "The Muster of the Vultures," by Gerard Fairlie, where salvation comes finally as in Farquhar's "Inconstant."

The death of Henry Sydnor Harrison, on July 14, reminds me of the happy hours I had reading "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes," for which I shall be forever grateful. He was one of the war's casualties. Something happened to him in service overseas that destroyed his creative power as an artist.

Speaking of casualties, I have an advertisement of an insurance company, which says, "Property damage from crashing planes is becoming a frequent occurrence. It will increase. You may receive a flying visit from an uninvited guest at any time." What indeed are we coming to in these piping times of peace? I have been informed that the

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roof of the home of the governor of New Jersey was a few years ago invaded by an airplane, which just missed his mother-in-law.

The following gorgeous typographical error appeared in a head-line in the Detroit *Free Press* over a picture of three brides:

THREE BRIBES WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE IN EARLY JUNE

In the vivid account, in *L'Illustration,* of the last days of the great actor Lucien Guitry, written by his famous son, Sacha, occurs this *bon mot* from the attending physician:

"Vous devriez vous soigner, monsieur Guitry."

"Me soigner? Je me porte à merveille."

"Non, monsieur Guitry, vous êtes un bien portant imaginaire."

Two additions to the F. Q. Club: Miss Clara M. Hill, a graduate of Vassar, and now a teacher in Colegio Juarez, Guanajuato, Gto., reads SCRIBNER'S regularly, and has been impelled to qualify for the club.

It didn't, however, give me quite the escape that I had thought as I was so often forcibly reminded of the orthography of my Mexican pupils in their English classes.

Early in the poem I thought "Aha, Spenser was a feminist!" But as I read along it appeared that he really had the same old sense of masculine superiority but from time to time it would occur to him that he must throw a sop to Gloriana.

Morgan S. Thomas, of Pittsburgh, a pupil in the Schenley High School, read the poem with peculiar interest because he has been in most of the places in the British Isles mentioned by Spenser. He is an editor of the school paper and I am glad to say he has prohibited the use of the word "gotten" in all articles in his department.

Gotten has got to go.

Recent additions to the Fano Club: Harry S. Henry and Clinton H. Miller, Jr., Yale, 1931, who found the place deserted, the church crumbling, and the picture apparently in danger. They motored there from Rimini.

My colleague at Yale, Professor Adolph B. Benson, writes me from Reykjavik, Iceland, that the National Library is not large, but that it contains thousands of manuscripts. There is a chance for a scholar on a Sabbatical year!

Miss Florence Paton criticised the English of Mr. Galsworthy; Miss Helen Derby criticised Miss Florence Paton; and now Mrs. Paul H. Eastham, of Ashland, Ky., criticises Miss Derby.

Miss Derby suggests that Miss Paton "should herself take note of her own grammatical errors." The correct form is, I believe, "errors in grammar" as an error can not possibly be "grammatical."

Not long ago I made the quite innocent remark that when I get to heaven I shall spend the first million years learning to play the piano. This has stirred up my friends the newspaper paragraphers everywhere. The various comments have caused me much diversion. My expressed intention to spend the first million years in heaven on the piano has been received as follows:

"Not if we get there first, you won't."

"This reconciles us to being in the other place."

"If William Phelps does spend his first million years in Heaven playing a piano, it is apt to create discord among those residents who have nothing but old-fashioned harps."

"W. L. P. is quoted as saying he will spend

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his first million years in heaven playing the piano, which is apt to make some of the other residents think they are in the wrong place."

I am flattered to observe that not one of these journalists has suggested the possibility of my not arriving there.

In the "Thumb" of Michigan, where I am now writing, the two essentials seventy-five years ago were oxen and sawmills. I might say of those early settlers, that all they saw was the herd, and all they heard was the saw.

New books mentioned in this article are named below, with their publishers.

"The Æneid of Virgil," trans. by H. H. Ballard. Scribners. $2.
"The Heir," by Roger Burlingame. Scribners. $2.
"Between the Lines," by H. M. Tomlinson. Harvard University Press. $1.25.
"Some of the English," by Oliver Madox Hueffer. Appleton. $2.50.
"Lawn Tennis," by A. W. Myers. Lippincott. $4.
"Roosevelt—The Story of a Friendship," by Owen Wister. Macmillan. $4.
"Yesterdays," by Frank Wing. Reilly and Lee. $1.25.
"Something New," by P. G. Wodehouse. Dodd, Mead. $2.
"Lone Cowboy," by Will James. Scribners. $2.75.
"Uncle Sam's Attic," by Mary Lee Davis. W. A. Wilde Co. $3.50.
"A May and November Correspondence," Hardy & Richardson. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $2.
"The Story of San Michele," by Axel Munthe. Dutton. $3.75.
"The Tag Murders," by Carroll J. Daly. Clode. $2.
"The French Powder Mystery," by Ellery Queen. Stokes. $2.
"The Muster of the Vultures," by Gerard Fairlie. Little, Brown & Co. $2.

One Way of Love

(Continued from page 352)

They seemed to have been written for him. They brought tears to his eyes and he said them over a second time.

"That's got a swell sound," Brant remarked, "but it just doesn't nick me. I—well, everything seems fine to me. I guess I'm made that way." After a moment he added: "Don't you like to teach?"

"Hell, no."

"Why did you go into it then?"

"I wanted to write."

"Wouldn't it have been better, then, just to write? I mean plunge in regardless?"

"I wanted to get married and I didn't have anything to live on."

"Oh, well, when a fella falls in love——"

In love. What about that? Walcott couldn't exactly remember. What he did remember was that he had felt he must be as "prominent" in the community as he had been in college; and he had wanted to assure his position by marrying well, a girl of "good family" as those things went locally. And he had done so. But not cold-bloodedly, he told himself. He might have married money but he didn't. He chose Isabel, who was poor. He supposed at the time he was in love, but had he been?

"Of course love raised the devil with everything," Brant was saying complacently. He had never married.

"Well, I don't know that it was just that."

Brant glanced at him curiously: "You're a queer guy, Walcott."

"Isn't everybody a queer guy?" Walcott said it hastily, fearing that Brant was going to talk about him, Walcott. And for some reason he feared that. He did not like to have people talk to him about himself. And he was especially afraid to have any one as straightforward as Brant do it.

But Brant was not easily distracted from an idea. "Look here, you don't really care much for the work you're doing out here, do you?"

"Why—yes, of course I do."

"You hate it. And what I can't see is why the devil you came out."

"Well, you know I wasn't well. I had to get away from everything and this seemed a pretty good chance."

Brant shook his head: "That's no good," he said after a moment, "doing things you don't care about."

His words, for some reason, touched a sense of guilt in Walcott. Painfully as if caught at something shameful he murmured: "Without love."

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"What's that?"

"What you just said—without love."

"Love?—you're cuckoo."

But Brant's voice seemed to him to come from far away. His head was tired. He did not enjoy drinking as much as he wished he did. And that stirring of guilt—it seemed to spread and spread in wide circles, engulfing him obscurely. Caught at something mean, to live and work always without love and so without truth, yes, that was it, without truth. He did not want Brant to think that of him.

Brant was holding the champagne bottle up to the light. It was empty. "By Gad, it's gone and we haven't drunk yet to the big-game hunter."

There was some brandy left and they began to drink that with water. Brant talked and talked, about hunting. His pink face was sweating, a piece of chicken stuck to his lower lip, and there was gravy on his beard. Ordinarily Walcott would have been annoyed by this but now it made him want to laugh. Brant's plate was empty and he shouted for the boy: "That chicken tasted like raw skunk. Haven't we got something else, Gabriel?"

"Monsieur Walcott said not to open the American food," the boy replied, rolling round eyes in which a point of malice darted.

"You fool," Walcott raged, "go open what you've got, you damn fool."

The black went off slowly, his bare feet slap-slapping on the boards. Walcott looked at Brant and caught the latter's gaze. For a moment he could not look away. What was Brant thinking? Had he noticed what that damn boy had said? Only now Walcott didn't care. Nothing made any difference. Of course this incident was so small it didn't matter anyhow, but neither did big things. Nothing mattered in the way we thought when we were sober. Why couldn't you always understand that? Nothing was as we thought and everything was all right—our weakness, our pain, our follies, hopes, shame. Everything was all right when you understood—something. But you only understood this something when you were drunk.

Brant poured out more brandy. He was still talking. Walcott looked at him earnestly without hearing what he said. Thoughts that were beautiful and important seemed to lie at the back of his mind but he could not precisely have said what they were. Of Brant's talk he took in not a word until a certain phrase caught his ear.

"So that Loali fella had his mistress with him and they got a girl for me too. I stayed with her a couple of nights. It wasn't bad."

Brant then had had a black girl! He was surprised and surprised at the casualness with which the other spoke of it. It was a thing Walcott had sometimes vaguely, excitedly, disapprovingly thought of as an adventure one would never quite embark on. Now a wave of desire and curiosity swept him. Yes, yes, why not? If Brant would suggest it. Walcott felt he could not because he was a married man. But if Brant were to suggest, insist—that would be different.

His memory reproduced the two brown girls who had stood so long looking at him that afternoon. He had not been particularly conscious of noticing them at the time. Now, in retrospect, he could see those two firm, brown satin bodies, the fine ankles, flat backs, high, youthful breasts, and hear the gusts of stifled, childish laughter. But Brant must suggest it.

Brant, however, had gone on to something else. How could he bring him back to the subject? Once more the cups were filled and Walcott drank. His head felt entirely separate from his body—they ought not to be drinking so much brandy. He wanted to bring Brant's mind back—but to what? Ah, yes—it was about having black girls. But Brant had said something else—that it was no good to do anything without love. Of course he hadn't meant that kind of love. That wasn't love at all. No, Brant's meaning was something else and it put the desire of a black woman out of his mind. What was his meaning? Love, love — He prayeth best who loveth best. Who loveth best— That was silly, he didn't believe in prayer. Or did he? He started to talk to Brant excitedly, but Brant was talking too, and now neither listened to the other. Nor could Walcott remember what happened after that or when they went to bed.

Black melancholy and a dreadful feeling of apprehension. What had he done, what had he said? Horrible to come wide awake like that after you'd been drunk. What had he done? He'd only been drunk half a dozen times in his life and afterward he had always been ashamed. Why? Why should he be ashamed? Why should he have this feeling of guilt and worse than guilt, despair?

A lantern burned dimly on the floor in the open doorway—put there to keep leopards away—and it made a white aura under his mosquito-net. Its smoky yellow light shone in

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his eyes. He felt shut in under the net that hung so low over his cot. And he was crazy with thirst.

In the other bed Brant snored long, peaceful snores. Walcott slipped from under his net, put on his slippers and went out onto the porch. He found some water and drank. Forest and open space were lacquered over with a glaze of thin, pale moonlight. He said to himself: This is a virgin forest in the very depths of Africa, wild animals are there and fantastic people. And yet looking at the quiet mass of verdure so utterly silent in the moonlight, he saw in it no strangeness, no charm. It seemed nothing more than what it was—just trees and grass, like trees and grass anywhere. He shivered. The wet air had thickened into white vapor near the ground and it was penetratingly cold. But his skin was burning.

Rhum, champagne, brandy, and both he and Brant unused to drinking. What had he said to Brant? Oh, God, what difference did it make what he had said? He had given himself away, all right. And yet, what was there to give away? Nothing except the one thing he wanted no one to know—that he thought himself a failure and that he cared most horribly. He didn't want anybody to know he cared. Brant could only pity him or laugh at him. God! Him—Walcott, who had wanted so much, and to whom—at least he could acknowledge it to himself—life without recognition and applause was without value. Why? Why should men feel that way about themselves? Some men?

He took another drink of water and went back to bed. Brant's snoring had become louder than ever. Sometimes it rose to a furious pitch and then Walcott shouted to him to shut up. But Brant only grunted, turned over and began snoring again. Walcott's whole attention became focussed on the sound. He found himself waiting for the crescendo in a perfect agony of nerves. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he got up and, wrapped in a blanket, lay down on the long chair on the porch.

Before him the forest stood deathly still under its thin wash of light and he said to himself, I see only the trees. But there were times when trees or streets or bridges over city rivers or the faces of strangers were not only themselves but something more. Times when there was something precious and something strange added to what you saw. Yes, there were those moments. We lived two lives, ordinary, literal lives when we saw things merely as they were, when the world had no meaning, was nothing to us because it was only itself. And then those other times.

He thought again of what Brant had said, or he thought Brant had said, about love. Brant loved his work. He loved it with real love, with excitement and single-minded devotion. What did he, Walcott, love—Isabel? It seemed to him now that not even in the first expression of their passion had he loved her. She had never, he realized, added anything to his perception of the world. His novel? Still less. He was writing it because some one else had written that kind of novel and had made a success. But he saw clearly that in his book trees were only trees—with nothing added. He felt a wave of disgust and hatred for his book. He would throw it away. The very thought of it seemed to hurt something in him that was delicate and precious. And this bug-hunting business, too, appeared to him as an affront and an indecency. A lie.

The violence of his emotion about these things excited him. It seemed like a kind of revelation, a pushing through to something closer to himself. He felt suddenly happy. And hungry. He thought it extraordinary that in spite of all he had drunk his head should not feel sick or his stomach. He thought himself very sober. He had staggered when he got out of bed and his skin was still burning, but his mind, it seemed to him, was clearer than usual.

Excitedly he got up and walking to the edge of the veranda stared at the forest. Trees—no, no, something more. The forest had become a sombre, significant shape informed with meaning, definite, moving, incomprehensible. A dark form breathing sensuous pain, close to him, coming out of him, sharing with him. Ah, not to lose this moment of marriage, of love. But it would go. He stood there a long time.

Blazing hot the white sunlight that poured into the small clearing and weighed upon the forest, squeezing it of color, burning its dews into a gray breath of moisture that dulled the light and faintly blurred the shadows. It was torture to Walcott to move his aching head and he was nauseated. But he did not want any one to hear him vomit or suspect that he was sick. Unpleasant as the process was he bathed and dressed and even shaved.

Brant evidently had been up for some time. He sat at the table on the porch, showing no effects whatever of the night before. His shirt front was open and below his beard the curly brown hairs of his chest could be seen thick

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almost to his waist. His sleeves were cut short and the hair that grew thickly on his tanned arms was bleached white. He looked vigorous and cheerful. His pipe was lighted and he was bending over a mass of writing materials, notebooks, test-tubes full of alcohol faintly reddened by the drops of blood taken from the ears of startled and heavily bribed pigmies. He greeted Walcott amiably but abstractedly and promptly became oblivious of his existence.

Unreasonable as Walcott knew it to be, he was angry because Brant had taken possession of the table without apology. Of course he could drink his black coffee quite as well without the table, but nevertheless he resented this. Tongo was waiting for him and when he had swallowed as much coffee as he could get down they started together for the forest. As he left Brant looked up long enough to wish him luck.

"Don't be funny," Walcott flung back, "if I have any you can be perfectly sure it will *not* be good."

And in effect he tramped several hours without finding anything. A good part of this time he was so lost in painful meditation as to be scarcely aware of his surroundings. He kept thinking of Brant. Why couldn't he love Brant? Why couldn't he make a friend of him? Confide in him? It would all be so different if he only could. This hard ache inside, this loneliness would be assuaged. Brant was intelligent, kind, a rarely decent fellow, but Walcott could not get away from this pressure of envy in his heart. It was not only envy of Brant's success; he was equally—perhaps even more—envious of his character, of what Walcott considered his good qualities. Why should Brant have these good qualities and not Walcott? He wanted Brant to admire him, to look up to him, but he had no idea what went on in Brant's head, or what Brant thought of him. And all the time he saw himself, by comparison, mean-spirited and contemptible. This picture of himself tormented him. He did not want to be this way. He did not want to be mean. He wanted to have nobility, to be an admirable person.

Abruptly he decided to go back to the gite. He'd had enough of this bug-hunting. He'd go back and work on his book. But what about his book? He remembered thinking about it the night before, when he had got up and sat on the porch. But he could not remember what he had thought. He took up his writing with a heavy heart. It was an intelligent piece of work but it was without juice, without life, dead. Or was it? Maybe it wasn't so bad as he thought. And these doubts interfered with his writing so that he got little done.

Brant had gone to the neighboring village to measure skulls and it was after dark when he got back. The trail led past the cook-house, and Walcott saw him stop and dip the cup he carried into the pail of boiled, sterilized drinking-water. He absent-mindedly reached in too far and plunged his whole grimy hand into the water, and when he threw out what was left in his cup after drinking, part of it fell back into the pail. Then he turned away, forgetting to put back the banana leaves with which the water had been carefully covered.

Walcott told himself angrily that he would say nothing, and then heard his own voice, with an edge to it, calling to Brant to cover the pail. Good-naturedly the other turned back and replaced the leaves. As he came onto the veranda he exclaimed:

"Wal, I've got something for you. We had the devil's own time not spoiling it and I sent my boy back for chloroform. Fortunately it didn't flutter much."

Immensely pleased, he opened a cartridge-box and showed Walcott a butterfly. For a moment Walcott's heart stood still. It was one of the rarest he could hope to find in the Congo, of a species he had so far looked for in vain. It would be the prize of the collection. Then quick on this thought came the reflection that it was Brant who had really found it. Brant, of course. Damn him.

"I suppose that will be on all the front pages, too," he flung out, " 'Brant Discovers Rarest of the Lepidoptera.' I can't see why they should have bothered to send me out here at all. I suppose the Foundation will be thinking the same thing."

Brant looked at him in astonishment. "My God, Walcott—" He went inside without finishing the phrase. And Walcott staring down at the exquisite tracery on the folded wings, said to himself: "I wish I was dead."

They were to break camp next day. Brant wanted to wait another week so that he could send a runner back to Bamba for more quinine but Walcott was impatient to be off. Besides, he thought the precaution excessive. It was just part of Brant's fussiness and deliberation. The quinine they had would more than see them back to Stanleyville on their present schedule.

"But we might be longer than we expect."

"You may but I shan't. I've got something

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better to do than hang around the Ituri forest all my life."

"Oh, all right, don't get sore."

Sore—he hadn't wanted to seem disagreeable, especially after what had happened that afternoon. What was the matter with him? Things slipped out in spite of himself. It was his voice that played tricks, but he would be careful not to let it happen again. Nothing more had been said about the incident of the butterfly. Walcott had put it hastily out of his mind. He preferred to think he had not said what he had and was almost able to persuade himself of this.

When dinner was off the table Brant spread out the maps. There were two ways of reaching Babafwe and he sat down to study the routes. Brant loved maps. Very deliberately he began measuring with a tape measure and figuring distances according to scale.

"It's not far at all," he exclaimed, "twelve or fourteen days' marching would get us there if we went straight through. That means we'll have plenty of time to swing up to Ganda."

"How do you make that out—twelve days. I don't believe it's twelve days. I believe it's longer."

"Not much, I measured."

"You measured as the crow flies. You can't tell anything by that—with the trails winding all over the place."

"But, good Lord, I allowed for that, of course."

Walcott examined the map. "I don't think you allowed enough. How much did you allow?"

"Three times."

"Well, that's not enough. The trail might double on itself any number of times."

"Oh, I don't think so."

It seemed to Walcott that Brant dismissed the matter arrogantly. He was very angry. Brant was now measuring the distance to Ganda as if the matter of going there was settled.

"Unfortunately, Brant, what you think or don't think doesn't alter the surface of the earth."

"But, God, Walcott, the natives have been using these trails for thousands of years. It doesn't amuse them to walk round in circles when they go anywhere. Why should it?"

A feeling of hatred for Brant swept Walcott. He hated him for sticking to his point in this stubborn way. He began to tremble: "I don't give a damn what the natives have done or haven't done. You talk about going to Ganda as if we had the rest of our lives to spend in this God-forsaken place. Personally I have something else to do with my time." He stopped, positively strangled by the necessity he felt to get out of this bug-hunting and on with the real business of his life. A mistake, a mistake from the beginning!

"Oh, well, if you don't want to go to Ganda," Brant said quietly, "we won't, of course."

"I didn't say I did not want to go to Ganda. I have no objection to going there. As a matter of fact I want to go. I merely prefer to know exactly how long it's going to take."

For a moment Brant said nothing. When he spoke it was with a definite note of kindness in his voice: "Sit down a minute, Walcott, and figure it out with me. I think you'll see there's nothing to be scared of in these distances."

Walcott sat down. But he no longer took any interest in the map or where they were going. He no longer had any desire to argue with Brant. He did not feel angry now, but uneasy, and as Brant drew pencil lines and jotted down figures he said to himself that Brant must be laughing at him for talking about the *other* things he had to do with his life. What of importance had he ever shown he could do?

He was glad after that to be on the march again. He told himself things would be better now that they were moving. It was good to plunge into the dim green gorgeousness of the forest, to breathe the frail wet perfume of flowers that had never seen the sun, to walk in the tracks, still wet, of mammoth light-footed elephants—themselves vanished so swiftly, so silently behind the arras of tough, apparently impenetrable vegetation. Like toy figures the bare brown bodies of the bearers, dwarfed by the great height of the trees, but lithe, agile, when one of them put down his load and ran with flying legs and out-thrust chest over the bank of the stream to scoop up water in a folded leaf and drink. And always under foot the quietness, the springy softness of the earth. Of earth—great God, give me some rapture comparable to the beauty you have lavished around me.

He would be gentle, generous, tender with Brant. And indeed at first they got on pretty well. But the days' marches were long. A man became trail-weary. Midges stung, ticks crawled under toe-nails, the muddy drinking-water was warm, the food stank. His own thoughts, too, stung him like the midges that poisoned the tender skin under his wrists.

He wished he had not read Isabel's letters.

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They brought back too many thoughts of his life at home, of the hours in Riverview Boulevard—a house just a little bigger than he could afford. And the children. Elsa must go to school in the East, and as Isabel's father had gone to Andover and Yale, nothing less would do for Warner. Besides the expense, it would be hard to get the boy through and he shouldn't be pushed that way. He had something else if it could grow, but it would have no chance. Warner would be crammed for Yale the way Strasbourg geese were crammed to give them diseased livers. Where was the money to come from? And Isabel herself—

"I didn't write you about the mothers' movement at the Academy. It's to give the boys artistic things outside the curriculum. I don't care for the idea—it's hard enough just to get them into college—but I've taken the chairmanship——"

Well, that was Isabel. She did not care for the idea but she had taken the chairmanship. What *did* she care about? For the first time it seemed amazing to Walcott that people spent their whole lives doing things they did not care about. It was that way in America—at least in towns like theirs and among people like themselves who stood, as the saying was, for the best. And what did she mean by "artistic things"? What an imbecile phrase—give it to 'em as you did cod-liver oil. Bah.

Too much time to think. Long marches. Trees arching so nobly high above, summits hazy with sunlight. Handsome naked bodies of blacks who laughed and sang their light-hearted songs. Light-hearted, ah— And always Brant. Brant so nerve-wrackingly deliberate, with his awful ideas of being funny, his stubbornness. Why did he have to be so opinionated about routes, about details of the days' travel, about everything? Why didn't he agree with Walcott instead of always arguing and differing, and thus, indirectly, pointing a finger at all the manifold failure of Walcott's life?

Now, no matter what came up, Walcott wished to prove Brant wrong. If they took the way preferred by Brant, Walcott was delighted if it proved impassable. He did not say openly, You see your route is rotten, I was right and you were wrong. No—he said, It's too bad we couldn't have got better information about this way—the other road is of course perfectly well known.

On the trail he kept as far from Brant as possible, and at night in the rest houses he would pretend to be absorbed in his work when really he was thinking about Brant, imagining slights, fancying because Brant was an ethnologist he looked down on Walcott as a mere collector of insects. He asserted his own scientific opinions scornfully whether he knew what he was talking about or not. And yet he always stopped just short of a certain point. He would cover the injurious things he had said with sudden politeness, even assiduity, and he imagined that Brant noticed nothing.

So he was surprised and shocked when Brant one night in his calm way suggested that they part. "We don't seem to get on any more," was what he said, "and we can do our own work just as well, even better, in different districts."

We don't seem to get on—then Brant had seen it all, had read him like a book, all the time. What must he think of him?

"I'll go up to the Bolo country. It's no good up there for your stuff but it's really better for mine. And you can go on to Babafwe."

Walcott did not look at him. He felt too confused to say anything except: "Oh, of course, if you insist on separating." He said it casually. He did not want to invite any explanations. He was afraid.

"I think you see for yourself it's best. And besides, the Babafwe country is much better for you than for me."

"Not at all. The Babafwe country is rotten. I'm not going there. I shall go down to the Loro swamp." Walcott got a queer pleasure in making this declaration. The Loro swamp was notoriously unhealthy and he felt his going there would worry Brant.

It did. Brant did his best to dissuade him but Walcott would not give up the idea. Indeed the gloomy sensationalism of doing something so unwise and, he felt, spectacular brought him a kind of comfort.

So the safari was divided. When they were apportioning the various articles, Brant set aside two-thirds of the quinine for Walcott, taking a third for himself. Walcott protested:

"Why are you giving me all that stuff?"

"Because you ought to double your dose in that low country and because I can get more when I get to M'Bolo."

"Well, I don't want it. I think this quinine business is half hysteria anyway. I'm thinking of leaving it off entirely."

"Don't be silly. You're going into rotten country and besides you might easily be out longer than you expect."

"My God, haven't I told you often enough

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how I feel about that?" He started to speak angrily but pulled his voice down to a civil tone at once. Brant could never get anything through his head. If he hadn't been so damn stubborn all this wouldn't have happened. Stubborn, stubborn, that was it.

And when, after they had parted, he discovered that Brant had left the greater part of the quinine with him, he gave half of it away to an Englishman he met poaching elephants on the upper Loro River.

The storm ended as abruptly as it had begun. Walcott lifted the slicker he had thrown over his head and body and rose from the log. Pools of water lay along the trail and the drenched forest sagged under the weight of the rain that clung to it. Branches were broken, leaves whipped off in the furious downpour, and his boys pointed to a tree split by lightning.

Ordinarily Walcott was afraid of lightning, but this time he had been too tired even to hear the thunder. An hour's march was still before him and he wondered how he could make it. His bowels were griped by dysentery and all day he had had to stop to seek relief that did not relieve.

Along this little-travelled trail there were no shelters built for whites and he had been sleeping in native huts vacated and swept for him. But he was afraid of picking up a deadly kimputi tick and slept badly. To-night he would reach the river and he knew there would be some sort of travellers' shed there. If it were decent at all he would stay a few days and rest. He had no thought now of completing his collection, only of getting out of the Loro country and back to Stanleyville. But it was a long journey and he was in bad shape for travel.

As he plodded along he tried to figure out what date it was. How many weeks had passed since he had left Brant? He couldn't remember and besides when he tried to count he began to think about Brant instead. How was it possible he had felt toward him as he had? Looking back, Brant seemed to him an ideal companion. He could not understand at all the ugly feelings he had had then.

Tongo was the only boy of the old safari who was still with Walcott. Just now, seeing Walcott stumble, the black ran forward and took his arm. His touch startled Walcott and the strong smell of his body made him retch. He struck at the boy with his stick and cursed, at the same time whimpering to himself, "If they'd only leave me alone. If everybody would only leave me alone. I can't stand anything more." He was afraid he was going to cry, and to change his thoughts he again began trying to count up the days that had passed, but without success.

The high forest aisle was dim with mist, the trees shook little gusts of rain down on him as he passed and he sank in mud above his ankles. There was a low thatched hut at the end of the march with an open porch through the centre and two windowless rooms, one on each side. Involuntarily he said to himself, One for Brant and one for me.

Tongo put up his chair and while they were making camp Walcott lay in it trying to overcome the terrible exhaustion that was worse than a physical pain. Vaguely, too, he kept harping on the dates. The first Sunday he had been with the English elephant-hunter; the second Sunday he had reached Ekoro's village. (Brant was so damned kind, too, he'd have done anything for Walcott if Walcott had let him.) How many Sundays at Ekoro's, where most of his work had been done? He did not know. What day was to-day? No use trying, one dropped a day so easily in the forest.

And round and round in your head went thoughts. What did thoughts amount to? Nothing when you were lonely, nothing when you were hard. Hard? When you needed something to make you living and warm. Could a man be hungry to give as well as to receive? Hungry—and impotent? Hungry to love, to feel a barrier give way that had grown inside hard and bitter, shutting away the warmth that should pour forth and fructify? He had never been able to yield himself, to give wholly, to become one with any one, anything. To be complete, then, was it necessary to have ceased, in that way, to be? He knew something about all this in his head. But only in his head. Always thoughts, and thoughts were sterile. Not enough. Thinking brought no enchantment, no release, no rest. There was something else and he had missed it—thoughts were not enough.

He shivered and swallowed an extra quinine pill. It seemed to him the lantern Tongo had lighted was getting dim and he shouted to him furiously for not having filled it. But the boy had gone to the cook-house and did not hear. Walcott did not like the dark. Too much darkness he had had all those nights when he couldn't sleep. He got up to look for another lantern and suddenly began to vomit. Then the chill came. It shook his body till it seemed his teeth would be jarred loose. He

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got into his bed, still dressed and when the chill was over the fever began.

Torture of heat taking the place of torture of cold. Torture of longing for the feeling of ice on his head and a drink of clear, cold water like you got at home when you turned on the tap and "let it run." At times he thought he was running the water and he even raised the glass to his lips but the hallucination ended there, he never had the illusion of drinking. At last Tongo came to put on his supper but finding Walcott in bed, left a cup of water beside him and went off. The water was tepid and dirty and tasted of alum and wood smoke. And there wasn't enough of it. But before long his fever brought on a mild delirium and he became unconscious.

No danger now of losing track of the time. The recurring chills were a calendar and a clock. They came every other day at precisely the same hour, preceded by vomiting and followed by fever. While the fever lasted he was never wholly conscious. He heard at times the violent drumming of rain, the roar of thunder, crackle of lightning and breaking trees, but he was not wholly aware of what it was. He had a dim notion that something terrible was taking place, that some desperate force was crashing about the forest tearing down the trees, that everything was falling, falling on him, but he didn't care. It was unreal to him. Often the two naked brown girls he had seen at the first gite on the Babafwe trail stood enlaced before him, rolling lambent eyes. Sometimes Isabel was there telling him to hurry and get up to go somewhere and meet somebody of importance. But he could not dress, or find his clothes, or if he found them they fell apart in his hands and an agony of exhaustion filled him as he went on trying, trying, eternally baffled, while Isabel looked at him with eyes that gradually became hard as flints and her whole face changed into the face of an old witch woman with rigid mouth and those hard, watchful, burning eyes. Sometimes, too, there was a lovely dream. He was with a woman he could not have named but whom he had always known and loved. Who loved him with exquisite tenderness. Ah, at last they were together. How sweet she was. How perfectly she loved him. An inexpressible joy filled him, a radiance and contentment beyond life. And sometimes this blindingly sweet creature with no strangeness at all became Brant.

Indeed he dreamed of Brant so frequently that he was not surprised, on a certain afternoon, when, as he was rising slowly to the surface of consciousness from the periodic oblivion of his fever, he heard Brant's voice. He did not at first open his eyes but waited. When he became more lucid he would know whether this were the real Brant or the Brant who had drifted so often in and out of his delirium. But he dared not look till he was sure he could control himself. He did not want to give Brant the satisfaction of seeing him cry. At last, cautiously, he opened his eyes and saw Brant looking at him, with tears rolling down his pink cheeks and glistening in his beard.

Bed. It was all right to be sick if you were well taken care of, if you were nursed and soothed and bathed and fed and protected. Like a baby. Bed, too, was like a cradle then. When you were like a baby you had no hatred. What a relief that was. Some one was good to you and you yielded to him, you did not oppose. You did not fight and struggle and suffer. You were at peace. And you felt important too. Ah, you were a child again, a happy child. Even if you were sick. Brant was a father and mother. Once more Walcott was somebody's first concern. Brant was concerned first of all with him. Yes, he was happy with his mother-father Brant. It was pleasant to open his eyes and see Brant with his hairy arms and chest sitting at the little table with lantern, papers, test-tubes and, best of all, the thermometer to take Walcott's temperature, the cold towel for Walcott's head, the spirit lamp to warm his broth and make his tea.

It was pleasant, too, to lie so safe in this wild and lonely part of the jungle. There was a pool nearby where at night elephants came to bathe. They could hear them trumpeting and splashing, and once a young leopard ran through the house from back to front. The people who brought palm-oil and a few spoiled eggs to trade for trifles their souls coveted were nakeder than any they had seen, more fantastically gashed and tattooed, and wore great pieces of bone in their noses and ears, and necklaces of human teeth. Night after night when the moon was full the sound of drumming and music of the dance chant came from their village.

Brant's care soon put an end to the chills and fever but Walcott was prostrated. For a long time he could only lie, contentedly enough, watching Brant work, or, as he grew stronger, talking to Brant. He told him all about his childhood, about people he had

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known and what he thought about them; what he thought about everything, good and evil, life, God. It was always Walcott who talked. Brant did not say much. He did not have any theories or philosophic ideas and Walcott did not ask him about his childhood or the people he knew. Walcott, in fact, did not like to listen to other people talk. It bored him. Not only was he bored, but, unless he was doing all the talking himself, he felt slighted and insignificant.

Then, almost too soon to suit him, Brant made him leave his bed. He was dressed and put in his chair and compelled to go to the table. But now everything was different. Seen from the perpendicular instead of the horizontal things took on a different aspect. Walcott began to feel he ought to be working, accomplishing something as Brant was. How far Brant was getting ahead of him! And then there were the same old things about Brant himself. The way he ate—if only he wouldn't pile his plate like that; his untidiness—pipe, comb, tooth-brush mixed up with food and dishes on the table. It was insufferable. And an infernal way he had of telling Walcott about his bowels, whether they'd moved or not. Oh, for Heaven's sake shut up—Walcott wanted to shout, to scream—I'm not interested, I don't want to hear.

But of course he couldn't. Look at what Brant had done for him. Come to him as soon as he had heard—it was strange how news travelled in the jungle. Yes, Brant had given up everything and made the long trek on the double-quick to come and nurse him. And how faithfully he had done that. Brant was good and Walcott knew that he cared for him more than any one in the world. Well, now the whole thing was over and they were going home together. There was a peculiar satisfaction in that, in the fact that they were going home. Then he got an unpleasant surprise.

Brant had made all the arrangements for the journey out of the forest and back to Stanleyville. They would start by canoe and travel down the Loro River almost to its confluence with the Congo. It was not necessary to go all the way to the Congo because at a place called Cha they would find bearers and shorten the trip by cutting across a corner of the forest on foot.

It was not possible to say just how long it would take to get to Cha, some weeks probably. It was not so much the distance, but you had to change paddlers and canoes every few days. The tribesmen would not leave their own districts and there was no telling how long they would have to wait each time while the new outfit was being got together. However, it didn't matter. They could be fairly comfortable in the river villages and the travelling itself in the huge dugout canoes was easy and agreeable.

Then Brant had said: "I'll go as far as Stanleyville with you and even to the coast if you're still seedy."

To the coast. Walcott was startled: "But aren't you going home?"

"Oh, no, I've got to stick around a few months longer and finish up."

So that was it. Brant was going to stick around and finish his work and come home bursting with achievement. Whereas Walcott was sneaking back sick, whipped, having done nothing. His very heart turned to ashes. And at the same time the thought that he could have been glad to think Brant's work had been interrupted and he would accomplish little on this trip filled him with disgust. He had been happy because he thought Brant too would have failed. A rotter, clear through. That's what he was, cancerous with the pettiest kind of jealousy. Oh, God, how could he endure any longer this sense of his own baseness. And yet at the same time something inside him protested, defended him. Yes, this is bad, it seemed to say, but it's just one side. This is your weakness. There must be something else, something better or you wouldn't care. That, at any rate, was what he must believe.

It was not too hot under the little banana-leaf canopy and Walcott lay comfortably in his long chair watching the panorama of river, sky, and forest peacefully unfold before him. Alongshore when there was a bit of beach—for the most part the forest rose straight from the water—baboons lolled in the sunshine; long-winged birds flapped from shore to shore and bands of little monkeys leapt and swung in the tree-tops. The naked body of the pole-man standing in the prow was dark against the pale silver of the river. Dreamily he swung his pole taking the soundings, or, seized with sudden madness, furiously pushed and prodded the nose of the craft away from hidden rocks; or for long moments stood like a flying figurehead with pole suspended, staring downstream and calling his directions to the paddlers behind in a loud, melodious voice.

The strangeness and beauty of this river

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scene filled Walcott with delight. Behind him Brant smoked peacefully, drawing little sketches on the borders of his note-book.

"Three or four weeks of this will certainly put me on my feet," Walcott said. "I'll be so fit I'll be able to go back with you to M'Bolo."

"I hope so," Brant answered. "But this river is one of the best little places for fever we've struck yet. We mustn't forget that. I suppose it's the unhealthiest place in the Congo."

Walcott laughed. "Well, for the professional optimist of our band you're taking the joy out of life to-day."

"Yes, I'll admit seeing you didn't make me any more anxious to come down with malaria. It threw a good scare into me, I'll tell you. And by the way, get out your quinine, will you? We've been taking mine since what I found on your table got used up. Now mine's gone."

"Sure." He would get it out when they reached camp that night. But just where was it? It had been so long since he had done anything for himself that he had forgotten how things had been packed. Then he remembered. He had put the quinine in his brief case where it would be safe—with his manuscript. He took the bag on his lap. He found a little bottle full of capsules, about sixteen, he judged, and then the tin box with the reserve supply. He tossed the small bottle to Brant: "Stick this in your pocket while they last and use them yourself. I'll keep the rest in here. It's a good safe place."

There was an empty bottle and Walcott thought he would fill it with capsules for himself so as not to go to the main supply all the time. He uncorked it and placed it upright on his knee. Then he opened the tin box where the extra two hundred capsules were kept. The box was empty.

The paddlers had begun to sing. They were approaching a rapids not violent enough to force them to make a portage, but swift enough to be exciting. The thirty men bent and swayed in unison, shouting their rhythmic song at the top of their lungs. The poleman, planted on wide-apart legs, writhed and strove, the muscles of his back straining and rippling under the smooth skin. Then the rush of water caught the great sixty-foot canoe. Paddles were suspended, the song broke off in a yell and the craft shot like an arrow over the foaming ledge and down through the racing water.

Brant jumped up excitedly and cheered. The men, fired by his enthusiasm, yelled, laughed, pounded with their paddles, eyes rolling, teeth flashing, pink tongues lolling and thrusting in mouths that rent the dark faces and widely unveiled the pink inner flesh. Something intimate, more than naked—that pink inside flesh—phallic flowers hidden behind the warm, brown masks.

"Hey, Walcott, let a shout out of you!"

Walcott took off his hat and cheered. The canoe still swept forward under its own power and the river was everywhere covered with puffs of foam.

The box was empty. Of course. He remembered perfectly now. That was the quinine he had given to the Englishman. The latter had his own kit and Walcott merely poured out the capsules and put the box back in his brief case. And, owing to his long illness, the supply he had kept for himself had not been enough.

Well, nothing was to be gained by admitting that he was to blame. Like everything else that had gone wrong on the trip it was his fault. Brant had wanted to send back to Bamba for more quinine but Walcott would not wait. Brant had given two-thirds of the supply into his keeping and he, not in a spirit of generosity but out of mindless resentment toward Brant, had given half of it away. Now they were in the depths of a fever-ridden country with just sixteen five-grain capsules between them. The very least that could be taken with safety was one a day. One man could be relatively safe for sixteen days. It was possible that when they got near to Cha they might meet a trader or an official or a hunter from whom they could get more. But it would be at least three weeks before they got there and very little hope of running across any one before. If they divided the quinine it would do neither of them any good.

Walcott knew the danger of a sudden relapse after an attack of malaria as serious as the one he had had, and in a weakened condition like his. Malaria when you were well and strong was one thing; malaria when you were an anæmic skeleton was another, was, in fact —and a cruel hand seemed to squeeze his heart—was, some people said, blackwater.

They were in still water again. The men were paddling, the long canoes rocked gently to the regularly plunging paddles. Beautiful paddles, black, carved, pointed like swords. And the men singing.

Walcott's hands, crossed in his lap, were very frail. He had always been proud of his hands and did not like it when people said slender fingers had nothing to do with talent

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or ability of any kind. Now they were emaciated. His neck, too, was too thin, and it emphasized the inadequate back of his head, the structural peculiarities of his face—high wide forehead, jaw lacking in power, not solid, not broad enough. His skin had a ghastly pallor, but as he sat with his gaze lost in the heat-veiled distance, two small spots of color burned over his cheek-bones. A strange excitement filled him. Blackwater, not certain of course but possible. Well then, well then? Wasn't that the best of it? What pride would there be in anything else? That, then, would be the whole truth about him. The other side. A certain hysterical joy seemed to play tag with him, peeking, beckoning, running for him to come after—promising new peace if he had the courage to follow where it pointed. Suddenly he flung his hands above his head and laughed.

"What's struck you funny?"

He did not answer.

Each morning they got up before dawn. The sky showed a radiant clarity above the dark forest, rose succeeded blue, melted swiftly into the gold of the rising sun. Everybody helped break camp. Walcott filled the canteens with boiled water; the boys flew under Brant's good-natured orders. The boxes were stowed aboard the baggage canoes, the boys riding on top; chairs were put up for Walcott and Brant under the leafy roof of their own canoe and they set off down a river boiling with white vapors.

At sundown Brant took his quinine, remarking that so far he was only taking one a day but would increase the dose if he felt shivery. Once or twice he said: "You're taking your full dose, aren't you, Walcott? Don't try to get along with less than three a day for a while."

At first Walcott was in high spirits. He and Brant had good times together. They played cards and joked. Brant no longer irritated him. He was happier than he had been since they came to Africa or for a long time before. Then something happened to change things. One night he felt unwell and taking his temperature discovered he had a degree or two of fever. By morning the fever was gone but he had passed a bad night. A small thrust of fear had pierced his heart and was there, it seemed, to stay.

He tried to reason it away. He kept telling himself that a few weeks without quinine wouldn't hurt anybody. Look at the people who had spent years in the jungle before quinine was ever heard of. Ah, but how many of them had died! For the few who survived hundreds went under. Well, yes, they died, but it wasn't only fever. It was after long hardships and privations, when they were no longer able to resist disease. Yes, but that was precisely his condition. He was in no shape to resist anything. Brant on the other hand was strong. A go of fever would probably not do him much harm. These troublesome thoughts came to him usually after dark and he relied on the morning sunlight to drive them away. But after a while they had a way of intruding themselves in daytime as well.

In all his life Walcott had never thought much about death. He had not before reached that turning-point when death becomes not merely something that happens to other people and the vaguest unrealized possibility for oneself—but a reality, an inevitable and unspeakable certainty brought nearer by every passing moment. An outrage, a thing not to be reconciled with any justice or reason, the very negation of all we hold to and are—life. And now Walcott realized death. What if he were actually incurring, hastening the fulfilment of this hideous consummation? Death, death for him too. But it could not be. It was too strange, too fearful that at his age he should simply cease to be, that everything should be over for him forever. He told himself such notions were purest nonsense and yet he could not rid himself of this new, dreadful realization, and even more dreadful fear.

Against the black finality of death life stood forth fair, precious and complete in itself. Nothing else mattered. Life was enough. Life was the bride, the ravishment. What difference did success make or failure? Riches or poverty or fame—*love* even? Life was the thing.

Although it was full rainy season it did not rain. Cloudless days followed each other. From dawn until sunset they floated down a river empty of all life except their own and that of the birds, the monkeys, the lolling baboons or an occasional native who stole silently past in a slender, fire-blackened canoe. The fierce sun drew all color from the river and dimmed the forest with heat haze. Sometimes low islands appeared where reeds and grasses grew and white birds walked on slender, coral-colored legs or wheeled and called in lonely voices. There was about these grassy islands the desolate and peaceful beauty of a world innocent as yet of mankind. And something

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mysterious and yet tangible seemed to unite him with all this. He felt himself one with life, felt within him as it were the cosmic umbilicus that attached him to the universal. So a branch might feel conscious of the exact spot where it was united to the tree. Life, life—so smiling, so violent, so inexorable, so serene. Ah, not to be part of it any longer—how was that possible?

He began to reckon on the possibilities of meeting some one. It was he now who pored over maps. There was a government station not far from Cha. But the official was only there part of the year. Still they could send a runner as soon as they arrived. Hysterical ecstasies and hysterical depressions filled his days and at night he listened in agony to the dry insect rustlings and scratchings in the thatch above his head. In imagination he could see the blind movements of those crawling feet and they spoke of death.

When they were actually en route it was not so hard for Walcott but the waits in the villages for new paddlers were unendurable. He tried to bribe the men to keep on, offered foolish sums, became violent at what he denounced as their stubbornness, the stupid, archaic timidity that did not permit them to venture outside their tribal beat.

"What's the hurry?" Brant would inquire lazily. "This rest is just what you need."

"Oh, no hurry at all," Walcott replied with a disagreeable laugh that caused Brant to turn on him one of those patient and reflective looks which Walcott resented above all else.

Why not give up this quixotic business entirely? Let Brant do without the quinine. If he knew, he'd be glad to give it up. Yes, that was just it. Brant would give it up. Brant would be on top again, the victory would be Brant's. What would become then of Walcott's secret pride, of the admiration Brant would feel when Walcott told him afterward what he had done? And it wasn't only that—he had thought, he had hoped, mixed with all that was petty something better, a little love—as near anyhow as he could come. . . .

And that too he would not give up.

The river that day was full of rapids. They unloaded the canoes three times and the long walks exhausted Walcott. Darkness came before they reached the village where they were to spend the night. It was a miserable place. They were in very low country, the backwaters were full of mosquitoes and everywhere the natives were sick. On a little hill above the handful of round, peaked native houses was a hut built years before by an ivory trader and deserted. Their baggage was dragged up there and they installed themselves for the night.

The weather had turned to rain and a more than usually penetrating chill followed the suffocating afternoon. Their kerosene was gone and all but a few ends of candles. The food had become scanty and bad. The rice and flour were mouldy, they had to cook what stringy chickens or bits of goat meat they got in rancid palm-oil. The floor of the hut was swarming with purple worms.

The sight of these worms made Walcott horribly uneasy, but no amount of sweeping seemed to rid the place of them. No matter what they did the floor was soon crawling with them again. Brant declared he felt shaky. He took two quinine pills and went to bed, recommending to Walcott to double his dose just for safety. Walcott too went to bed.

Unlike his usual habit he went to sleep at once, so that when he came suddenly awake later on he had no idea what time it could be. He felt languid and comfortable. The damp cold seemed to have given way to stifling heat. Above his head he heard the usual ghostly rustlings in the insect-haunted thatch. Bloodless little feet, picking. The thatch too was filled with the desiccated corpses of other insects long dead, and these drifted lightly down onto his net. Death, death everywhere. A man dying of leprosy in the village they had passed through the day before.

Why did he feel so hot? He put his hand to his forehead, felt his wrists. Trembling he sat up in bed and reached under the net for his thermometer. He kept it in his mouth a long time, then struck a match and looked at it. His heart seemed to stop and a mist swam before his eyes. Steadying his hand he held the match close to the tube again. There was no mistake. It was over a hundred and four.

The match burned to the end, scorching his fingers. He was so frightened he could do nothing. He lay back and closed his eyes. A horror seized him. He seemed to see crawling things swarming everywhere. He saw the ferocious tentacles of insects stroking, softly clawing human flesh, he saw eyeballs swarming with ants and white worms moiling in entrails.

Life—life was the only thing—not love. Men were born selfish, to tear from each other what they must have. Brant's quinine—he must find it. He sat up again dizzily. He felt his fever mounting. He must get the quinine

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before he told Brant how ill he was, so he could have all of it, all. Brant would think he'd lost it. Maybe if he took it right away he could choke this thing off. He'd catch it in time. But he was breathless and felt too light-headed to get up at once. Holding his forehead in his hand he tried to reason with himself. It was only malaria. Malaria was not fatal. He had worried until he had no sense of proportion left. It was his nerves. This was only another go of fever. Rotten and disagreeable but he'd get through with it without any trouble, especially with Brant to help him.

He must get up now quietly and find the capsules. But then it occurred to him some one had said it was dangerous to take quinine at the height of a fever. You must reduce it by purging first. But was this true? People said so many things. At any rate he'd get it so it would all be his when he wanted it—what little there was. But he must rest a moment first. He lay back on his pillow and his hot cheek touched something damp and cold that wriggled and slid away—one of the purple worms. Walcott screamed.

The ivory trader's hut consisted of one dirt-floored room without windows. The nearest water was at the bottom of the hill and some distance away in the jungle. It was not a convenient place in which to care for a mortally sick man. Also it was impossible to conceal the desperate nature of the illness from the blacks and most of them deserted.

Walcott was for the most part unconscious. They did not know what was the matter. Acute malaria? Tropical fever of some other kind? They had not enough medical science to diagnose it.

"For God's sake, Walcott, how did this happen? Have you been careful about your quinine?"

And then Walcott told Brant what he had done and when he saw how Brant took it a great peace and resignation came to him. Brant knew now what kind of a fellow he was. Fortunately the high fever kept him from realizing his condition and from being afraid. He rallied at intervals and once, although he did not yet know he was going to die, he said to Brant: "If I should—I mean if I shouldn't pull through and go home, let them know, will you, old fellow, about the quinine? It's the only thing I've done on this trip, you see."

He tried to say this jokingly, as if he didn't mean it, but his voice died out under the words. So paltry, so futile—and not even the truth. That was it, it wasn't the truth. A great longing came to him to tell more to Brant, to tell everything. But he was too weak. His eyes pleaded with Brant to divine and understand all he could not say. It wasn't just the quinine (of course in the end he had failed even in that, he had wanted to steal Brant's)—no, it was more than that—what he had tried to do. Love, love, the word haunted him—he had tried, he had tried. Life and love—inseparable if life is to be endured. How mixed it all was. His eyes asked Brant to listen and understand. But Brant, he knew, had only heard his words and pitied him for them. Ah, well.

As this number of the Magazine appears, the $5,000 long-story contest is closing. It has so greatly exceeded even the most sanguine hopes as to constitute an important literary event. The feeling at SCRIBNER'S *that many fine works of the long-story length were going unpublished has been borne out in an extraordinary manner. From the hundreds of manuscripts submitted, stories of the highest type have been selected, as has been shown by the three already published. One of the successful stories will be published complete each month, and the prize winner will be announced as soon as the judges have made their choice. Interest in the readers' contests has been equally astonishing and sustained, and the quality of the criticism has been high. These contests will continue.*

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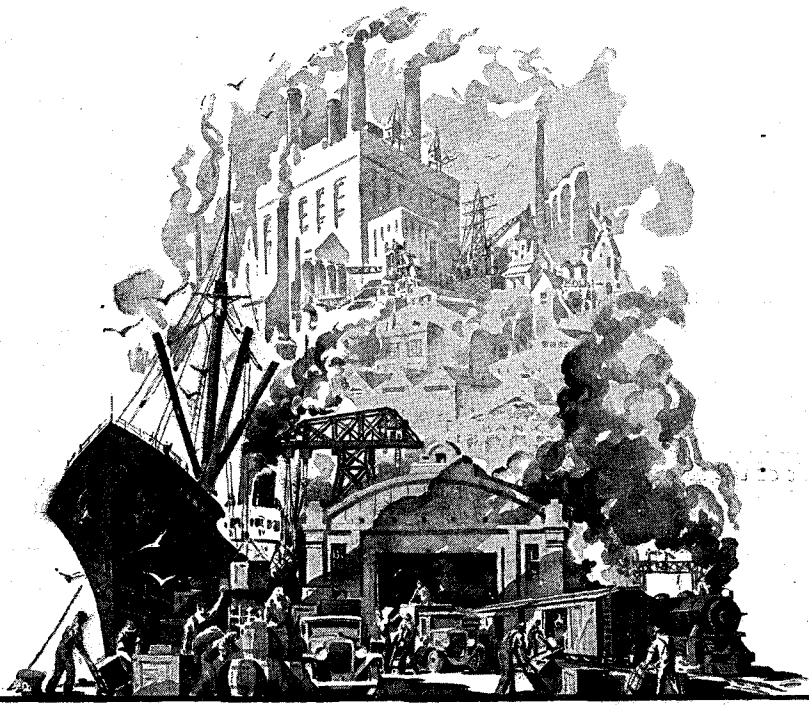

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Behind the Scenes

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

GRACE FLANDRAU went to Africa when a March blizzard in Minnesota displeased her. She crossed the continent from coast to coast, spending months in the interior, mostly in the Ituri forest. The winter before, she and her husband had lived in a game-warden's cabin almost at the summit of the Rocky Mountains in Montana. And before that they had for several years lived on a coffee-plantation in a remote part of the Gulf of Mexico. Bandits bothered them. They left. This year the Flandraus have been in France, but they will probably return home—St. Paul—before Mrs. Flandrau goes again to Africa. She has written two novels and "Then I Saw the Congo," the story of her African trip. She says she writes because she must. And that's why we read what she writes.

Margaret Emerson Bailey in "Gilded Youth" continues with her analysis of youth and its businesslike attitude toward living. Miss Bailey teaches in a private school. Born in Providence, R. I., a graduate of Bryn Mawr, she did her first writing for *The Atlantic Monthly*. Her stories and poems appear frequently in the magazines.

Dorothy Tyler edits the publications of the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit. She holds a Master's degree from the University of Michigan.

Gregory Mason has averaged a trip to Mexico for the past sixteen years. As correspondent of *The Outlook* there he knew Carranza, Obregon, Pancho Villa and other celebrities. In recent years Mr. Mason has gone to Mexico to "delve for secrets of the ancient Maya race." He says: "Here is a country where men are still men, and do not play golf and call it 'exercise.' . . . Thank the *buen Dios* I shall be dead long before Mexico is ever thoroughly Americanized."

With this issue the dashing Jeb Stuart leaves us. Captain John W. Thomason is reverting to active service in far-away China, and "J. E. B. Stuart" is appearing, this month, in book form. The book will have additional chapters, and will be generously illustrated with Captain Thomason's own pen-and-ink drawings: maps, and sketches of men and sites in the story. Literary products of a military man: "Fix Bayonets!"; a 350,000-word history of the Second Division of U. S. M. C. (for which he is official historian) for government archives; and now "J. E. B. Stuart."

Poems by Marie de L. Welch, who lives in San Francisco, have been appearing in the magazines for some three years.

Countess Paul Palffy was formerly Miss Eleanor Roelker of Rhode Island. Her husband belongs to an old Hungarian family which now finds its estates in Czecho-Slovakia.

Walter Morgansmith's years of wanderings have been strewn with "a good many lapses into newspaper work and respectability," when he has been editor of *The Japanese Advertiser* in Tokyo, on the Singapore *Free Press* and *The Times* of Ceylon. At home he has read copy on New York papers. Born in Illinois in 1884, after high school and a taste of Harvard (with English under Professor Greenough), he lit out for the ends of the earth: South America, Europe, the Orient, Egypt. One of his numerous hiking trips on this continent took him through the West Virginia mountains, where "Deponent Sayeth Not" is laid. Mr. Morgansmith now lives in New York.

John Carter since 1928 has been employed as economic specialist in the government service. Born in Massachusetts thirty-three years ago, Mr. Carter was a member of the "Yale Renaissance Group" of 1920, along with Stephen Benét, Thornton Wilder, etc. For three years he served in American embassies in Rome and Constantinople. Afterward he was reporter and editor on the New York *Times*. He is the author of "Conquest: America's Painless Imperialism."

Silas Bent is a newspaperman of long experience. His numerous connections include a year in the chair of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, two years on the editorial staff of the New York *Times*, and two years as

(Continued on page 56)

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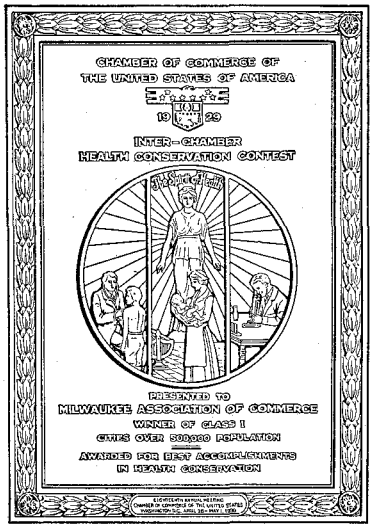
"Business is Business"



Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . . Cities more than 500,000	CLASS 1
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . . Cities 100,000 to 500,000	CLASS 2
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY . Cities 50,000 to 100,000	CLASS 3
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . Cities 20,000 to 50,000	CLASS 4
SIDNEY, OHIO . . . . . Cities under 20,000	CLASS 5

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

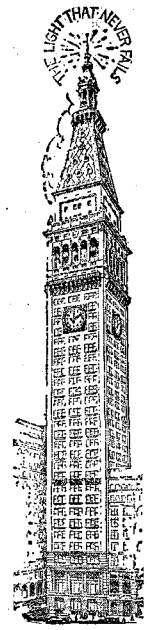
Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reasons for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.



Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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(Continued from page 54)

associate editor of *The Nation's Business,* Washington. His latest book is "Machine Made Man."

Neglected by the critics through five novels, a volume of short stories and two of poetry, Evelyn Scott's power and beauty were "discovered" in "The Wave," a Literary Guild choice, a magnificent picture of the Civil War. Born in Clarksville, Tenn., Miss Scott no longer "stays put." After six years in Brazil and four in France and Algeria, she now divides her year between Santa Fé, N. M., and England, with frequent calls at the port of New York.

Charles Hall Perry's provocative article in SCRIBNER'S last fall on the Catholic Advantage led to "The Protestant Advantage," and in this issue he discusses yet another great religious sect. His articles have aroused a great deal of comment, both grateful and vituperative, perhaps because he does not think in creeds. A product of Williams College and Cambridge, he has served in the Congregational and Episcopal ministries, and has been a teacher of various subjects.

Doctor James A. Tobey is Director of Health Service of the Borden Company of New York. He has been secretary of the National Health Council, and served for nine years as associate editor of *The American Journal of Public Health.* His book "Riders of the Plague—the Story of the Conquest of Disease" has just been published by Scribners.

Padraic Colum, famous poet and dramatist, has recently returned to his home in New Canaan, Conn., after an extended visit to Ireland and the Continent, with his wife, Mary M. Colum, whose critical articles appear in SCRIBNER'S.

Mildred Coes Wasson admits that her childhood, spent in Cambridge, Mass., was *not* richly influenced by intellectual atmosphere, in spite of what one might hope. Rather, she remembers confetti-covered lawns after class days and "an atavistic thrill at the smell of the mastodons in the Agassiz Museum." Mrs. Wasson lived for several years in Colorado, but now makes her home in Bangor, Maine. She has had three novels published, the last being "The Everlasting Harpers," and hopes to have finished her new one by this fall. Her ambition is "to write a good novel—and to live in England awhile some time."

Through one of those inexplicable errors that simply do occur in the course of publishing a magazine, the biographical note on Miss Caroline Gordon was omitted from the final pages of the August issue. It read: Caroline Gordon is a Southern girl who has done much newspaper work and some free-lance writing in New York. She recently returned from two years' residence abroad and is now living in Clarksville, Tenn., with her husband, Allen Tate, poet and prose-writer. "The Long Day" originally appeared in the February issue of *The Gyroscope,* a quarterly published in Palo Alto, Calif.

What You Think About It

THE big news of August was the appearance of Mr. Cozzens's long story, "S. S. San Pedro." The reaction was extraordinary. Mr. Cozzens immediately had an offer for the story from the largest motion-picture company in America, the largest news-stands in New York were sold out in two days despite the hottest July in history, and the flood of answers in the readers' contest bowled us over, literally. We have never seen anything quite like it. The winners of the August awards are announced in the front advertising pages of this issue, along with the announcement of the October contest.

It was clear from the time the first letter came in that our anticipation of the high quality of criticism was not to be wrong. The quality was so high that it made the job of selecting the winner very difficult. By hard, earnest reading it was possible to get the best selections down to about a hundred. After that the task became terrific. The prize winners can be very proud, indeed, and the other entrants have our sincerest thanks for a fine attempt. The work was hard but the joy from such a response and such a high quality of response was great. Elinor Colby Mahoney, Powder Point Hall, Duxbury, Mass., wrote: "May I congratulate SCRIBNER'S on the idea of having a contest for readers as well as for the actual authors, for whatever the results, it is really a lot of fun!"

(Continued on page 58)

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Lament of a
DISILLUSIONED ALCHEMIST

EVERY soap manufacturer, we suppose, is at heart an alchemist. He never quite loses hope that some day, somehow, he will invent a "magic" soap which will do the washing without any human assistance whatever.

Certainly we of Fels-Naptha have fussed and fiddled with all kinds of oils and solvents, hoping a miracle would come out of the test tube. But, we are infinitely sorry to report, it can't be done. The most we can do is to make a soap that gives *extra* help to whoever does your washing.

The large, generous bar of Fels-Naptha does this. It washes clothes snow-white, fragrantly clean. And it does it so gently that the most delicate fabrics are not harmed. It keeps clothes looking a little nicer—it makes them last a little longer. In a word, it washes clothes the way you like to have them washed.

Fels-Naptha gives this extra help because it combines good golden soap with *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha, even when the bar is down to its last sliver. These two busy cleaners, working together, coax dirt loose and wash it away. No hard rubbing needed.

Fels-Naptha does excellent work in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And it helps to keep hands fresh.

Perhaps, when she has tried Fels-Naptha, your maid will find it does even more than we, in our Philadelphia conservatism, have claimed for it. Certainly, it will not do less. Put it on your next grocery order.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to give it a trial, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930. FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q. S. 10-30

Send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Fill in completely—print your name and address

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(Continued from page 56)

That is our idea and we hope it is yours. It is a long time since we had so much satisfaction out of anything. If you did not enter the September contest, be sure to read Mrs. Flandrau's story in this issue and join the hundreds who will become editors for the day. The letters came from practically every state in the union and from many foreign lands, despite the shortness of time. We must mention again how extraordinarily good they were. Almost without exception they were well-thought-out, sensible, illuminating comments on the story. We only wish it were possible to write and thank each entrant personally, but it would take all our time, and the September letters will be on us almost before we get this to press.

But before we say any more about "S. S. San Pedro," we wish to get in the comment on the other interesting features of August and former months. It is pleasant to note that the articles were not at all overwhelmed by the story and not in a long time have we had prompter or more widespread comment on an article than came to "A Parson Looks at Prohibition" by Ware Wimberly. Among the letters received was the following written to Mr. Wimberly:

DEAR MR. WIMBERLY:

From my point of view, believing in the scientific as well as the religious teaching of Jesus Christ, as I interpret his views, you have performed the greatest possible service toward the advancement of morality and religion of any publicist for years, in your contribution appearing in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, entitled "A Parson Looks at Prohibition."

I feel moved, as my co-religionists would say, when they express deep feeling, to write expressing unreserved approval.

I have had but few of the world's honors, but you can trace my church and other connections in "Who's Who in America."

If competent, I would rather have written the article in SCRIBNER'S than any other.

Appreciatively yours,

Eatonton, Georgia. BENJ. W. HUNT.

The early newspaper comment on Mr. Wimberly's article came from as widely separated points as Chattanooga *Times,* Boston *Transcript,* Petersburg (Va.) *Progress Index,* Sacramento *Bee,* and the Selma (Ala.) *Times-Journal.* It has rather elaborately been established that Dr. Phelps is acting as King Canute in trying to stem the tide of Prohibition eloquence and discussion. It seems to be growing larger, if anything.

RELIGION IS ALIVE

It may come as a surprise, or it may not, that among the most provocative papers published recently by SCRIBNER'S are those on religion. We feel confident from the nature of the replies that this is not merely a continuance of interest on the part of the elders, but is being shared by that Modern Youth which is so bitterly assailed for its levities.

Mark Van Doren's "Substitutes for God" following on Henshaw Ward's "Disappearance of God" and coupled with the comment by William Lyon Phelps in his monthly department furnished the subject for a column-long editorial in the Indianapolis *Star.* Referring to the statement by Dr. Phelps that:

> In his essay (Henshaw Ward's) there is one rather remarkable omission. There is no mention of Christ. Now it is not in the least necessary for any Christian to define God.

The *Star* comments on this:

> And Dr. Phelps is right. All the philosophical and metaphysical definitions of God which Mr. Ward finds so confusing, so actually obliterating of God, and which Mr. Van Doren calls, with much justice, "substitutes for God," fade out of mind when one confronts Jesus Christ. In Him God is knowable by the only means through which He can ever be known—by human experience. In Him the fallible life of man assumes significance; by following Him we lose the sense of futile pursuit of the eternally elusive; we find the lost authority of God—the authority of love; we discover the joy, the peace, the certitude which Mr. Van Doren thinks are forever gone.

LIFE GOES ON

Life changes, times change and magazines must keep abreast of life. It is inevitable that out of this must grow dissatisfaction. There are those who love the old ways and wish to keep them intact. They resent innovations and variations from the normal. SCRIBNER'S all its life has been reproached for selling its birthright for a "mess of pottage." We write this in no flippant mood, respecting the views of those who do not approve of the magazine and its methods. In the circumstances we may be pardoned, we believe, for presenting the views of one who agrees with us that life and change are things that none of us can prevent, or should wish to prevent.

DEAR SIR:

I have been familiar with the magazine from the days when it was issued by the house under the name of *Hours at Home,* and its history, and a realization of the development of the public consciousness are clearly in my thought. The broadening of the public horizon, what with the radio and cinematograph, have made the problem of supplying the magazine that will circulate remuneratively intense. I had anticipated the change that you have lately made and was wondering just how you would draft out the model. This you have done marvellously well, and if

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Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

ABOUT OUR CHILDREN

About our children we rear our gayest dreams, clothe them in our most poignant hopes . . . and everything we have and all that we can do must be brought to bear on the effort to make these things come true. In the budding characters we can strive to encourage such few virtues as we, ourselves, had to pass on . . . the small, lithe bodies we can guard and develop . . . but how shall we imprint upon their dawning little personalities that rare glamour that makes the whole world come smiling?

They need not be taught to excel in the accomplishments that help make people attractive to the world; but their performance in all must be *authentic*. And this particularly must be the case with their music. That is one reason the Steinway is treasured in important homes where children are being reared in the cultured tradition.

The Steinway is, in itself, a graceful work of art that develops an appreciation of the utmost in musical expression. . . . And the Steinway, choice of the masters from Wagner to Rachmaninoff, leaves the impressionable young talent unhandicapped, from the all-important first moment, by the distortive influences of practice on less perfect instruments.

Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of musical artists or families of wealth. But the fact is, that every family may acquire the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

(As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.)

10% down *balance in three years*

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to

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109 West 57th Street, New York

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

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(Continued from page 58)

you can secure matter continuously of the kind shown in your present issues, you will rival your contemporaries tellingly. The trouble is, the general public has developed faster than its leadership. I can hardly imagine where your articles are to come from. I shall watch with great interest approaching anxiety. I retire from active service September first, and may be abroad for some time, but shall be able to watch what I hope shall be your success.

L. A. SHERMAN.

University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

"S. S. SAN PEDRO"

The prize-winning letter was sent in by Miss D. Haviland Nelson, 32 Elk Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. The other prize winners and those receiving honorable mention are listed in the front of this issue. We regret to say that many excellent contributions were ruled out because they were overlength. The length of 500 words or under may be arbitrary but we feel it is for the reader's good and we are maintaining it in future contests. Miss Nelson's prize letter follows:

"S. S. San Pedro," by James Gould Cozzens, is a powerful story of tragedy at sea, caused not by the inhumanity of the ocean, but by blind discipline, throttling the initiative that is essential in a crisis. The strength of the story lies in the author's able portrayal of character and in his dramatic descriptions. Captain Clendening, sick, unresponsible, yet so firmly fixed in his habit of command that, although he knew his own incompetence, he could not turn the wheel over to anyone else; Bradell, rigid in exacting obedience from his inferiors, and as rigid in obeying those placed over him, a man bound by the conventions of the sea and without enough sense of reality to break his loyalty to them, even when they threatened the safety of the people under his care; even Miro, with his uncritical devotion to Bradell and his calm, unmoved acceptance of everything—all are vividly alive. Mr. Cozzens' descriptive powers are vigorous; he makes his readers' emotions respond to the horror of a storm at sea in a ship so ill-prepared to withstand it, Bradell's despair at knowing that the ship was without a captain, and the panic of the steerage passengers when they came against the unknown.

But there is a flaw in the story, due to the introduction of superfluous characters. Dr. Percival is one of these; it was not necessary to bring him into the story to tell the reader that the Captain was old, physically and mentally, or that the ship was under an evil destiny even before she set out. The excellent and detailed description of the doctor was, in my opinion, labor misplaced and tending, by the suggestion of a supernatural element, to weaken the conviction that it was blind discipline that consummated the disaster. Marilee, too, is an example of work lavished without result; a sense of the anxiety of the passengers might have been conveyed without detailing the girl's appearance, manners, and conversation.

Despite this imperfection, the "S. S. San Pedro" is a powerful story, bringing home to us the peril of following routine in a crisis—a danger that we all recognize in theory, but do not always guard against in real life. The attitude of the characters is one of blindness to reality as Mr. Cozzens skilfully illustrates in the efforts of Brixton & Heath to make their officers into social successes by regulation, and by Bradell's acceptance of the order. The only realist on the ship was the Chief Engineer, MacGillivray, who protested violently and vainly against the blindness of the other officers.

But though there is a moral to the story, and a powerful one, the author, with the artist's viewpoint, never intrudes; he presents to us the whole canvas, and lets us find for ourselves its significance.

D. HAVILAND NELSON.

RETURNS IN READER CONTEST

Alabama	0	New Hampshire	4
Arizona	0	New Jersey	11
Arkansas	0	New Mexico	4
California	56	New York	84
Colorado	4	North Carolina	3
Connecticut	12	North Dakota	0
Delaware	2	Ohio	21
District of Columbia	13	Oklahoma	2
Florida	6	Oregon	5
Georgia	3	Pennsylvania	20
Idaho	1	Rhode Island	4
Illinois	16	South Carolina	2
Indiana	15	South Dakota	1
Iowa	10	Tennessee	5
Kansas	5	Texas	8
Kentucky	2	Utah	1
Louisiana	6	Vermont	3
Maine	13	Virginia	10
Maryland	4	Washington	7
Massachusetts	34	West Virginia	2
Michigan	15	Wisconsin	9
Minnesota	6	Wyoming	0
Missouri	3	Canada	11
Mississippi	4	Bahamas	1
Montana	1	Cuba	1
Nebraska	0	Canal Zone	1
Nevada	0	England	1

WHAT THE READERS SAID

Now to some of our other letters. When we anticipated wide differences of opinion, we were modest. The differences have been wide and violent, but in practically every case they have been based on sound, sensible reasons. We wish to quote as many as we have room for.

The first time I read it . . . it left a bad taste. . . . So I read it again . . . and liked it less than at the first sitting.—MARGIE BURWELL, Floyd C. H., Va.

The characterization is mediocre but the story as a whole is strong, well written. . . .—MRS. FANNIE C. BONTELLE, 811 S. Oak St., Lake City, Minn.

The grasp in which the theme manages to hold the reader, in spite of the story's technical failings, is all the proof needed of Mr. Cozzens' power. . . . In the end the virtues overbalance the faults.—GERTRUDE SHANKLIN, Culver City, Calif.

"S. S. San Pedro" is the most realistic story of a wreck I have ever read.—GERTRUDE S. HOWLAND, 29 Walnut St., Fairhaven, Mass.

So Mr. Cozzens set to work. He noted with pleasure the clarity of his outlines . . . struggled some more with the background, which he couldn't for the life of him

(Continued on page 64)

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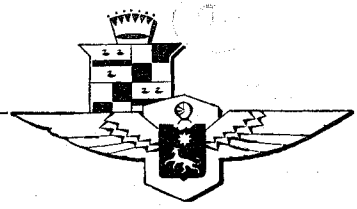

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Complete Motor Car Care On a Liberal Contract Basis

So sure is Cadillac of the uniform goodness and proved long life of every part of its cars that, for a relatively small yearly payment, your Cadillac dealer will take full charge of all service of every kind, including oils and greases. . . . This new, exclusively Cadillac plan removes the last barrier to complete understanding—that natural question which arises in the mind of everyone who buys a motor car: "Is this car all that it is claimed to be and, if not, is the dealer able and willing to make good to me?". . . Cadillac's Standard Service Contract and Cadillac's Owners' Service Policy, more eloquently than any words, say to the prospective buyer of a Cadillac or La Salle: . . . "These cars are right and a great organization stands behind them."

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors

Cadillac Standard Service Contract—Owner pays, in advance, predetermined price, standard throughout country. Dealer takes complete care of owner's service needs for 12,000 miles, or one year. Provides service while touring on same basis. Contract payment includes both labor and materials; also regular lubrication and inspection every 1000 miles, or once a month; and mechanical adjustments or repairs whenever necessary. Corrective work is anticipated—time and trouble saved. After the first contract has expired, a second contract is available for all Cadillac and La Salle owners.

Cadillac Owners' Service Policy—For those owners of Cadillac and La Salle cars who do not avail themselves of the benefits of the contract, the National Service Policy provides touring advantages and a calibre of service unique in the motor car industry.

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(Continued from page 60)

make sinister. . . . A last look he'd give it . . . his face fell. "It's a still life."—Mrs. Robert E. Dietz, Albuquerque, N. M.

The development is disappointing. The plot is inconsequential. The story goes down with the ship.—Dr. Arthur B. Patten, Madison, Conn.

"S. S. San Pedro" is a masterpiece . . . with bated breath one watches for the doom of the ship.—Ellen McGrath de Galban, 15 y K, Vedado, Havana, Cuba.

It is to a first-rate story as fuel laid neatly ready for the match is to the real blaze. . . .—Miss Merle M. Elsworth, 1924 Lawrence St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Dr. Percival, while grotesque, is not sinister. . . . Radio operator persiflage takes up too much of story . . . literary qualities are only mediocre. . . .—P. J. Searles, Public Works Dept., Balboa, Canal Zone.

Where is the story?—Emil Pettersen, Lutheran Sanitarium, Wheatridge, Col.

Ably written. . . . Interesting not only as a story but as a study of a story depicting a ship's life.—Nettie S. Littell, 622 Charter St., Biloxi, Miss.

No one with red blood in his veins could read "S. S. San Pedro" and not be swept off his feet by it.—Mrs. J. O. Cameron, 1085 Moss St., Victoria, B. C.

Will be read and enjoyed by thousands but doubtful if it will appeal to the masses. . . . Subtle . . . Charming . . . Fortunate is the editor. . . .—Rose Keough, Miami, Florida.

One false note. . . . The ominous, fantastic Dr. Percival does not belong.—Mrs. Robert R. Green, 1028 Clinton Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

It is strong. It is well written. It is consistent in detail with never too much of the latter. . . . One of the strongest pieces of fiction in a long time.—Jessie E. Dodge, 724 Boulevard, Ashland, Oregon.

His dramatic handling of the crisis is done in a masterly manner and leaves a memorable picture of the sea claiming its prey.—Elizabeth Davis Richards, 581 Spruce St., Morgantown, W. Va.

While all goes well the author walks with assurance. It is when disaster comes that he writes out of his imagination and falters. . . . A successful sea story. . . . Will bring pleasure to many.—Mrs. J. D. Clear, Reception Hospital, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Vividly realistic presentation. . . . Extremely depressing as a whole. . . . "Would you have chosen it?" No. —James E. Stuart, Livingston, Mont.

A small classic. . . . Perhaps a bit heavily laden with technical or nautical terms. . . . If Scribner's finds a better story I should very much like to read it.—Mrs. C. M. McConn, 602 W. Fourth St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Masterfully written. . . .—Mrs. Florence D. Schaefer, 118 S. 13th St., Richmond, Indiana.

Here is the great illusion; man's faith in man, meaninglessly betrayed by nature.—Mary K. Hare, 661 Talbot St., London, Ontario.

Like riding through splendid, rugged scenery in a big hurry over a rough detour. Up-down-bump-crash—with lofty purple peaks, swaying trees, roaring cascades, and sweeping clouds rushing dizzily by.—Alison Moore, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.

Is an author justified in creating such a character (Dr. Percival) simply to set a sinister note? . . . An admirable story in spite of this criticism.—Evelyn Cook Nesmith, 15 Columbia Ave., Nashua, N. H.

A great story. . . .—Irene Alexander, 43 E. 50th St., New York City.

I am no lover of sea stories (not even Conrad's) and I read this one twice! . . . Even though the boat set out from Hoboken . . . of all places.—Eileen Schofield, 12 Fales St., Worcester, Mass.

Deals but lightly with the passengers on board. . . . Who was to blame for sinking the ship? . . . Eagerly await more fiction from his pen.—Helen King, 21 Brenton St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The influence of Kipling and Conrad is clearly seen; while Quail is obviously Yank from O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." . . . Representative of the short novel at its best.—Albert Joseph Guerard, Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Well written . . . develops logically.—Rhoda D. Chase, Monhegan Island, Me.

Fine descriptive powers. . . . But not a story at all. . . . Leaves his characters stranded in an ocean of description. —John H. Scott, National Sanatorium, Johnson City, Tenn.

As real as the fingers of my hand. . . . Read it in a lazy camp, where a minute before I had been idly watching clouds. . . . Instantly I was aboard a steamer again. —Mrs. T. Lockwood Perry, Asheville, N. C.

As Dr. Percival said of the "S. S. San Pedro," it seems to me to carry too great a list. . . . Disappointing.—Willie Madge Bryant, 1317 West River Blvd., Wichita, Kansas.

Superficially . . . a fine story. But somehow it doesn't "click". . . . Another half-cooked character—the girl Marilee.—Kingsley G. Moore, Kent School, Kent, Conn.

Excellent. . . . But lengthy opening description a drag to reader unacquainted with sea craft.—Leo Schwaiger, 4811 Sixth Avenue, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

My first thought was that if I had engaged passage I would cancel my reservation. . . . My second thought—Scribner's is improving.—B. F. Briscoe, 1608 Castle Court, Houston, Texas.

Interesting . . . but distinctly disappointing. . . . A little romance and a happy ending for some one . . . more fitting . . . pleasant.—Capt. G. W. S. Musgrave, 1520 Fidelity Bldg., Baltimore, Maryland.

Head and shoulders above. . . .—Jake Lyons, 420 B Ave., Lawton, Okla.

(Continued on page 75)

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Advantages of union

THE TURNING POINT in the World War came when the allied governments, each powerful in itself, agreed to unite all their forces under one supreme command.

The forces were not thereby increased. The resources of men and munitions, of ships and supplies, of money, and even of knowledge and experience, were exactly what they had been before. Yet almost immediately more satisfactory progress was apparent.

Something similar takes place when a group of strong companies unite themselves into a single operating unit.

The various manufacturing divisions which make up General Motors are major industries in their own right. Each has the advantage of mass purchasing power and mass production and sales methods. Each is financially able to stand alone. Each is rich in engineering genius and manufacturing and sales experience.

What is gained then, by the union? Certain benefits in research, in the better coordination of purchasing, in the common ownership of parts and accessory companies, in the united development of world markets—all these are important. But perhaps even more important are the intangible advantages — the higher enthusiasm of a common endeavor, the friendly competition for superior performance, the habit of continuous progress.

New and finer models, the addition of a desirable new automobile to the line, the transformation of an engine from one type to a better type, the rapid adoption of improvements, and the immediate passing on to the public of the benefits of research—all these are natural consequences of the unseen forces born of the process of union—larger vision, increased morale, and the courage to pioneer.

GM GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · VIKING
BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

General Motors Trucks · Yellow Coaches and Yellow Cabs
Frigidaire—the automatic refrigerator
Delco-Light, Ⓓ water systems and delcogas
General Motors Radio · GMAC plan of credit purchase

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What started the trend toward common stocks and will it keep up in view of present conditions?

Common Stocks for Common People—With Common Sense

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

In days gone by—gone forever, one hears—a deposit-box well stocked with bonds, mortgages and deeds to real estate was as much the symbol of normal and respectable investing as the brownstone front and the mansard roof were the accepted patterns in residential architecture. Around both the box and the house there was an atmosphere of solidity and permanence. Only minor acts of maintenance were required—paint and repairs for the house, interest collections and an occasional shrewd weeding-out for the box. Underlying the bond box was a lock-and-key concept, the idea that though the value of the securities might not grow appreciably, at any rate it would not leak away or vanish in a devastating market smash. The purpose was to lock wealth in and to add to it from income rather than from increment.

There were important deviations from this principle. Wall Street plungers of the Daniel Drew type, railroad builders and manipulators, bankers and captains of industry who sponsored the merger movement, and the trust magnates of the last century did not make their millions by locking up bonds in a box. Common stocks were their medium. Wall Street still points out the slip that Andrew Carnegie made when he took $218,000,000 bonds instead of share certificates in exchange for the properties he put into the Steel Corporation. But Carnegie was ready to quit. The driving industrial barons used their stocks as tools in their merging and manipulating, and the added value flowed from their activities. The high mysteries of common stock investing were not for the man in the street, who did not have enough money to play the game anyway.

We have changed all that, and the distinctions in investment practice as between the wealthy and the not so wealthy are in a way to be levelled, along with distinctions in dress, in manners, in amusements and in modes of living, making due allowance for the differences in the amounts of cash available. Common stocks for the common people is the new order, and there is reason to believe that the recent financial upheavals have affected the fundamental idea scarcely at all.

How and why the popularity of common stocks originated is a question that has engaged some of our best analytical brains, and the general factors behind the movement are now well enough understood. It used to be said that the Liberty bond issues gave us the education necessary to make us a "nation of investors." If so, the instruction was promptly bettered, or forgotten, for the American public lost little time in divesting itself of its Liberty bonds and putting the proceeds into stocks, while bonds have on several occasions since 1918 been almost unsalable.

The Liberty loans, however, did have two important practical effects. They taught the neophyte investor that the banks would lend money to carry securities, and they provided a national fund of some twenty-five billion dollars, partly represented by bank loans, partly by savings, available for quick conversion into securities which offered a greater "kick" than 3½ and 4¼ per cent Government bonds. The retirement of the war debt at the rate of nearly a billion dollars a year, and the enormous absorption of the remainder by banks and other institutions, loosed a golden flood to irrigate the field of common stocks.

Whatever its origins, the stock cult soon enlisted logic, statistics, and highly respectable example in its support. A vice-president of one of New York's great banks pointed out in an address, "An examination of the tax appraisal of the largest estate ever administered under the laws of New York, as reported by the newspapers, shows that 80.9 per cent of the estate was, through the medium of a holding company, invested in the common stocks of various corporations." A hard nut for the lock-and-key school to crack! Further, this banker reminded his hearers that some of the great universities have large common stock holdings, that the same thing applies to charitable organizations, and that one of the largest life insurance companies "has an investment of $13,000,-

(Continued on page 68)

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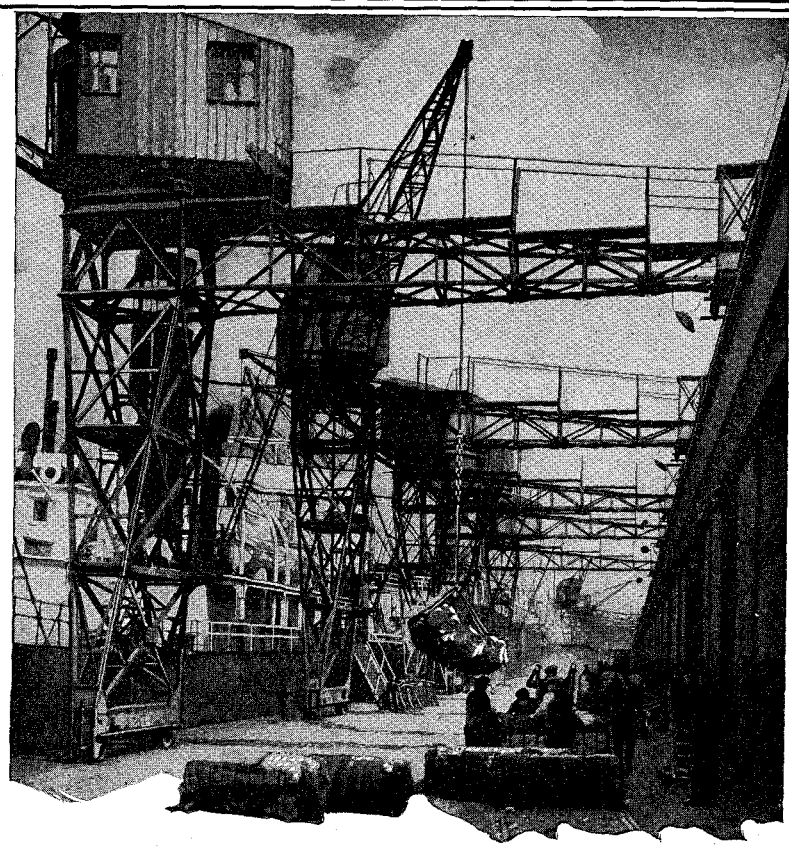
IN FRANCE

American cotton being unloaded on the wharves at Havre. At this great port is located a Guaranty Office — a completely equipped bank for international trade. Our Havre Office facilitates the business of many prominent American shippers of cotton and other products.



A SUBSTANTIAL part of the total export and domestic movement of cotton is financed by the Guaranty Trust Company. Our exceptional service to the cotton interests is typical of that rendered to every important branch of American industry. We shall be pleased to discuss with you the banking problems involved in your domestic and international business.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS MORE THAN $295,000,000

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(Continued from page 66)

000 in the common stock of one great American public utility."*

It requires a peculiar brand of optimism to see any positive advantages in the collapse of stock prices during the last twelve months, yet it was a wholesome thing that the new vogue of common stock investing for everybody should be so sharply and promptly put to the test. That the theory is sound at bottom is hardly open to question, unless thinkers like the Webbs are right in believing that the whole capitalist order is headed for decay, in which case no type of investment will be better than another for long. What the recent heavy price declines do reveal is that unless the investor knows what stocks to buy, when to buy them, and possibly when to sell them (this last a debatable point), he might better join the lock-and-key school and put his money into 5 per cent bonds.

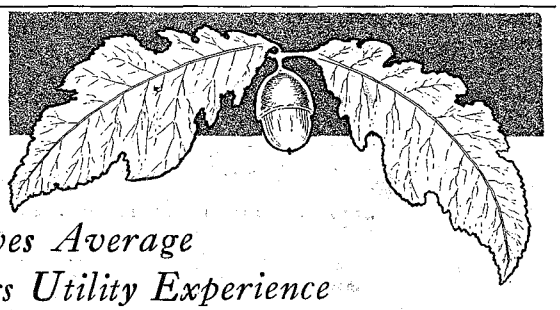
A simple exercise in arithmetic will make this statement clear. Some people bought United States Steel stock last year at $260 a share—stock exchange transactions were recorded above that figure. At the $7 dividend rate, the man who bought 100 shares receives $700 a year on his investment of $26,000, or approximately 2.7 per cent. In ten years, assuming no change in rate, he will receive $7,000. In the same ten years the man who put $26,000 into bonds yielding 5 per cent will receive $13,000, an excess of $6,000 over the owner of Steel shares. If the common stock buyer is to come out as well as the bondholder in bare cash return, his stock must rise $6,000 above the purchase price, or $60 a share. Even then he will not nearly break even, for the bondholder gets his income twice a year and can set it to work again, whereas the stockholder waits ten years to recoup.

But since the stock was bought at $260 the price has dropped and was recently about $160. Before our stockholder can see daylight ahead, therefore, his stock must more than double in value. It must at least touch $320 a share to equal the aggregate bond interest payments. Will it do it? Possibly it will—there are those who think so. But the point is that the buyer at $260 a share has loaded himself with a vast uncertainty, has suffered a $10,000 loss in the present value of his capital, and has missed the extra $10,000 profit which, if Steel should rise to $320, will be made by the individual who bought 100 shares last month at $160 per share. Theories to the contrary, this hypothetical owner of steel shares will do extremely well to make as good a showing as the man who locked up $26,000 of 5 per cent bonds and dismissed the

*The report of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada for 1929 shows holdings of American Telephone & Telegraph Company common stock having a market value of $17,889,400, acquired at a cost of $11,031,381. In twenty-four of our states, life insurance companies are not permitted to invest in common stocks.

(Continued on page 70)

MATURE MANAGEMENT



33 Chief Executives Average
24 Years Utility Experience

It takes more than generating plants and transmission lines to make a utility system.

It takes men trained in service, seasoned in experience.

The thirty-three Associated Gas and Electric System chief executives average more than 24 years of public utility experience.

And the 283 major executives average 15 years of service.

Continuity of good management has resulted in steady growth during 78 years. The Associated System has assets of about $1,000,000,000 in the service of 1,375,000 customers in 2,500 communities.

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC 1852 SYSTEM New York

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CITIES SERVICE COMMON

Seasoned Through Two Decades

CITIES SERVICE Common stock has been thoroughly seasoned through two decades, including the severe test of the World War and the drastic economic readjustment that followed the War.

The organization has behind it a long record of conservative management and rising earnings—and ahead of it the continuously expanding demand for CITIES SERVICE products—factors that determine the desirability of investing in the Common stock.

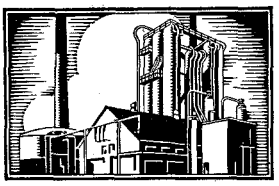
More than 750,000 individuals and institutions are receiving interest or dividends from CITIES SERVICE securities, including more than 390,000 owners of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY Common stock—one of the world's most widely held investment shares.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash—payable monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in one of the largest industrial organizations in the country, with a record of twenty years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.

CREW LEVICK COMPANY



Cracking Units at Crew Levick Company's Petty Island Refinery.

A CITIES SERVICE subsidiary—one of the oldest petroleum companies in existence. The original Crew Levick Company was founded in 1862, shortly after the first oil well—the famous Drake Well in Titusville, Pa.—was drilled. The Company owns and operates a complete compounding plant for the handling of products for export and a refinery with a rated daily capacity of 5,000 barrels, which are located on Petty Island in the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia. In addition, the Company owns and operates a refinery at Titusville with a daily capacity of 2,000 barrels and owns 400 miles of main and gathering lines in connection with its oil production in Pennsylvania and Ohio. Crew Levick Company also has an extensive marketing system distributing refined petroleum products through tank and service stations located in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Virginia and District of Columbia.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY

60 Wall Street New York City

Branches in Principal Cities

Cities Service Radio Program —every Friday, 8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—WEAF and 33 stations.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 Wall Street, New York City

Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____

(00092-174)

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(Continued from page 68)

matter from his mind. He bought at the wrong time.

Our investor in common stocks lives in a different world from that of the brownstone fronts and money obligations tucked away in strong boxes. Gone are the serenity, the snugness and the assurance of the earlier time of static investment values. The stock buyer breathes an atmosphere of daily price changes, of rising and falling curves on charts, of constant appraisal of the outlook. Probably his most difficult task is to keep his mental poise, to refuse to think as the herd thinks, and on occasion to do the exact opposite of what the mad majority are doing.

How shall he acquire this skill? The sources of instruction are legion, the output of advice is an embarrassment of riches. In the window of a bookstore in down-town New York there were on display the other day no fewer than twelve different books dealing with the stock market and with common stocks as investments. Red and yellow, black, gold and blue adorned their covers—who could resist the combined appeal to the eye and the pocketbook? In the latest annual issue of the United States Catalog, the book trade authority, are listed six books on investment trusts, thirty-two on investments, six on the stock exchange, seven on stocks. Between January and July this year there were ten new entries on investments, seven on the stock exchange, four on stocks. For those who wish to do the financial and business field thoroughly, the Educational Department of the Investment Bankers Association has published an 84-page bibliography which is a model of comprehensiveness and good arrangement.

If less voluminous instruction is desired, there are the innumerable articles in the daily, weekly and monthly press, including both general and financial publications. Their content ranges from broad discussion to specific rules of operation. But the curious thing is that even the most specific rules are difficult and doubtful in operation. Take a few at random:

Buy stocks when they are cheap, sell them when they are dear. *Are they cheap now?*

Wait until stocks pay a liberal yield, say 6 per cent or better. *Such stocks were easy to find early this year, but a number of them have since reduced their dividends and the yield is back to 4 per cent or thereabouts.*

Invest when you can make money on borrowed money—that is, when you can buy stocks paying a higher rate than the bank charges you on a loan. *The average individual never pays less than 6 per cent on a bank loan. Further, see the remark above about cuts in dividends.*

Buy when prices no longer decline on bad news,

(Continued on page 72)

MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges
—
New York Curb Exchange
—
Chicago Board of Trade
—
New York Cotton Exchange

OFFICES:
Boston
New York
Chicago
Detroit
Springfield
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Providence
Concord, N.H.
Albany
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Philadelphia
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Hartford
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St. Paul
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Flint
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Insure Investment Income With

BONDS

SOUND bonds of the country's leading corporations provide stability of principal and income so necessary to any well-conceived investment plan.

We shall be glad to forward our latest Investment List and place our facilities for analysis and research at the disposal of individuals, trustees and corporations desiring to revise their investment holdings.

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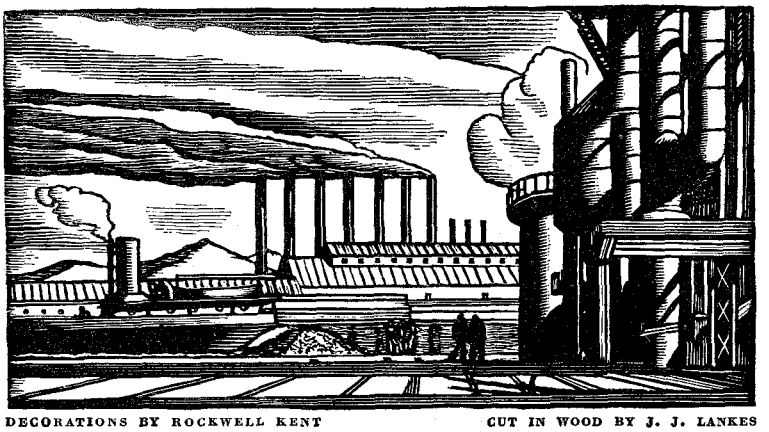

DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT — CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES

Investing in Underlying Industries

UNDERLYING the present and future development of all modern countries are their great basic industries, engaged in turning raw materials into commercial products and distributing them to consumers. The growth of these industries has been remarkable and, regardless of minor fluctuations, should continue to be very great.

Total petroleum production for the four year period 1901-05 was 100 million barrels. In 1928 alone it was 900 million barrels. During this 1901-05 period steel products in the United States were about 13 million long tons. They advanced to about 37 million in 1928. Mineral products increased in value from slightly over 1 billion to well above 5 billion dollars. Between 1899 and 1927, manufactured food products increased in value of annual production from 2 billion to 11 billion dollars.

In keeping with its policy of broad diversification, United Founders Corporation, directly and through subsidiaries, invests in industrial securities carefully selected for present soundness and future prospects. These have been chosen from mining, oil, iron and steel, food and tobacco products, merchandising, and other industrial companies. On May 31, 1930, the combined portfolio included 79 American industrials, and 64 chosen from 18 countries throughout the world.

United Founders, directly and through subsidiary investment companies, also has broad holdings in five major fields: insurance, public utility, railway, investment company and banking.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the fifth of a series about the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

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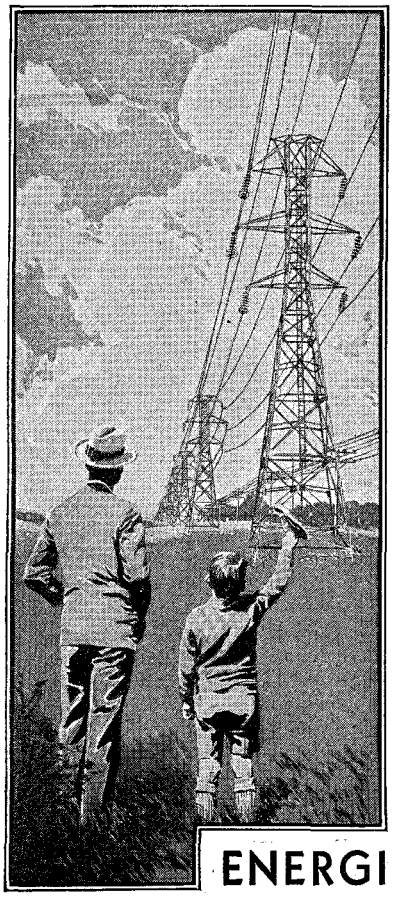

ENERGIZING PROGRESS

Electric power—to do the things which tired muscles used to do—accounts largely for the growth of northern Illinois. Electric power, carried cross-country, is supplied to factory, home, and barnyard at finger-tip control. Electric power is an essential service... and a safe investment. ¶ We distribute the securities of Public Service Company of Northern Illinois—whose electric power lines serve 309 cities and 4,805 farms in Metropolitan Chicagoland—and of other progressive utility companies in 31 states. Send for our list of offerings yielding 6% and more.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 South La Salle Street, Chicago

New York Louisville Indianapolis Richmond
Milwaukee St. Louis Minneapolis Detroit
San Francisco Cleveland Kansas City

(Continued from page 70)

sell when they no longer advance on good news. *Excellent advice, if you can recognize the quality of news, which often reveals its true character only in retrospect.*

What these maxims necessarily omit is the point of view, the qualifications and the financial status of the investor, and these are precisely the things which make for success in buying common stocks. To illustrate the point, let the investor try to imagine himself in control of a great capital fund—say of that estate referred to above, 80.9 per cent of which consisted of stocks. How did the manager of all those millions proceed?

We may be sure, first, that he was never in a hurry to buy, never afraid that if he did not act at once he would miss an opportunity. For the sake of making few mistakes he probably missed many opportunities. Similarly, he did not sell out on a frightened impulse, and he never borrowed so much money that he was forced to sell.

He probably knew all there was to know about the securities he bought. His own activities in the financial world and the expert advice which he bought and paid for made the world of investments as familiar to him as another man's front yard is to him.

He had such ample resources that he was not dependent on hoped-for stock market profits to pay current obligations, and did not count on those profits to finance any of his activities. Hence, he had complete freedom of mind in managing his money.

He owned some stocks which did not turn out well, but he owned so many which did that the loss on the disappointing investments was absorbed in the greater profits on the others.

He realized that he could make more money by holding stocks through all their ups and downs than by trying to sell when they were up and buy again when they were down. If he speculated, it was not with his main fund. He let the mounting surplus accumulate through the years until the collapse of 1929 was to him hardly more than a minor incident.

Can the average individual, who has thousands instead of millions of dollars at his disposal, adapt this method to his needs? The requirements for success are fairly plain. The programme of the millionaire-financier, as I have imagined it, is essentially one of conservatism plus sound information about values. A reasonable amount of good information can be acquired, but conservatism must be cultivated. If it does not respond to cultivation, the average investor would do well to buy it, in the form of gilt-edged bonds or other securities in which the factor of management is negligible.

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WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT

(Continued from page 64)

Truly the mountain was in labor and brought forth a mouse. . . .—JOHN M. RHAME, Bishopville, S. C.

An absorbing story . . . Sat up till 2:30. . . .—H. D. SCOTT, 291 Park Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

A story of weight and dignity. . . . Lingers in the mind. . . .—MRS. ALICE W. COYLE, 3326 Oak Park Ave., Berwyn, Pa.

Finely and masterfully handled. . . .—HELENE NIESCHLAG, 53 Cortland Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Have read it three times with great interest. . . .—MAY HELEN EAGAN, 2281 University Ave., The Bronx, New York City.

I heard it read aloud to the members of a family usually having dissimilar tastes and the unanimous verdict was, "a good story".—HELEN GILBERT, 1857 Walworth Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Unusual and truly entertaining story. . . .—RANDOLPH T. PALMER, 222 S. Pierce St., New Orleans, La.

Arresting in power and originality. . . .—CLARIBEL M. WATERMAN, 132 State St., Newburyport, Mass.

It is original, clean-cut, unique in favor and doing. . . .—LUCY HUNT, "Weykill," Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Superb! A masterpiece of a tale, no less!—C. W. DESSART, 620 West 141 St., N. Y. City.

We have been deeply stirred. . . .—J. M. JONES, 279 Hamilton Place, Hackensack, N. J.

Outstanding story because it's so vitally human. . . .—TOM WHITE, Alameda, Calif.

Has its weaknesses but it is a really powerful story. . . .—BERT S. CHEWNING, 1014 South Liberty St., Independence, Mo.

Breathes of the sea from first paragraph to last . . . true to life. . . .—I. R. BARTLETT, Perry Point, Md.

A masterpiece among stories of the sea.—DOROTHY TARDY PERRY, 235 E. Third St., Long Beach, Calif.

Stands the acid test. . . . Powerfully written.—FRANCES FIFINE FUNK, Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis.

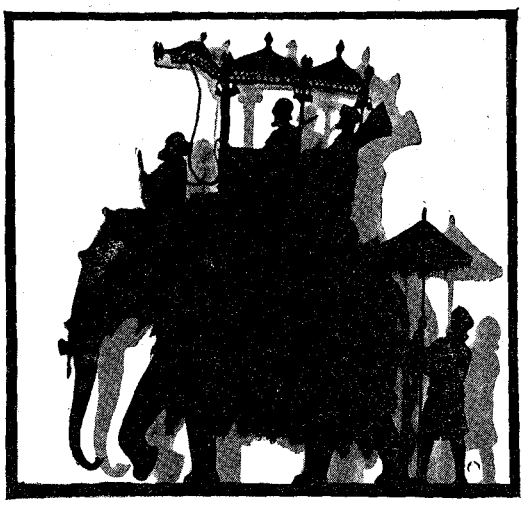
A worthy vessel to the immortal fleets of literature.—HART IRVINE WEST, 15 Central St., Winchester, Mass.

A sturdy, absorbing tale. . . .—CARLTON H. LARRABEE, 72 Vine St., Leominster, Mass.

Gleams with the richness of enduring literary merit. . . .—JAMES L. C. FORD, 504 Vine St., Elizabeth, N. J.

The plot holds one like a spell. . . . Doctor Percival another Ancient Mariner.—R. L. COOK, Middlebury, Vt.

A man's tale . . . strong, vigorous, swift.—ETHEL A. DICKIE, State Hospital, Mendota, Wis.



Around the World Your Own Way!

Just "forty miles from Heaven" lies Ceylon, the saying goes. Colombo . . . the little sails of catamarans glowing red in the setting sun . . . each casual scene a vivid Eastern pageant . . . here, a bearded Singhalese vendor spreads his jewels at your feet . . . there, a gorgeously panoplied elephant sways down a sun-flecked road . . . and easily accessible, the mountain-guarded loveliness of Peradeniya . . . ineffable Kandy!

This, and much more, through many lands in a mood of care-free leisure . . . stopping where you will . . . resuming your journey when you will . . . unfettered by timetables and sailing dates.

Easily possible now are these please-yourself Cruise-Tours. The co-operation of the Cunard Line and N. Y. K. Line (Japan Mail) links two of the world's foremost steamship companies in a globe-encircling chain offering unlimited flexibility in Independent World Travel.

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Literature on Request to Your Local Agent or Tour Department

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(JAPAN MAIL)
10 Bridge St., or 545 Fifth Ave., New York

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WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL - RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN SEVEN PUBLICATIONS

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ATLANTIC MONTHLY, COUNTRY LIFE, HARPER'S, REVIEW OF REVIEWS, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, THE GOLDEN BOOK, and WORLD'S WORK

For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

CRUISES-TOURS

BERMUDA

Special Service

S. S. Pan America (21,000-tons) from New York July 3-9-15 and every Tuesday thereafter. From Bermuda July 7-12 and every Saturday thereafter. Four regular South American Liners stopping at Bermuda sail *from New York* July 11 and every 2 weeks thereafter. From *Bermuda* July 14 and every 2 weeks thereafter. 40-hour service—Round-trip, $70 and up —Fastest and Steadiest Ships.

and

SOUTH AMERICA

Four fast Munson liners sail from New York every other Friday for Bermuda, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Cool, airy rooms. Broad decks. Excellent cuisine and service.

NASSAU-HAVANA AND MIAMI

12-day all-expense cruises. Fortnightly from New York $140 and up. 2 days in Nassau, 2½ in Havana, 2 in Miami.

Nassau—12-day all-expense tour. Steamer Round-trip and 6 days at Royal Victoria Hotel (American plan) $125 and up.

New Orleans to PROGRESO, Yucatan
Every 10 days

New Orleans to HAVANA
Every Saturday

Apply any tourist agency or

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES
67 Wall Street, New York City

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PENINSULAR and ORIENTAL *and* BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANIES

The recognized way to India, Australia and the Far East.

Regular frequent sailings from London and Marseilles, by large, modern, superbly equipped liners.

Through bookings to Egypt, Sudan, India, Persian Gulf, Burma, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, East and South Africa, Mauritius, Australasia, etc...

Round the World Tours.

Write for illustrated catalogue covering services and fares.

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GENERAL AGENTS
25 Broadway, New York

PINEHURST N. C.

OUTDOOR SPORTS

FRAGRANT PINES

Enjoy good times on 5 famous D. J. Ross courses (with new grass tees). Riding, tennis, etc. Carolina Hotel open Oct. 27. Special rates during November

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

DEL PIEDRA CALIF.

PIERSON DUDE RANCH
WONDER VALLEY
Open Year Around

Mount a Western cow pony and explore the miles of mountain and canyon trails of this ranch in Wonder Valley. Sleep like a log in rustic cabins with stone fireplaces and comfortable beds. Eat at a table laden with home-grown food. Located near California's great National Parks, Yosemite, General Grant, etc. Send for 16-page booklet to

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GEORGE WESTON PIERSON
DEL PIEDRA
FRESNO COUNTY, CALIF.

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THE BISHOP'S LODGE
Santa Fe, New Mex. Finest Mtn. Resort. Horses, Golf, Outdoor Sports, Cliff Dwellings, Indian Pueblos. Dry healthful climate. Homelike atmosphere

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FOUR PRINCES

DIRECT TO RIO 12 DAYS
No Intermediate Stops

Fortnightly service on the famous "Prince" ships provide for the *fastest time* to Rio de Janeiro, Santos and Montevideo with 17 day service to Buenos Aires. Accommodations for first class passengers only. Reservations and literature at authorized tourist agents or Furness Prince Line, 34 Whitehall Street (where Broadway begins) or 565 5th Ave., New York City.

ROUND WORLD TOURS 108 DAYS 23 PORTS $680

FURNESS *Prince* LINE
Prince Line Service has been continuous between New York and South America for 55 years

'Round the World $680

108 Days, 1st Class. New Motorship.
ALLEN TOURS Inc., 154 Boylston St., Boston

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STOPS SEA SICKNESS

and all travel nausea. Mothersill's brings perfect comfort on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto or Air.

28 Years MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY in Use

Where-To-Go for Nov. closes Sept. 25

WHERE-TO-GO DEPARTMENTS ARE in seven of the best family magazines every month simultaneously. They meet the traveler everywhere, will accompany him wherever he may turn, and will influence all his choices in travel planning

CRUISES-TOURS

Mediterranean 60 Days $545

New M.S. Britannic sailing Jan. 8 and Feb. 26. All shore excursions included 16 days Egypt & Holy Land. *Send for booklet*
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$739 'Round the World

104 days, $7 day. Send *for* Literature
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The Hidebound Coast

Mr. Tarkington's Stalwart Study of Native Obduracy in Maine—A Poke on the Nose for the Cult of Beauty from Somerset Maugham—Second Novel by a Second Keats —Signs of Enfeeblement in Two Stalwarts.

BY R. E. SHERWOOD

MIRTHFUL HAVEN, BY BOOTH TARKINGTON. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.* $2.

THE surface of Booth Tarkington's new novel is misleading. For one thing: there is the title, "Mirthful Haven," which suggests some homey, folksy, gentle, shrewdly philosophic yarn by Joseph C. Lincoln or W. W. Jacobs. For another thing: there is the reference, on the jacket, to the author as "Dean of American Letters," which suggests senescence.

Both suggestions should be discounted, for "Mirthful Haven" is the bitterest, the angriest book that Mr. Tarkington has written. It is thoroughly and violently unneighborly. There is more of youthful vigor in it than there ever was in "Monsieur Beaucaire," more of protest than in "Alice Adams." Furthermore, it is faithful to the unlovely truth; the temptation must have loomed large to Mr. Tarkington to cheat a little here and there in the development of his characters, but he has not yielded to it at any point. He has not made the dreadful mistake of attempting to avoid the inevitable.

For which reason, many of his readers will doubtless lay "Mirthful Haven" aside with an expression of regret that "dear Mr. Tarkington didn't arrange for that strange creature, Edna Pelter, to have the young man she wanted; after all, she was a *good* girl at heart." But such readers aren't quite so familiar with the subject-matter of this fine novel—*i. e.*, the rockbound natives of the Maine coast—as is dear Mr. Tarkington himself.

Unlike most of his backgrounds, "Mirthful Haven" is not a typical corner of the American scene. It is essentially, especially Maine, whereas "The Magnificent Ambersons" or "Alice Adams" might have been enacted in any moderate city from Savannah to Portland, Ore. But in it are honest if unflattering reflections of the importunate ambitiousness, the contrary humor, the vehement melodrama, the snobbery, the double-dealing and the ineradicable nobility which are part and parcel of all American life.

CAKES AND ALE, BY W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.* $2.

It isn't easy to classify this odd work, "Cakes and Ale," by the weary Mr. Maugham, and I see no particular reason why I should be called upon to do so. Suffice it to say that it provides sufficient refutation of the imbecilic theory which has it that something called "the creative faculty" cannot exist in the same intellect with something else called "the critical faculty." If there are two such faculties, Mr. Maugham has them both, and both are doing well.

Time and again, he interrupts his narrative to express his own private opinion on life and letters, and then, when he has had enough of that, he goes on to say that "her soft red lips submitted to the pressure of mine with a calm, intense passivity, as the water of a lake accepts the light of the moon."

"Cakes and Ale" might be accepted as a sly satire, written in the Olympian first person singular, were it not for the fact that Mr. Maugham unmistakably believes in the existence of his characters (to such an extent, indeed, that he weeps on the bosom of one of them and subsequently accompanies her to bed). He makes the reader believe in them, too. I myself am convinced that Edward Driffield, Rosie, Alroy Kerr and Mrs. Barton Trafford are all photographic portraits, although of whom I don't know and don't much care.

In commenting on one of Driffield's books, Mr. Maugham writes, "It is refreshing and astringent.

(Continued on page 22)

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(Continued from page 21)

It tastes of tart apples. . . . It has a bitter-sweet savour that is very agreeable to the taste." I seize upon those highly quotable lines as perfectly expressive of my opinion of "Cakes and Ale"; with the additional remark that it contains some of that quality which its author, in his critical capacity, excoriates most ferociously—namely, beauty.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, BY ROSAMOND LEHMANN.
Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

While complaining of Beauty, as a literary commodity, Mr. Maugham says, "Young women in cohorts, each of whom has written so promising and competent a novel, prattle of it (Beauty) in every manner from allusive to arch, from intense to charming; and the young men, more or less recently down from Oxford, but still trailing clouds of its glory, who tell us in the weekly papers what we should think of art, life, and the universe, fling the word with a pretty negligence about their close-packed pages. It is sadly frayed. Gosh, they have worked it hard!"

One cannot help thinking of this while wading through "A Note in Music," by Rosamond Lehmann. One gets up to the roots of one's hair in Beauty. It clogs the eyes, ears, nose, and throat; it seeps through the very pores. It is a bit glutting.

After she had composed that exquisite fantasia, "Dusty Answer," Miss Lehmann must have had the misfortune to see what Alfred Noyes said of it: "It is the kind of novel that might have been written by Keats if Keats had been a young novelist of today." That was a singularly apt comment, but its effect on Miss Lehmann has been unfortunate. In her second novel she has gone Keats-crazy.

There is no question of doubt that she is a gloriously gifted writer. "Dusty Answer" proved that and "A Note in Music," despite its excessive specific gravity, does not mitigate that proof. But I hope to heaven that before she begins work on her next book she will take measures to get some of the "fragrance of meadowsweet" permanently out of her system. One Keats in English literature is enough.

SAINT JOHNSON, BY W. R. BURNETT.
Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.

A story of the old shooting days in Alkali (Tombstone), Arizona, by that iron man, W. R. Burnett, ought to be swiftly paced and breathlessly exciting. But "Saint Johnson" isn't. It is drably monotonous, wearily repetitious, especially in the person of its central figure, Wayt Johnson, who restrains his impulses to the limit of his (and far beyond the reader's) patience.

Over and over again one of Mr. Burnett's char-

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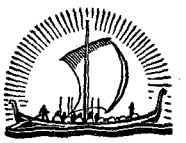

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acters is heard to remark, ominously, "This town's going to see some trouble before long." Two hundred and twenty-seven pages have been turned before the trouble finally breaks, and then there are only two killed and two wounded. To have justified the reiterated warnings it should have been another St. Bartholomew's Eve.

Let it not be imagined that I am daring to condemn that rare and admirable quality, literary restraint. But there are times when restraint can be seriously overdone—in a prize-fight, for instance, or in a novel by W. R. Burnett.

GOODBYE TO WESTERN CULTURE, BY NORMAN DOUGLAS. *Harper & Bros.* $3.

This slightly patronizing defense of Mother India represents a regrettable waste of effort by a first-rate talent. It convicts its author of the despicable vice of dilettanteism.

Some of Mr. Douglas's diatribes against Europe are effective (and some are merely silly), but all of his earnest indorsements of the Orient are either shallow or hollow. I doubt very much that any members of the Ghandi faction will thank him for his benevolent support. Indeed, about the only person who has reason to feel grateful to him is Katherine Mayo.

Mr. Douglas's previous reputation lends a certain degree of importance to "Goodbye to Western Culture," but it gets nothing in return.

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(Continued on page 26)

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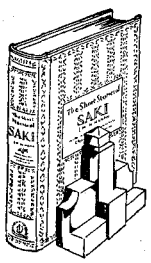

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as a mainspring of human dynamics, there is a good deal to be said for Conscience.

It was conscience, or perhaps ambition disguised as conscience, that sent John Marsh to Phillips Academy to get religion from the Calvinistic Doctor John Adams. Either the sermons preached on "Brimstone Hill" or the unheated classrooms gave him headaches. But some of the hell-fire must have entered his system, because a few years later he was fired out of Harvard for leading an undergraduate revolt. He was reinstated, graduated, and took a job as tutor in the family of the colonel commanding the frontier army post at Fort St. Anthony on the Wisconsin River. After that he didn't have any more headaches for a while. He gave other people headaches—Indian agents, army officers, his creditors. He wrote a dictionary of the Sioux language. He helped to start the Black Hawk Indian war and then tried, rather unsuccessfully, to stop it. He loved and had a child by a half-breed girl whom he never acknowledged, and who died, indirectly because of his conscience-stricken cowardice. This gave him headaches again but failed to sweeten him. Expelled from the Indian service because of sharp trading, he came to California in 1836, swapped doctoring for cattle, found gold in the placers and in the pockets of his neighbors, built himself a mansion at the foot of Mt. Diablo and married respectably.

His photograph tells everything. It might well be the picture of a Puritan divine. A hard man. A greedy man. A man of conscience. J. R.

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As a matter of fact a large part of the book is conventional history—that is, a summary of diplomatic negotiations, military operations, explorations, land laws, and the usual statistics of population and commerce. All of this is doubtless necessary and valuable and it is also dull. Certainly

(Continued on page 28)

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(Continued from page 26)

what we all crave is to recover the past as a human reality and to comprehend it as the thing that made us what we are. Most of the histories that are written defeat our desire by presenting the past as a conflict of abstract forces. We turn to the novel and biography because, although they generally present a partial or distorted view of events, they at least humanize them and so lend them significance. Mr. Branch has evidently felt this need for making the past humanly real and in some of his chapters he has succeeded pretty well. The one on the old National Road, with its "Pike boys," its wayside inns, its endless procession of wagons, stage-coaches and droves of hogs is especially good. He shows a real insight into pioneer character. He brings out the neurotic urgency of the pioneering instinct, and its furious will-to-power, which impelled the pioneer farmer to fight and conquer the land rather than cherish it. He sees that the real explorations were all performed by obscure and forgotten men and that the Pikes and Fremonts only followed trails that had been known for years.

The book is well organized and well written, but it leaves me wishing that Mr. Branch had written his story more exclusively in terms of those Plain Men whom he praises, and had relegated political and military history to the notes.

H. F.

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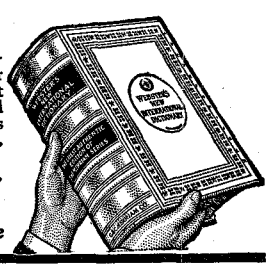

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See It At Your Bookstore

(Continued from page 28)

makes a brave start. Chapters on Mrs. Eddy's younger days steer neatly between the signs of sainthood noted by the official biographer and the pathological significances attached by interpreters according to Freud. Mrs. Springer's Mary Baker is a live little girl.

Effort to present her as convincingly in later years breaks down only when complete understanding requires some comprehension of Christian Science theories. Biographers who consider Mrs. Eddy a pathological case are consistent in dismissing her ideas as emotional perversities; but the writer who strives to present a more rational picture is seriously handicapped by taboo of the subject which occupied Mrs. Eddy's mind.

Mrs. Springer does her best, by careful consideration of surrounding influences, to atone for avoidance of the main issue. She explains Mrs. Eddy's style by literature of the period. She states both sides of moot questions; her citation of conflicting newspaper reports is one of the best things in the book. Above all she is blessedly unsentimental; if she strews few flowers, she sheds no tears over Mrs. Eddy's failure to bring up her son George. "She lacked the fierce possessive instinct of the predatory mother. . . . She cannot be charged with having blighted her son's life by imposing upon him a mother-fixation"—and none over her dismissal of Mesdames Woodbury, Stetson and others in the final years.

Yet as the personality of the Leader is merged with the Cause the biographer's sympathy fails; as she puts it, "one grows impatient." She first discounted neighborhood gossip in the Milmine affidavits; later she describes the Milmine book as a "valuable work, not one statement of which has ever been refuted or effectively challenged." At last Mrs. Springer descends to the modern biographer's device, imaginative reconstruction of the subject's mental processes. One unlucky passage depicts Mrs. Eddy's inaccuracy in quoting "Comparisons are odorous"; "It stands to-day," Mrs. Springer remarks, "page 267, *Miscellaneous Writings.*" Also it stands in *Much Ado About Nothing,* Act III, Scene 5.

But the book jacket bears Mrs. Springer's admission that "There are no impartial books."

Certainly to the question "Will this new book meet from orthodox Christian Science the organized opposition encountered by the Dakin biography?" it is fairly safe to wager that Boston will issue a Pauline warning against judgment "According to the flesh."

W. W.

(Continued on page 32)

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The University of Chicago Press

(Continued from page 30)

BOLÍVAR

Two books on Bolívar of especial interest to those who read Waldo Frank's "The Canal" in this number of SCRIBNER'S, *and in view of recent revolutions in South America.*

BOLIVAR, BY T. R. YBARRA.
Ives Washburn. $4.

SIMON BOLIVAR, BY HILDEGARDE ANGELL.
W. W. Norton & Co. $3.

This is apparently Bolívar year among the biographers—it is the centenary of his death—and in each of these books may be found a stirring, breath-taking account of his amazing career. Through their pages he strides like the epic hero of a saga. If Mr. Ybarra writes with a little more verve and enthusiasm, Miss Angell has sketched in the background a little more fully and drawn upon more sources. Neither biographer has adopted an attitude in any way critical of the great Liberator, but Mr. Ybarra is frankly ready to condone whatever faults he had on the theory that in the dramatic sweep of his life it is only results which count. And after all what profit is there in debating the wisdom of certain acts in a man's career when the sum of his exploits is the liberation of four nations from Spanish rule and the foundation of a fifth which bears his name?

Bolívar was without question one of the most remarkable men of his age, in fact of any age. Wildly idealistic and at the same time inordinately ambitious, imbued with all the excitability of the Latin temperament, he held steadfast throughout his life to a single glorious dream. He wanted to see South America free of Spanish control and its independent nations united on a solid basis which would assure their continued existence. When his mad career finally came to a close and he died "in exile, under an alien roof, clad in a borrowed night-shirt," independence had been achieved and in the northern part of the continent almost entirely by his own efforts. But his vision of unity had faded, and even in the state of La Gran Columbia which he had endeavored to weld out of Venezuela, New Granada, and Quito, he knew that the forces of dissolution were at work.

Both our authors maintain an absorbing interest in the fantastic fortunes and misfortunes which characterized Bolívar's life. His bloody battles with the Spanish forces in Venezuela, in Colombia, in what is to-day Ecuador and in Peru vie in interest with the heroic marches on which he led his little armies over the frozen passes of the Andes. The summit of glory which he reached as dictator-president of the countries he had liberated stands out in marked contrast to the days in

(Continued on page 34)

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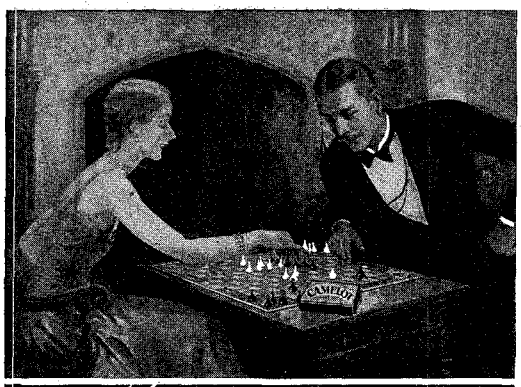

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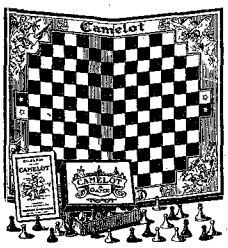

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(Continued from page 32)

which treachery and revolt stripped him of his powers and left him a simple citizen of Venezuela. If the intrigues which he had to face, the quarrels among his supporters, the shifting tide of his fortunes, all give a typically Latin-American atmosphere to his life, it differs from that of all his successors, as both these books stress, in the nobility of the goal toward which he struggled and in his willingness to lay aside his high offices in the name of democracy.

F. R. D.

A CAROLINA SAGA

THE TIDES OF MALVERN, BY FRANCIS GRISWOLD. *William Morrow & Company.* $2.50.

For a first novel, "The Tides of Malvern" is a promising, and in fact a rather remarkable, production. It takes a Southern family from its colonial beginning around 1700, when James Sheldon settled in Carolina, to the present year, a decade after Hugh Sheldon, the great-great-great-great-grandson of James, and the last male in the family, dies in the Great War. It presents pleasing and often stirring pictures of the successive periods of Southern society, set forth with taste and charm. Its author, Francis Griswold, has apparently set himself an ambitious programme of historical and family novels, and has enough ability to suggest that he may become an important figure in our literature in the next ten years.

The story is, one must observe, admirably adapted for use in the movies. James Sheldon's children by his first wife all die, and after her death Indians kill all the children by his second wife except the last, who, born on a river-bank while a slave woman is desperately helping the mother to escape, is the sole survivor. This lone son has in his turn, out of three marriages, one son who survives—another being eliminated in the Revolutionary War—and *he* has but one son. The Civil War takes all the men, again, but one—and so on. In the story are duels, battles, suicides, weddings, slave scenes, romance—everything possible. The family's struggle for survival has a fairly epic quality, so well narrated that the cheap melodrama suggested by a brief summary is totally absent (though it would probably appear, under present conditions, in a cinematic form).

The book is perhaps more to be praised for its planning than for its carrying out, yet the author is unmistakably aware of language as a tool for artists, and adept in sensitive and fresh wording. It is only when we pay him the compliment of comparing "The Tides of Malvern" to

(Continued on page 36)

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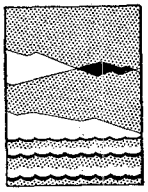

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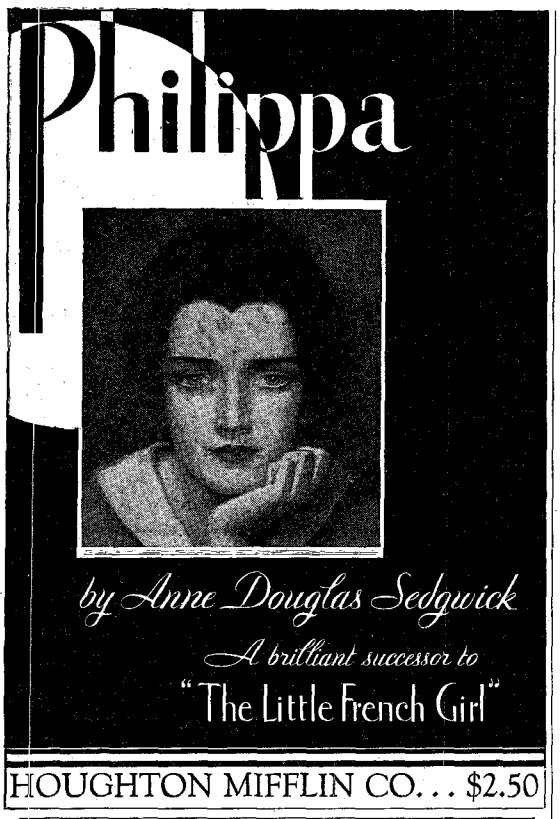

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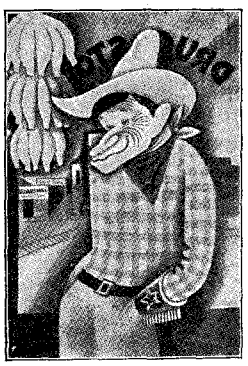

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(Continued from page 34)

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O. J.

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This book is the first volume of Mr. Trevelyan's "Age of Anne." It is entitled "Blenheim," since, as the author states, "all roads in it, foreign and domestic," lead to that campaign. This does not mean that the author is absorbed in military details. Many pages are devoted to an entrancing analysis of social England at the dawn of the eighteenth century and to the party strife and constitutional significance of Queen Anne's reign. Excellent use is made of Swift, Defoe, and other contemporary writers, and extracts from them are skilfully interwoven in the main body of the narrative.

Mr. Trevelyan is a modern. He is interested in the psychological aspects of historical biography; but unlike the majority of contemporary writers, his interest is sane and well balanced. He is more given to appreciation than to the covert sneer. In him the Duke of Marlborough finds a new champion (he needs it), and for the courageous though sickly woman who wore England's crown there is high praise as well as sympathy. On the other hand, the book is by no means given over to hero-worship. The author never forgets his major concern—the British peoples. The space devoted to personalities is never out of proportion. To the chitter chatter of the Court of St. James he pays scant attention.

Mr. Trevelyan is also old-fashioned. The present-day trend in historical writing of distinguishing between books for scholars and books for the general public he decries. He asserts that it is possible to combine readability with scientific research, and he has proved this, over and over again, in his Garibaldian trilogy, in his "England Under the Stuarts" and in this volume. Mr. Trevelyan is an ardent nationalist. He has one illusion and only one—England as the standard-bearer of civilization. Aside from this he is ever impartial

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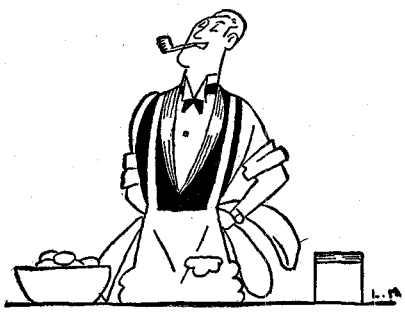

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(Continued from page 36)

and judicious. And possibly even this failing (if it is one) goes far to account for the vivid and colorful atmosphere which surrounds this book.

W. P. H.

STRANGE INTERLUDE
July 28–August 4, 1914

THE COMING OF THE WAR—1914, BY BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $10.

In the late afternoon of June 26, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Habsburg-Este, nephew of the Emperor and heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, with his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, "drove through the streets of Sarajevo in an open carriage and were cordially received; Printsip wandering through the bazaars came almost face to face with his intended victim, but did not move, because 'behind him a stranger, undoubtedly a police agent, had spread his hands carefully.'"

Two days later the guardian angel of Europe was not there to spread his hands, and Printsip's pistol shot had killed Francis Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek.

There followed a strange interlude of thirty-seven days. With the skill and patience of a master psychoanalyst, Professor Schmitt has set forth the pitiful processes by which the last of a series of crises became a catastrophe. In his volumes statesmen and soldiers, presumably sound in their minds, proclaim their mad shibboleths of national honor and necessity, play their demented game of diplomatic ambiguity, rant of *attente, détente, démarche* and *fait accompli,* balance of power, particular interests and *casus fœderis,* "see [themselves], to [their] great regret, in the necessity of having recourse to the proper measures for the realization of [their] demands." Between Celestials bargaining over a bale of silk such manœuvres for the saving of "Chinese face" would be proper. Between the responsible guardians of the peace of armed states, it is pathetic to reflect that they were customary.

"The Coming of the War" is not light reading. Neither is any sincere study in abnormal psychology. But it is a brilliant and dramatic study of hidden motives and actions which have played a great part in all our lives, and the knowledge of the inevitable end detracts from the interest of the production no more than in the case of Greek tragedy.

No statesman in Europe, apparently, wanted war, though most of them believed that their colleagues in other countries were plotting it. So believing, some of them were content to let it come

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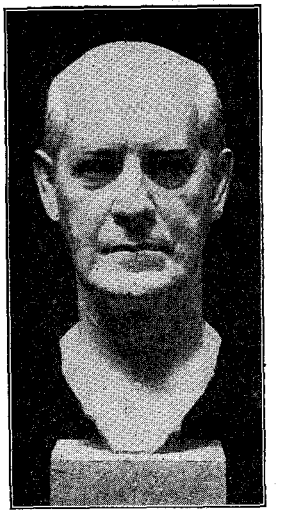
On Forsyte 'Change

by John Galsworthy



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at their own pleasure rather than at their enemies'. Europe suffered from paranoia in 1914, but if a crisis can be postponed there is hope for the patient. Other crises, more grave, had been postponed because all were willing to postpone them, and millions of obscure men lived out their days.

Professor Schmitt shows plainly that in 1914 there was a group of men in Austria-Hungary who had decided that Serbia must be crushed; that the rulers of Germany *knew their intention* and approved it although it must almost certainly cause a general war; and that, when Russia was not willing to see Serbia crushed, there was war.

That his conclusions will not please the Revisionists is obvious, but that, in view of the vast range of his evidence and the scholarship with which it is presented, they must end the controversy over responsibility for precipitating that particular war which began in August, 1914, there can be no doubt.

M. O.

TWO HERETICS

ROGER WILLIAMS, BY EMILY EASTON.
Houghton, Mifflin Company. $5.

ANNE HUTCHINSON, BY EDITH CURTIS.
Washburn & Thomas. $2.50.

UNAFRAID. A LIFE OF ANNE HUTCHINSON, BY WINIFRED KING RUGG.
Houghton, Mifflin Company. $3.50.

AN AMERICAN JEZEBEL, BY HELEN AUGUR.
Brentano's. $3.50.

A man of uncompromising integrity may throw a beam of moral light down through the ages and yet be a bitter dose to his fellow citizens. It is easy to perceive why Roger Williams founded a new state, as one observes the contumacious zeal with which he attacked the civil and religious state in which he abode. In questioning not only the religion but even the land titles of the Massachusetts Bay he imperilled the security, or at least the peace, of the colony. Right from the start he sought the martyr's crown.

One sees Williams through Miss Easton's interpretation as a many-sided man of action who wrote, spoke, travelled, governed, treated and negotiated—a pioneer who labored in his own day and generation to get things done. His writings which are preserved are of a theological and disputatious character, and present him as a less attractive man than he probably was. Much that he wrote which might have modified the impression left by his polemical writings has perished.

Praise of Williams as an original thinker is wide of the mark. He was something different—a man of humane and enlightened outlook who en-

(Continued on page 42)

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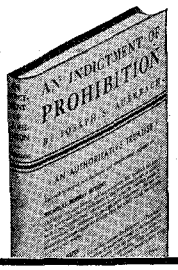

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tertained the principle of toleration not as a speculative idea but who quietly introduced it into the little colony which he founded because it seemed the rational and just way for men to live.

Anne Hutchinson affords an almost ideal subject for biographers in whom the artist triumphs over the scholar. The essential story is this: A gentlewoman embarks from England during the Puritan excitement, comes to the little colony of Massachusetts Bay. Her heretical views and dialectical skill unite the clergy against her and a bitter partisan struggle follows over Anne and her religious views. The theocracy wins. The Hutchinson family seeks refuge in Rhode Island. Eventually dislodged from this place of safety by the encroaching authority of Massachusetts, her husband dead, Anne once more set forth with her younger children upon wanderings which ended near Pelham, New York, where she and all her brood were massacred by the Indians.

Three women now give an account of Anne's life; Edith Curtis in a slender volume of 105 pages, Winifred King Rugg in 253 pages, and Helen Augur in 303 pages. Edith Curtis keeps scrupulously to the known facts, and the length of the other two volumes indicates roughly the amount of "binder" which has been added to the "active ingredients." Winifred King Rugg acknowledges the place which invention has in her plan, although she says "recorded history has been the guide, imagination only a lantern." Helen Augur also employs the existing source material but charges her book with considerable speculation about motives and emotions, which is permissible provided it is understood by the reader that it *is* speculation and not documented fact.

Anne Hutchinson's conflict with Massachusetts seems to-day to represent the very quintessence of barbarous cruelty and hateful tyranny. Our sympathies are so wholly with Anne that we must exercise the greatest care to view the whole proceeding with historical imagination rather than modern emotion.

Several facts serve to mitigate if not excuse the course pursued by Anne's persecutors; and their motives varied considerably. Governer Winthrop was trying to preserve civil security. The ministers were sincerely trying to save the church, as well as their faces. Anne was the aggressor all the way through.

It has become convenient and agreeable to think of religious intolerance as a peculiarity of the New England Puritan, so that the terms "religious intolerance" and "Puritan" become indissolubly associated. As a matter of fact the idea of religious toleration was simply non-existent to

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(Continued from page 42)

the seventeenth-century mind (with two striking exceptions: Williams and Vane).

Of the three "lives" of Anne Hutchinson considered here, that of Edith Curtis is the solidest, most critical, briefest; Miss Augur's the most entertaining; Mrs. Rugg's most likely to succeed.

FATHER OF BLUE LAWS?

JONATHAN EDWARDS, BY HENRY BAMFORD PARKES. *Minton Balch & Company.* $3.50.

Mr. Parkes calls Jonathan Edwards "the fiery Puritan," which sounds much less sympathetic than he really is; for to call Edwards a Puritan, and particularly a "fiery" one, suggests that he is to be delineated as the inflexible, not to say repulsive, preacher of hell fire and damnation. For such a characterization there exists of course a ready acceptance.

Mr. Parkes uses the word "Puritanism" in its own especial sense. He does not consider it as an aspect of Calvinism, but as a fatal redirection of thought and feeling which Jonathan Edwards brought about through infusing new life into dogmas which might otherwise have passed away a hundred years sooner than they did. And so, despite his favorable estimate of Edwards's immediate personal influence, Mr. Parkes writes "It is hardly a hyperbole to say that, if Edwards had never lived, there would be to-day no blue laws, no societies for the suppression of vice, no Volstead Act."

In telling the simple, yet stormy, story of Edwards's life Mr. Parkes works in much material upon the social and moral atmosphere of the times to support his theory that Puritanism, as he uses the term, began *after* Edwards. In the older New England the Old Testament Jehovah was not unlike Pan or Dionysus, says Mr. Parkes; "this was the full-blooded New England of Ethan Allen and Daniel Webster." He makes much of feasting, drinking, dancing, bundling. Even in Edwards himself there was a poetic sensitivity, a radiant mysticism, that might be called only a sublimated form of *gusto*.

But after Edwards, when the full weight of his ideas had been felt, came "the later New England of hellfire visions and millennial dreams, of crazy virgins and decaying farms and degenerate fanaticism." Mr. Parkes writes the story of a life, not of a mind, and it would take another volume to develop fully his evidence in support of such a challenging thesis. For the present, there are many who will enjoy his "life" who will remain doubtful about Mr. Parkes's estimate of the extent of Edwards's influence which he describes in an epilogue as "The Blight Upon Posterity"; no less!

G. C.

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